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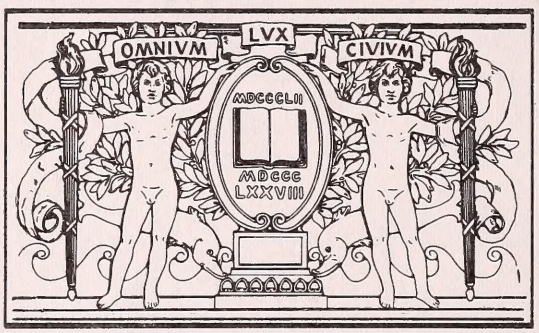

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TOWNSHEND HERITAGE

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The Townsend family at "Prospect Hill," 1860.

TOWNSHEND HERITAGE

A genealogical, biographical history
of the Townshend family and of their
old Homestead on the east shore of
New Haven harbor

BY

Doris B. Townshend

NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT · 1971

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND
AND OUR CHILDREN:

Honor to those who have gone before
Faith in those who come after

Haec generi incrementa fides

PREFACE

"*A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.*"

This quotation from the English historian Thomas B. Macaulay seems a good way to start explaining why I wrote this book. I believe in the philosophy behind that statement. It is important for people to know whence they came, from whom they are descended, and in so knowing, to realize their own time and their own place in time. With this knowledge can come both a sense of security and a desire for the challenge of change.

Living in an old family house, I could not help but wonder about its life story and about its former occupants. My father-in-law told me many things of interest, and there were in our library local history books and pamphlets, news clippings, family letters, diaries, and ancient documents. It was fascinating but time-consuming to delve into the past. The question I asked myself was: would our children, the sixth generation on this land, have the same absorption or spend the same amount of time rummaging through the Townshend memorabilia? How could the story be presented more readily so that they would have at least a general knowledge of their heritage?

An omnibus seemed to be the answer, one that would provide continuity from father to son and from lifetime to lifetime. To make it more meaningful, the book would have to biographical as well as genealogical and historical.

There are undoubtedly many errors in the book, for which I take full responsibility; however, I will say in defense of all researchers that reputable sources are often in conflict with one another, particularly in documenting detail.

One thing I feel psychically right about is the character and personality of the people. At first they were strangers, impersonal names on the dead pages of history. Then, unconsciously, without

my willing it, life breathed into these men and women through their letters and diaries and memoranda. They came alive to me, as members of the family who were only temporarily absent. That has been the real thrill in writing these pages.

Another phase of enjoyment has been to visit the many places with which the Townsends have been connected: Revere, Massachusetts; Lewiston, New York; Milan, Ohio; Cheraw, South Carolina; Titusville, Pennsylvania, and Raynham Hall in England. I made many little expeditions to nearby places in order to see for myself the Indian rock, the old forts, the gravestones, the old East Haven trolley roadbed, and the path around Lake Saltonstall.

Much of my information, as I have said, was gleaned from books and documents, but I am indebted to many old-time residents for information and anecdotes, especially to Harry Weith, caretaker on the place for fifty years. I am very grateful to Professor Rollin G. Osterweis and Professor Leonard W. Labaree for their valuable advice and support. My son, Hervey Townshend, was most helpful in photographing many family portraits and doing an excellent job on them. Also I want to acknowledge Mrs. Frank Tramontano for her patience and efficiency in typing the whole manuscript in its various stages several times.

Most of all, I appreciate the encouragement and guidance of my husband. Often one takes a strong partner for granted, but naturally without him and his advice this book would not have been my story.

It is my hope that our children will benefit from and take pleasure in *Townshend Heritage*, but I would add a note of caution with these words of Winston Churchill's: "Let us only remember so much of the past as will make us creative in the future."

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The Field, London, for the photograph of the present Marquess and Marchioness Townshend (facing page 49).

Yale University Art Gallery for the Isaac Townsend, Jr., house (facing page 128).

The Drake Well Museum for Colonel Edwin L. Drake and the first oil well (between pages 216 and 217).

J. Warren Upson for Fort Hale about 1880 (facing page 256) and for Townsend Avenue in Morris Cove (facing page 257).

Anthony and George Fiondella for the Granniss Corner Pharmacy (facing page 264).

The Church of the Epiphany for the Jehiel Forbes house (between pages 264 and 265).

Alex S. MacLellan for Woodward School (between pages 264 and 265).

TOWNSHEND HERITAGE

CHAPTER I

QUINNIPIAC INDIANS AND THEIR LAND

WHERE the City of New Haven now sits, throbbing with twentieth-century activity, there was at first only the land and the harbor. Red-skinned men once roamed the forests where modern houses and ten-story office buildings now gleam in the sunlight.

To tell of this change, to write of what became of the Indians' land and of the Townshend family that now live on the old Indian reservation, one must begin at the very beginning.

Many centuries ago, the natural harbor cut deep into the shoreline, cleaving a wedge into the marshy wilderness where five narrow rivers flowed into the brackish waters of Long Island Sound. Dense forests covered the rocky ridges of the land and capped the two majestic, russet cliffs that faced the rising and the setting sun. From the sandy eastern shore of the harbor, the land rose gently to a broad shelf backed up with sharp ridges of trap rock formation. From this woodsy range, the land then dipped down into a wide valley where the tiny town of East Haven later nestled.

On the eastern shore, near the mouth of the principal river called the Quinnipiac that ebbed and flowed into the harbor, lived the Indian tribe who named the river. "Long-water-land" they called it, and they set their chief wigwam village by the side of its life-giving waters. "Here near springs of cold, soft, clear water lies a deposit of sea shells of several feet; deep and imbedded therein have been found implements of war, the chase and the field with kitchen utensils," Charles H. Townshend later wrote of the spot between Fairmount Avenue and the Quinnipiac River.

In and around this region, the life of the Quinnipiac Indians was

carried on. The sick were cured at the powwow place in the Great Swamp (on the north side of the Turnpike to East Haven); the dead were buried on the northeastern slope of Grave Hill (Fort Wooster Park). On the top of the hill, braves scanned Long Island Sound for vessels which might be signaled in by bonfires to trade skins for blankets, knives, and trinkets. They also kept watch for the approach of marauding Indian parties who were likely to come down by the river or along the shore path. The squaws collected clams and oysters on the sandy shoals of the harbor, planted corn and beans in the fresh meadows, and watched the children as they played.

It must have been an active place in spite of the small size of the tribe. Paths were well trodden to the various familiar spots. Some of these trails were later used as guides by the English colonists for the first rough roads. About 1692 the South End settlers complained of the long, circuitous route they had to take along the Iron Works path (Burr Street) to East Haven in order to get to the ferry on the Quinnipiac River. So the town bought of Indian George a two-rod road, the old Indian path through the Quinnipiac Reservation, now known as Townsend Avenue.

With the wooded country around them, thick with game, and the seafood-laden water at their doorstep, the Quinnipiacs' pleasant existence was marred only by sickness and by attacks from the powerful Mohawk and Pequot tribes. The Quinnipiac Indians were a small and somewhat scattered tribe, part of a loosely organized confederacy known as the Wappinger-Matabesec (west of the Connecticut River and extending into New York State). They spoke the Algonquin language. They were peaceful by nature and so were sorely distressed by their aggressive neighbors to the east, the Pequots, and to the northwest, the Mohawks. Often the Quinnipiacs had to pay tribute to roving war parties, and therefore they welcomed the protection of the English palefaces when they came to settle on the Indians' land.

The original territory of the Quinnipiac tribe was divided into separate sachemdoms at about the time of the earliest white settlements in this region. Momauguin was grand sachem (chief) in the

southern half and Montowese ruled in the northern part. Their land encompassed Totoket (Branford) and Menunketuc (Guilford) as well as the New Haven area. Smaller clans of the tribe made their villages in these locales. To the east were the Hammonassetts (Killingworth and Saybrook) and to the west lived the prolific Wepawaugs (Derby, Stratford, and Milford).

Major John Mason was the first Englishman to discover the fair harbor and rich meadowlands, in 1637 when he was pursuing the warring Pequots. He says in a brief history of this war: "In about the space of three days we arrived at New Haven Harbor, then called 'Quinnypiog,' and seeing a great smoak in the woods not far distant and supposing that some of the Pequots, our enemies, might be there, we hastened ashore; but quickly discovered them to be Connecticut Indians."

Major Mason and his company did manage to overtake some of the Pequots at Guilford, and "one of their chiefs, while making his escape by swimming across a small harbor, was shot to death with arrows by the friendly Indians, whose head they cut off and placed in the crotch of a tree which in time grew around the skull and the place took the name of Sachem's Head."

The accounts brought back to Boston of the fair haven at "Quinnypiog" attracted the attention of Governor Theophilus Eaton, newly arrived from England. He and the Reverend John Davenport resolved to move there with their followers and sent letters to Connecticut "for a speedy transacting of the purchase of the parts about Quillypiak from the natives." (The name has been spelled various ways. The Englishmen settled the problem by changing the town's name to New Haven on September 1, 1640.) On April 15, 1638, the appearance of boats in the harbor, steadfastly heading for the base of the harbor U, marked the end of the Quinnipiacs' sole dominance on the land.

The white men had come to settle—to fell trees, build houses, clear fields, and put up stone fences. Governor Eaton and company, numbering about five hundred, had arrived; the seed of New Haven was planted. With mixed feelings the Indians must have watched their new neighbors begin the work of civilization. For most of

them, the women, children and old ones, it meant a well fortified place to go when danger threatened, but for the young braves it must have excited questions as to how it would all work out in the hunting grounds.

The Quinnipiacs had been reduced to forty-six warriors by the date of the Eaton treaty. Many braves had been murdered by the powerful Pequots. The entire tribe then numbered about one hundred fifty persons, having been scourged by a plague in 1616 that nearly drove it out of existence. But the chiefs of the palefaces were fair, and in deeds gave the Indians the right to hunt, fish, and cut wood and to repair to the English plantation when an occasion of danger arose. The Englishmen also pledged themselves to aid the Indians from wrong or harm in any just cause. In the Articles of Agreement between Governor Eaton, the Reverend Mr. Davenport, and other planters and Chief Momauguin, Sugcogisin, Quesaquaush, Carroughood, Weesaucuck and others of the tribal council, made on November 24, 1638, the Quinnipiac Indians gave up their rights and their descendants' rights to all the land, rivers, and ponds that belonged to them—an area of more than ten square miles extending inland from Long Island Sound and embracing both sides of the harbor.

There is an Indian legend that when Chief Momauguin sold his tribe's rights to the colonists, he led his people to a rocky cliff overlooking the lake now known as Saltonstall. There he told them how in dim ages past the Great Spirit of the red man had found out that the Great Spirit of the paleface would in time urge his people to invade the goodly land of the red man. Looking ahead at the fate of his children, the Great Spirit of the red man wept, and the tears flowing down the mountain side scooped out a depression forming the lovely lake, known to the Indians as Lonotonoquet or "the Tear of the Great Spirit."

The Indians agreed to live within a region or reservation on the east side of the harbor set aside for them by the English. "This ground was located in East-Haven, from the Old Ferry point or Red Rock, to the Solitary Cove, on the west—on the north, the road from the ferry to Stoney-River—on the east, from the said

road along the foot of Grave Hill or Fort-Hill and the road that runs from Bridge-Swamp to the Cove." This would mean in present-day geography approximately from Ferry Street bridge to Morris Cove and from the harbor shores to Burr Street—about twelve hundred acres.

However, within this area the colonists had full liberty to the meadow ground and the timber. They also cautioned the Indians not to set traps near any place where their animals would be grazing. After further setting down of "thou shalt nots," the settlers gave the Indians "by way of free & thankefull retribution": twelve coats of English trucking cloth, twelve spoons, twelve hatchets, twelve hoes, two dozen knives, twelve porringers and four cases of French knives.

Momauguin put his mark on the treaty, thus establishing the first Indian reservation on record in the new world. The Englishmen acted in good faith, and from all accounts both sides kept their part of the bargain. Any wrongdoers of either party were properly judged and punished accordingly, and the Indians were allowed to have their rights before the law of that time.

The Quinnipiacs, after a few years' contact with the Englishmen, appeared to have made some progress toward civilization and had adopted the English mode of cultivating their land. They even contended that they did not have enough land on the east side in which to do their planting, and petitioned the colonists for some farmland on the west side of the harbor. After much debate the English decided they could have it provided the Quinnipiacs killed all their dogs and kept other requirements, such as not staying late in town at night, not working on the Sabbath, etc. Apparently the Indians believed that a dog was a brave's best friend, because they withdrew their petition and kept their mischievous dogs.

Although the "red-skinned savages" were quick at learning farming improvements, they evidently "did not have any inclination to learn of the knowledge of God," as found out by the Reverend Abraham Pierson, who labored among the Indians to that purpose. The Reverend Mr. Pierson, pastor of the church at Branford, wrote a catechism in 1658 entitled:

SOME
HELPS FOR THE
INDIANS
Showing them
How to improve their natural Reason, to know the True GOD, and
the true Christian Religion.

Here is a sample of the scripture about Adam and Eve, translated into the Quinnipiacs' language:

Moh negônne ren, quah negônne kèrequabus—
(There is a first man, and a first woman).

The First Commandment looks like this:

Matta bitch komandómo unkatagganok mandoak webe Ne—
(Thou shalt have no other gods but Me).

The Indians may not have been willing to pray with their friendly neighbors but they were willing to do battle for them, and in King Philip's War they joined with the Connecticut troops to march to Rhode Island in the bitter, snowy December of 1675. After a bloody fight against the warring Narragansett Indians, in which the New Haven company lost twenty men, the victorious but wounded and fatigued Connecticut contingent returned home. The Quinnipiac Indians were useful as scouts, knowing the country and the ways of the enemy.

Forty-two years passed and a couple of generations came of age in the Quinnipiac tribe, which numbered about one hundred Indians in 1680. The reservation was kept intact but the surrounding villages were growing, and the colonists were eyeing the Indian land speculatively. Residents of the little English settlement to the east (East Haven) asked for liberty to purchase some of the acreage reserved *for* (not owned by) the Indians. Again the wise and just leaders of New Haven, "being bound in covenant to supply the Indians with planting grounds when they need it," urged caution.

The Quinnipiacs were not ready to sell at this time but in the ensuing years, when the tribe was greatly diminished to about fifteen or twenty families, land lying in the old Indian field near the

ferry was sold by the Indian George Sagamore to John Morris, Thomas Tallmadge, and John Sackett for twelve pounds. The most probable cause of the tribe's diminution was the sending of warriors on various English expeditions—some of the braves died in battle as far off as the West Indies. Another possible cause of a shrinking Indian population might have been the custom of "bounding out" Indian children in English homes to be brought up and taught by the white people in return for service.

In 1717, when the last of the town lands was sold, the Indian land became even more in demand. The Reverend John Woodward was one of the first to buy land for farming in the Indian reservation. At that time the property encompassing the reservation was owned by several townspeople. The Reverend Mr. Woodward enlarged his holdings, and as his prolific family grew, the area became known as Woodwardtown.

Even as the tribe dwindled, the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of New Haven still showed concern for the Aborigines' rights, and when they voted to quitclaim their rights of the Indian land to the purchasers from East Haven, it was carefully noted that "necessary planting lands for the Indians be reserved." The tribal name "Quinnipiac" seems at this point to have been dropped in favor of just plain "Indian" on the records of the colonists. Even the Quinnipiacs soon called themselves George Indian, James Indian, Tom Indian. It is paradoxical that they adopted the Christian names of Jacob, Mary, Deliverance, Job, and Adam rather than perpetuating the melodious Indian names such as Momauguin, Montowese, Menungatuck, Quinnipiac; it is *our* John and Thomas forefathers who retained the beauty of the Indians' language in river, lake, and village. Strange how the inanimate outlasts the animate as if it had a life of its own. The name "Quinnipiac" will undoubtedly be on people's lips for many years more than the total years of the tribe's existence. It has twelve listings in the telephone book today.

The last pages of the Quinnipiacs' history began to be written in 1760, when only thirty acres were reserved as planting ground for the remaining Indians, a boy of sixteen and three squaws. Even this

small portion was apparently not free of encroachment, because they complained to the Proprietors that they were being deprived of this privilege by the owners. A committee was appointed to look into the matter "and do whatever is needful to be done in order to have justice done the Indians and the original agreement fulfilled."

The next few years showed the Indians gradually selling their rights to the planting grounds and the farmers settling disputed land claims by committee. In 1773 the Connecticut General Assembly granted Samuel Adam, a Quinnipiac Indian living with the Farmington tribe, permission to sell the tribal rights to the last of the Indian lands in New Haven—about thirty acres "for ye consideration of thirty (30) pounds of lawful money . . . received to my full satisfaction of Tim. Tuttle of New Haven."

At the present date in the State of Connecticut there are still four tracts of land reserved for those people who can prove at least one-eighth Indian blood of the tribe for whose use any reservation was set out. These are the Schaghtocoke Reservation in Kent, the Golden Hill in Trumbull, the Ledyard Western Pequot Reservation and the Eastern Pequot Reservation at North Stonington on the shores of Long Pond. The welfare commissioner has the care and management of these lands and provides assistance to any needy Indians residing on the reservations through tribal funds (money set aside by the State for the benefit of the Indians). About seventeen persons of mixed Indian blood are presently living on this state-owned land.

CHAPTER II

INDIAN LIFE AND LEGENDS

WHAT a rare treasure a portrait of a Quinnipiac Indian would be! Alas, no colonist ever thought to sketch or paint his friendly but insignificant neighbors. We must rely on descriptions in old books about Indians of the area—southern Connecticut and Rhode Island—and draw conclusions from these.

The men were tall, straight, and well-built but "the women were apt to be short and clumsy. Their features seldom delicate or handsome and what feminine graces they had were soon obliterated by hard bodily labor, combined with mental and moral degradation," according to John deForest's *History of the Indians of Connecticut.*

"Naked savages" they truly were with little to cover their weathered skin but a breechcloth for the men and an apron or short skirt for the women, with perhaps a mantle thrown about the shoulders. Ornamental girdles of snake or other skin were often worn to support the breechcloth and to carry pouches. This was the summer wear. In winter moccasins, leggings, and a robe wrapped around the body and fastened over one shoulder were added to the ensemble. A kind of fur muff was often worn on the bare arm for warmth. These articles of clothing were made of moose, deer, bear, raccoon, and wolf skins. Some skins were dressed bare while others were worn with the fur outside in the summer and with the fur inside in the winter. Mantles decorated with beads or turkey feathers were for special occasions or were sported by the chiefs. "Male children went naked in summer until ten or twelve years of age when they assumed the breech-cloth or apron. Female children wore a little apron of an hand breadth from their birth."

Hair styles were as varied as today's fashions, from long and loose to horse tails, braids, hard knots, and cock's combs. Some were slicked down with the oil of animals and stuck through with turkey or eagle feathers. This same odoriferous oil was used to coat the body as a protection against mosquitoes and to prevent blistering in the summer. Facial hair was sparse and customarily pulled out. Painting of the face by both men and women was frequently practiced—a daub of red here, a strip of white, a smear of black and yellow, and the Indian was transformed into a gorgeous fellow or an unholy terror, depending upon the beholder. Ear pendants, necklaces, and bracelets of bone, shell, or stone were worn as ornaments.

(The appearance of this primitive race sounds not unlike the look of some of today's "civilized" people: short skirt, fanciful hairdo, suntan oil, cosmetics, and costume jewelry, albeit the styles are sophisticatedly advertised in expensive fashion magazines.)

What kind of life did the Quinnipiacs lead?

The most important occupation for the men in time of peace was hunting and fishing, which they did by means of bows and arrows, spears, clubs, snares, and pits. The animals they killed were used for many purposes: for food, clothing, wigwam covering, utensils, and trade. The Dutch traders came in the early 1600s up the harbor of "Rodenburg" (as they called it because of the red cliffs of East and West Rocks) in search of furs. The Director of the West India Company of Holland, John de Laet, wrote in 1624 of the Quinnipiacs: "They take many beaver, but it is necessary for them to get into the habit of trade, otherwise they are too indolent to hunt beaver."

The Indians' diet of meat and seafood was supplemented with corn, beans, squash, and pumpkins which were grown by the squaws in cleared fields close by the villages. Digging was done with the big horseshoe crab shells as shovels or with clam shells. The corn was ground into a meal on a big hollowed-out stone and made into flat cakes. (In the 1800s, a large quartz-like boulder was found in the marshes west of Woodward Avenue with a pock-marked hollow in the top, and it was supposed that this was an Indian artifact.

George Townsend had it placed by the side of Townsend Avenue so that passersby might easily see and examine it. He must have been impressed with this oddity because he had many picture postcards made of himself standing proudly by the giant rock. This old mortar stone now rests by the corner of the Townshend barn, an orphan of bygone days.)

Canoes had to be burned and gouged out of logs with primitive tools: the gouge, adz, grooved ax, celt. These and other Indian tools or devices such as the pestle, semi-lunar knife, whetstone, hoe, net sinker, clubhead, hammerstone, bone hooks, awls, and antler flaker can be seen in Yale's Peabody Museum.

Squaw work was the weaving of rush baskets and mats of bark or rushes to thatch the hickory-pole framework of the oblong wigwam. These hickory poles were drawn together at the top with grapevine ties, leaving a wicker-mouth opening for the smoke to escape from the circular stone fireplace in the center of the wigwam. The women not only cooked the day's potpourri in a soapstone cooking pot, but they had also to fashion their own kitchen utensils: scooped-out gourds for dippers, wooden spoons, bark baskets for storage, and hollowed-out stone vessels for cooking. What with laboriously softening and working the skins for breechcloths, apron-skirts, mantles, leggings, and moccasins, planting and harvesting, cooking, basketmaking and tending the papooses—truly a squaw's work was never done. That they had any time for creativity in painting clay bowls or decorating clothing with dyed porcupine quills or fashioning shells into beads is a marvel of patience and industry.

Although the traditional place of the squaw was in the wigwam or in the field, according to records she did inherit rights if she were related to the sachem. In the Articles of Agreement between the New Haven colonists and the Quinnipiacs, there is made mention of "a squaw called Shampishuh, sister of the sachem, who either had or pretended some interest in some part of the land," to which said Shampishuh yielded up her claim along with the other Indians. Shampishuh was sunk-squaw (queen or female chief) of the Menunkatuc clan and sister of the grand chief Momauguin. On October 9, 1639, she sold her land in Guilford to Mr. Henry Whitfield

for the usual cheaper-by-the-dozen coats, shoes, stockings, hats, spoons, hatchets, knives, porringers, etc. She then left for New Haven with part of the clan—thirty-four men, women and children—to join with her brother.

Most of the squaws were treated as field hands, beasts of burden, brood hens, and chattels; still they were allowed some margin of freedom. The young squaw when she was ready for marriage, usually shortly after puberty, made it known that she was available. When a proper suitor agreeable to her taste applied and was accepted, the young couple got permission of their parents and of the chief of the tribe. Wampum was exchanged as payment for a dowry and for the sealing of the contract.

Later on, if the wife was dissatisfied or displeased with her husband, she could leave him and go home to her parents, taking the children and household goods with her. Return of the marriage wampum also signified divorce of the couple.

The word "wampum" has been bandied about so loosely in talk about Indians that it might be well to clarify the subject a bit. Wampum was Indian money and consisted of white and purple or black shell-beads strung on a strong fiber. The cylindrical bits of shell were one eighth of an inch in diameter and one fourth of an inch in length. It was extremely tedious to drill these beads from the clam and oyster shells. Such painstaking labor created their preciousness. The white beads had half as much value as the black or purple ones. The dark ones were produced from the dark "eye" of the oyster or clam shell where the muscle of the sea animal was attached. Even the early settlers used wampum in their business transactions for many years, in southern Connecticut as late as 1704. Three black or six white beads were equivalent to an English penny.

According to Dr. Frank G. Speck, an authority on the subject, wampum had many other uses:

> for ornamentation, as tribute, as a bribe for murder, as ransom for captives, or as a compensation for crime, as a fine, as an urger for peace, or as an incentive to war, as presents between friends, as a recompense for the services of shamans [medicine men], as a means

> of proposing marriage, as conciliation for bereavement, and as the insignia of chiefs. In later times in southern New England, wampum seems to have been employed primarily as tribute paid by subjugated tribes [such as the Quinnipiacs] either to the Iroquois or to the colonists.

So much for wampum and women. There were other important things in tribal life. The young braves had to be taught the skills of warfare—the stealthy movement through the forests, the straight and true aim of arrow and spear, the deadly use of the war-club, the telltale sounds and woodland clues of an unseen enemy. Then, too, the boys had to master the art of the hunt in order that they could in manhood provide for the tribe the three vital necessities: food, clothing, and shelter.

In the warm months, when the fish began to move to the surface of the water again to feed, nets and traps were set to catch them, and the Indians also collected succulent shellfish from the mud flats at low tide or tread for clams in the shoal waters. The Quinnipiacs did not have to go far for an abundant supply of oysters and undoubtedly overindulged at times as did their Indian neighbors to the north, who made regular trips to the shore for this delicacy.

An Indian story told by squaws to their greedy children concerned a chief of long ago who had journeyed from his inland village to partake of a shore dinner. He quite outdid himself one day in the consumption of oysters. On his way back upcountry he became so drowsy that he lay down to rest. The wicked Indian spirit Hobbamocko found the oyster-stuffed chief sleeping heavily and amused himself by casting a spell over the gluttonous Indian from which he never awakened. In time he became covered with earth and grass and trees.

This tale is supposed to describe the origin of the Sleeping Giant Mountain in Hamden. According to the legend the Indian's slumbers were disturbed only once, by indigestion, which occasioned him to move a restless foot, thus causing a volcanic upheaval in the fifth hill.

Another version of the origin of the Sleeping Giant is this: the

Indians were very proud of the Connecticut River, jealously guarding and cherishing its use, giving thanks to their gods for its blessings bestowed upon them. But alas! They failed to do honor to Hobbamocko, spirit of evil, who in his anger at their neglect of him and because of their devotion to the god of water determined to wreak vengeance on them. Wrathfully the evil spirit stamped down his foot in the center of the river bed, making the waters flow eastward.

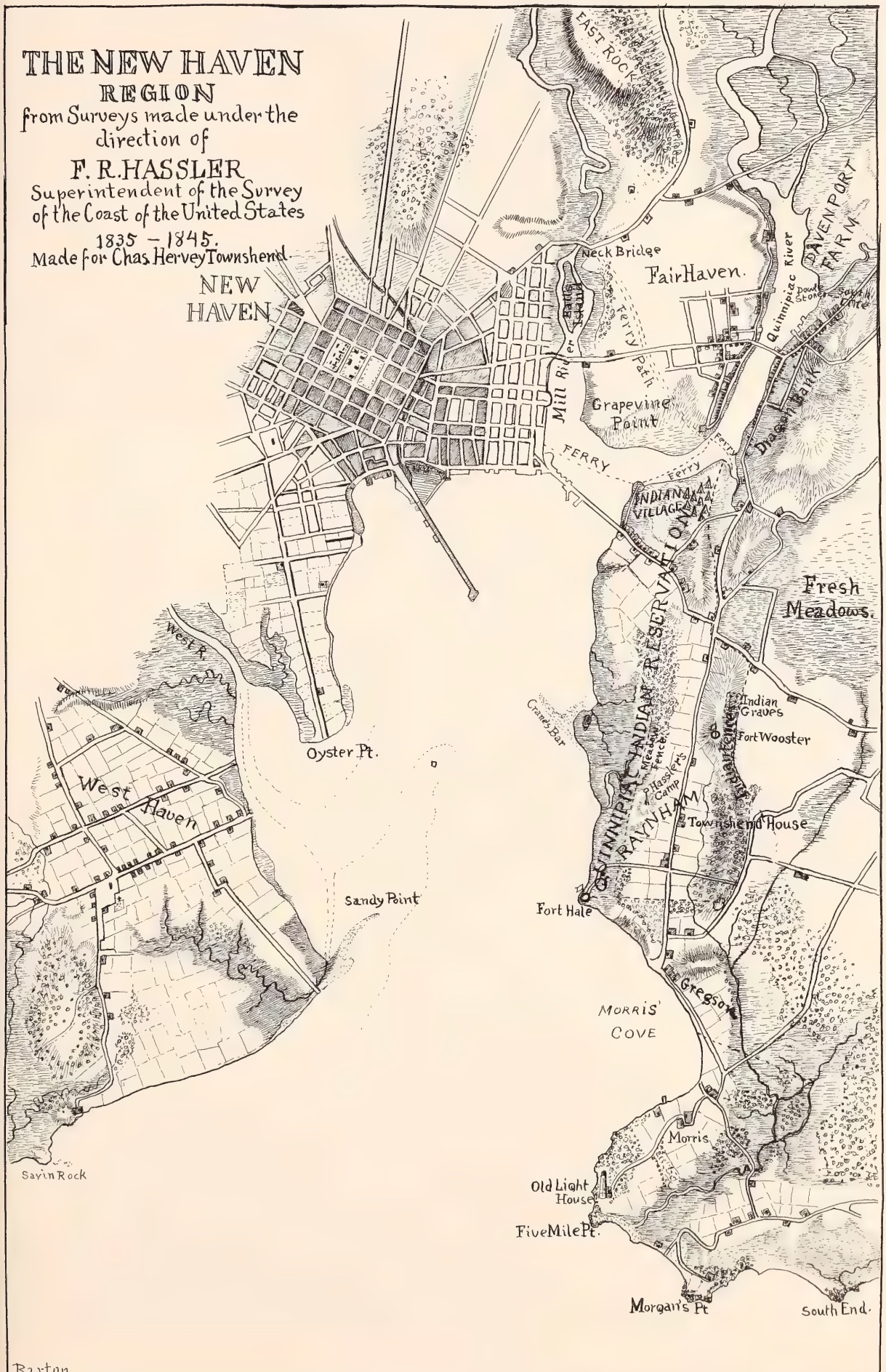
Kiehtan, the good spirit, saw what had happened to the river and, although powerless to undo the harm, moderated the blow that had befallen his believers and cast a spell of endless sleep over Hobbamocko. He then hid treasures in the pockets of the sleeper, saying as he did so that someday these would be found and the children of the valley would be repaid for the loss of their beloved river. Years later the Sleeping Giant's "pockets" were examined and found to contain copper, silver, gold, iron, quartz, and lead.

(Geologists believe that eons ago the Connecticut River did have a different course, flowing into the sound at New Haven. During a subterranean upheaval it was deflected into its present outlet at Saybrook. In Charles H. Townshend's words:

> It has been proved by Professor Dana of Yale College, the best known authority in the world for geological formation of this continent, that the plateau on which New Haven stands was at one time forty feet under water . . . [and that] the great estuary that extended inland northward to the Vermont and New Hampshire line was drained by some eruption of nature and the course of the Connecticut River to Long Island Sound cut through the mountain at Middletown and Lyme by the upturning of the earth's surface about meridian.)

The Sleeping Giant was revered by the Indians and was the central figure in many of their legends. They explained the presence of large boulders on the East Haven hills by saying the giant had flung them there after wresting them from the soil of Cheshire.

Stories about Hobbamocko were told around the campfire at night, with the evil spirit as the perpetrator of many natural phenomena. According to the Indians, the round stones along the


THE NEW HAVEN
REGION
from Surveys made under the
direction of
F. R. HASSLER
Superintendent of the Survey
of the Coast of the United States
1835 – 1845.
Made for Chas. Hervey Townshend.
NEW
HAVEN
EAST ROCK
Neck Bridge
Fair Haven.
Quinnipiac River
DAVENPORT
FARM
Dowle Stones
South Cove
Ferry Path
Mill River
Grapevine
Point
Dragon Bank
FERRY
Ferry
INDIAN
VILLAGE
QUINNIPIAC INDIAN RESERVATION
Fresh
Meadows.
West R.
Oyster Pt.
Crane's Bar
Indian
Graves
Fort Wooster
Indian Fence
Meadow Fence
Hassler's
Camp
RAYNHAM
Townshend House
West
Haven
Sandy Point
Fort Hale
Gregson
MORRIS'
COVE
Morris
Old Light
House
Five Mile Pt.
Morgan's Pt
South End.
Savin Rock
Barton.

Right: George Townsend and Indian mortar rock.

Below: Fred Townsend on the New Haven Green, 1909.

Right: Indian ceremonial rock near Woodward Avenue.

shores of the harbor were worn smooth and round when his slave-devils, the Pow-wow-wees, rubbed down the corns and bunions on old Hobbamocko's feet after his long tramps from the icy regions of Mudjekeewis "to the soft Shawonda Sea." The Pow-wow-wees also raised up storms and gales to please old "Hob," which perhaps explains the expression "raising hob."

When the snows came and the rivers froze, the Indians had to cut holes in the ice to spear eels and track the wary game through the drifts to their burrows. When the short, cold days drew to a close, the families crowded into their wigwams around the welcome fires.

Busy hands worked at repairing an arrowshaft or a snowshoe or readjusted a deerskin on the windward side of the enclosure, while a rabbit or partridge stew bubbled away in a big pot. After the evening meal was over, the families settled themselves around the fire for story time, when tales of victorious battles, exciting hunts, or times of great sorrow or happiness were narrated.

There is a true story about wolves in the east shore area, related by Frederick Townsend. He learned of it through the old squaw Quinnetoket, one of the last of the Quinnipiac Indians, who frequented the area in the 1840s.

One evening a long time ago, a Quinnipiac brave and his squaw were gathering prickly pears on the bluffs overlooking the cove (Morris Cove) when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a pack of starving wolves. The couple rushed to the cliff's edge where a large cedar tree, borne down by the past winter's ice and snow, extended nearly horizontally out over the water. Running out upon its trunk they escaped just in time, but were trapped there by the wolf pack, who chorused their frustration.

The Quinnipiac tribe, camping nearby, heard the howling of the wolves and discovered the couple's predicament. The squaws then spent all night soaking many dead branches in fat to make torches. The next morning the tribe attacked the vicious animals with firebrands flaming, drums beating, and arrows flying, and dispersed them. As the wolves retreated snarling up the shore, only to be

slain, the tired and cramped near-victims clambered off the tree and helped with the skinning of their attackers.

Another Indian anecdote, gleaned by Frederick when he was a boy on the family farm in East Haven and tucked away in his mind to be used much later in the *New Haven Register* of July 6, 1913, was this:

One day when Fred was playing hookey from school (Mr. Roger's School at Fort Hale Road and Townsend Avenue) and engaged in the educational pursuit of meadow hens, it started to rain hard. He made a dash for the shelter of the "Old Rocker," a huge boulder which was, according to folklore, so balanced that when the wind blew hard it rocked.

(Stephen Dodd in his history of East Haven described it as "a rock of Greenstone, resting in a few places, over a cavity, upon a ridge of Sandstone . . . there is no other rock of the kind in that neighborhood." The Indians regarded it with superstition, while the early settlers considered it an oddity. The rock is still to be seen in the back yard of 727 Woodward Avenue.)

On reaching the safety of the boulder, Fred found he had company. Momauguin, the old itinerant Quinnipiac, was also taking shelter from the rain and whiling away the time with a short pull now and then from a rum-filled jug. He had just taken some turtles to the Pavilion Hotel and had turned the payment into rum; consequently he was more talkative than was his habit. When sober, "old Mog" retained the abrupt brevity of speech peculiar to the Indians.

Upon questioning, old Mog told young Fred that this huge boulder was Cantantowit's powwow stone, and that Cantantowit (or Kiehtan) was the Quinnipiac's good spirit. The powwows held around the Old Rocker were really thanksgiving feasts given in honor of the good spirit for past favors and with the hope for continuance of such favors. A sweet-smelling fire was built on the flat top of the rock, the fragrance of which was supposed to be inhaled by Cantantowit. Around the base of the rock other fires were banked. When the rock was very hot the coals were raked back and all

sorts of seafood and vegetables were heaped in and covered with seaweed to steam until tender. Meanwhile there was much dancing and singing around the rock. When the food was ready, a great gorging began until at last no one could eat any more. The whole ceremony lasted three days.

William Woodward, upon whose land the rock stood, was responsible for the end of such powwows. Apparently after a real "corker" of a powwow, a squaw was found dead under Woodward's haystack. The Quinnipiacs would not claim the body so the landowner had to handle the burial details himself, after which he posted the notice:

INDIANS! NO MORE POW-WOWS AT THE ROCK!

(George Townsend, Fred's brother, remembered seeing the dead squaw, called Saly, under Woodwards' haystack. He was ten years old, and it was the first dead person he had ever seen.)

According to Frederick Townsend:

> Old Mog was a taciturn, ill-natured fellow, who acted as if he owned the whole country. He claimed his tribe sold only the land to till to the whites, retaining Indian rights to hunt, fish, gather fruit, berries, nuts and cut basket wood wherever they liked. My father found he was losing all of his choice hickory wood, and knowing old Mog's claim to basket wood, played upon him this politic game:
>
> "Mog," says he, "These basket-makers are cutting out all my young basket wood. Now I will appoint you guardian of my forest and pay you ten dollars a year to keep these fellows away."
>
> Old Mog with a knowing look said:
>
> "Good, ten dollars silver. Good. Mog go cut his basket wood in Cove woods. White man old fox. Indian no cheat him."

Many of the legends and customs of the Quinnipiac Indians became folklore of the east shore area through two diehards of the tribe, Momauguin and Quinnetoket, or "Mog" and "Quinny" as Fred called them. This Indian and his squaw lived inland in the winter but returned to their old tribal haunts in the summers. They pitched a tent near the unused powder magazine at Fort Wooster, the ancient Indian Grave Hill, which bordered the Upson farm.

Other remnants of Indian tribes, Fred remembered, came to "salt" also in the summer—that is, to fish and dig for clams and oysters. There were Asa and squaw Asa of the Mor-Hatchet tribe, Henry and squaw Lib of the Turkey Hill tribe, Oliver and squaw Anthy, Silas and squaw Saly of the Stockbridge Indians.

A granddaughter of farmer Julius Upson, Mrs. Mary Street Peck, interviewed in 1959 when she was ninety-four years old, also could remember Asa and his squaw. Even though she was just a youngster then, in the 1870s, Mrs. Peck said she had a distinct impression of Asa as having "dark, wrinkled skin, long hair, and mean eyes." But she added that the pair would work hard all summer helping her grandfather with the haying, tilling the soil, bringing in firewood, and doing odd jobs around the house.

They never begged but each carried a handmade basket ready to receive any food their white friends might offer them, for they were well-liked, being honest Indians. When very young, according to Mrs. Peck, these two Indians had been taken and reared by white families and so could read and write a little.

One year Asa returned from the land to the north (Enfield) without his squaw. He refused to tell what had happened to her, but that summer he expressed a desire to remain. Asa died in 1885 at the age of eighty-seven and was buried in Center Cemetery in Branford, having lived out his last years in the poor farm of that town. His gravestone bears the words:

ASA, the faithful Indian
To the land of the hereafter

In his pitiful bundle of possessions were found some ribbons that Mrs. Peck had given him as a child and a Bible given him by Mrs. William K. Townsend.

Legends and tribal codes were carefully learned around the campfire. From courtship customs to burial rites, the young adults were taught by repeated observance and time-honored words of instruction. Relative to marriage, an Indian could have more than one wife, but this was dictated more by economics than anything else

because a brave was thought foolish to burden himself with more family than he could provide for.

Frederick Townsend entitled one tale of love and courtship in this manner: "Story of True-Hearted Love, Tribal Fidelity and Loyalty to her Dead Warrior, of a Quinnipiack Girl, as Told at the Site of the Old Indian Fort in East Haven Almost a Century ago" (written about 1906).

One summer day Fred was again playing hookey from school and met old Quinny toiling her way up from the shore to Fort Wooster with a mess of clams and horseshoe crabs. He helped her with the burden and then joined her in the delicious seafood dinner. After they had satisfied their appetites, inquisitive Fred began asking questions.

"What does your name mean, Quinny?"

"Indian name Quinnetoket. What does Quinnetoket mean? Well, I tell you if you go then." And looking into the dying embers of the fire, she spoke of an Indian romance of long ago.

"Quinnipiack girl go snare partridge on Lonotonoquet mountain; Quinnipiack girl see Totoquet man catchy fish in Lonotonoquet water [Saltonstall Lake]. Quinnipiack girl like to see Totoquet man. Totoquet man like to see Quinnipiack girl. Both like. Totoquet man put fish on rock. Quinnipiack girl get wood, build fire, cook fish and partridge. Totoquet man eat partridge. Quinnipiack girl eat fish. Both go home.

"Totoquet man build tree house, put fish in door and watch. Quinnipiack girl see house, look in, see fish, make fire, sit down, pull hair all over shame face [to show she was a virgin]. Totoquet man come, see fish cooked, put fish on bark, give to Quinnipiack girl. Then Quinnipiack girl is Totoquet man's squaw.

"Now a Quinnipiack man want Quinnipiack girl back. He go to Lonotonoquet, find Quinnipiack girl in Totoquet's man's hut. Quinnipiack man drunk mad. Throw Quinnipiack girl down through trees into Lonotonoquet. Then feel heap bad. Run, look in deep water, no find Quinnipiack girl, take big stone, sink in water, he dead."

Quinny went on to tell that the girl was really not dead, having landed in a pine tree. Then the Totoquet man demanded her as his squaw. But the Quinnipiac tribe objected and shot the Totoquet man full of arrows while he was fishing in the lake. The dead man's canoe was brought back to the Quinnipiac village where it was recognized by the girl. Grief-stricken, she pulled out her hair, covered her head with ashes and, wailing, lay down in the canoe, hugging everything that had belonged to the Totoquet man. In due course of time, she had a baby, and then died.

"That baby my four mother, Totoquet the father, Quinnipiack, mother. So he name Quinnitoquet. He have baby, Quinnitoquet, my three mother. He have baby Quinnitoquet, my two mother. He have baby, Quinnitoquet, my one mother. He have baby, Quinnitoquet, that me."

When the Quinnipiacs buried their dead on the northeast side of Grave Hill, they placed them curled up without wrapper or enclosure on the sandstone base, three and one half feet under the ground. It was their custom "not to bury any of their dead unless some survivor could speak a good word for the dead comrade. Once one of their number died and remained unburied for several days because no one could speak a good word for him. Finally an old Indian came along and pronounced the dead man as being 'a good smoker,' then they planted him in a sitting position, facing the east." (This anecdote was from Edward Beecher, whose grandmother Woodward told him.) The graves bore no markers or identification.

Trinkets and implements were often buried with the dead in the ancient belief that they would be useful later in the "happy hunting grounds" where good Indians went after death. However, when many of the Indian graves on Fort Hill were opened in the 1820s and 1830s by Yale professors, no such articles were found. Dr. Levi Ives with some medical students in 1836 uncovered one grave that held a skull and scalp in good condition. On the long, black straight hair were several "tailor's thimbles." It is supposed that

earlier curiosity-seekers may have robbed the graves of any other Indian handiwork.

Frederick Townsend told of a band of nineteenth-century delinquents who unearthed a "large rudely carved vase of pink colored stone" and during a quarrel over possession of the vase, smashed it.

The last of the Quinnipiac Indians, as their tribe headed for extinction, left to join other tribes to the north. James Meeh-yeuh, sachem of the Quinnipiacs, died in 1745 at Cheshire; James, his son, at Derby in 1758; the last sachem, Charles, froze to death near a spring one mile north of the East Haven Meetinghouse about 1770.

The Indians and their life upon this land had come to a close.

CHAPTER III

THE TUTTLE FARM

THE next inhabitants of these fields and forests of the Indian reservation were to be the Tuttles, a family prominent in the New Haven Colony and whose well-to-do English ancestor, Mr. William Tuttle, came from Boston with the Reverend Mr. Davenport in 1638. He was one of the original grantees on the east side of the harbor and in 1645 settled his family in Stoney River, which later became East Haven upon petition to the General Assembly in 1707.

William had five sons, four of whom eventually sold their inheritance and removed elsewhere. His son Joseph acquired land on the east side of the harbor when the second division of land was made in 1640. The Tuttles were among the largest landholders in East Haven. These are the descendants of seventeenth-century William Tuttle: William was the father of Joseph; Joseph of Joseph, Jr.; Joseph, Jr. of (Captain) Joseph III and of Noah. It is Noah's children who provide the connection to the Indian reservation, which eventually became the Tuttle farm.

On a 1748 map we find Noah Tuttle living in New Haven on Grove Street between Church and State Streets in a substantial house where he and his wife Rachel raised their seven children, among whom was the lad Joseph. Noah also built a small brick-and-stone house on the east shore near the ferry at Stable Point (close to the present Tomlinson's Bridge). This house was given to son Timothy in 1750 when he was twenty-six, already married, and the head of a household of three polls.

Undoubtedly young Joseph visited his older brother here and

began to think about when he would marry and how he would live in the country where the land was fair and rich with promise of productivity. Brother Tim must have given him much encouragement and advice, for several years later the two brothers become partners in a land deal.

With the Quinnipiacs fast disappearing due to death and removal elsewhere, their fertile planting grounds were eagerly sought after by the land-hungry colonists. The Tuttles were no exception. In 1764 Joseph and Timothy purchased "20 acres of land lying in the New Indian field on the west side of the Highway." Now Joseph could set his feet upon his own land—to the north was his brother's and Reverend John Woodward's land, to the west was the harbor with the meadow fence boundary, to the south was Samuel Forbes's property, and on the east was the highway or road between Solitary Cove and the Country Road to East Haven. But this was his own farm and he would make it prosper with hard work and God's help.

The soil was light and sandy but would produce under cultivation. It was particularly congenial to Indian corn and barley, perhaps potatoes, and certainly hay would be a good crop. With the abundance of clams, oysters, white and black fish in the waters of the harbor, Joseph could supplement the farm produce for his table. The lively springs nearby would more than supply his needs. After building his simple farmhouse close by the Cove Road on the west side (about where Tuttle Street joins Townsend Avenue), Joseph Tuttle, freeman, and his wife, Mary Granger, moved in with their young son, Josiah.

In 1773 the last of the Indian land was bought by Timothy Tuttle—30 acres for 30 pounds. Samuel Adam, an Indian of the Quinnipiac tribe, signed the following document:

"Therefore, know ye, that I the said Samuel Adam . . . do for myself and the rest of said tribe . . . give, grant and convey unto said Tuttle and unto his heirs and assigns forever all the right . . . which I and the rest of the Tribe of Indians have in the aforesaid land . . . which land was reserved for the use of said Indians . . . ."

Four months later Captain Timothy Tuttle sold ten acres of this

same land to his younger brother, Joseph, and signed a quitclaim to land "in the farm where said Joseph dwells, which contains in quantity thirty-two acres and a half and twenty-five rods."

The years slipped peacefully by, sunup to sundown. Each day, each season had its routine chores and its special projects and soon under hard, patient work Joseph's farm began to develop. There were pear trees now by the front door of the homestead, and a honeysuckle vine wound itself around the wellpost. Clustered around the farmyard were the barn and outbuildings, while in the rear an apple orchard graced the gentle slope of hill to the west. The surrounding fields were golden with wheat, and an abundance of hay was cut from both the salt and fresh meadows and stacked and covered to be used as bedding and fodder for the animals in the winter.

The placid monotony of farm life was not particularly affected by the world outside but more by the daily doings of those people in the area: an occasional dispute over a fence boundary, wood rights, or stray cattle; the improper conduct of a neighbor on the Sabbath; a controversial sermon or theological argument. But there was a growing uneasiness in New Haven concerning the ill treatment of the Colonies by King George's Parliament.

The Stamp Act was intolerable!

Thus on May 23, 1766, the bells of the Meeting House on the Green "rang out a joyful jubilee over repeal of the obnoxious enactment," and all day the town resounded with the noise of small arms. At night bonfires lighted the dancing and cavorting of the celebrants.

But this was not the end to harassment of His Majesty's not-so-loyal subjects, just the beginning. The Townshend Acts of 1767 sought to tax small, innocuous items such as tea. The ploy did not work. The colonists recognized the ogre of tyranny in a different disguise; it was still "taxation without representation."

At a town meeting held in New Haven on February 22, 1768, a committee reported that

> it is expedient for the Town to take all prudent and legal measures to encourage Produce and Manufactures of this Colony and to lessen the use of Superfluities and more especially the following articles

> imported from abroad viz. Carriages of all sorts, Horse-Furniture, Mens and Womens Hats, Men and Womens apparel, ready made Household Furniture, Men and Womens Shoes, Sole-Leather, Gold, Silver, and Thread Lace, Gold and Silver Buttons, wrought Plate, Diamond, Stone and Paste Ware, Clocks, Silversmith's and Jeweller's Ware, Broad Cloths that cost above Ten Shillings Sterling per yard, Muffs, Furs and Tippets, Starch, Womens and Childrens Stays, Silk & Cotton Velvets, Gauze, Linseed Oil, Malt Liquors, and Cheese. And that a subscription be recommended to the several Inhabitants and Householders of the Town, whereby they may mutually agree and engage that they will encourage the Use and Consumption of articles manufactured in the British American Colonies, and more especially in this Colony; and that they will not after the 31st Day of March next, purchase any of the above-enumerated Articles imported from abroad after the said 31st of March, and that they will be careful to promote the Saving of Linen Rags, and other Materials proper for making Paper in this Colony.

(No mention of tea. Perhaps New Haveners had already taken the pledge to abstain, or perhaps tea smuggled from Holland was in ample supply.)

This resolution and similar ones in the other colonies led to the repeal of the Townshend Acts in 1770, with the exception of tea, an innocent herb packed with dynamite and a slow fuse. The friction increased. The Boston massacre and the Boston Tea Party sparked the smoldering resentment, which finally burst into open revolt at Lexington and Concord. "The shot heard 'round the world" echoed in New Haven.

The agitation of the populace congealed with these spine-tingling words from *The Connecticut Courant*, May 8, 1775:

> Americans! Forever bear in mind the BATTLE OF LEXINGTON;—where British troops, unmolested and unprovoked, wantonly and in a most inhuman manner fired upon and killed a number of our countrymen, then robbed them of their provisions, ransacked, plundered and burnt their houses! Nor could the tears of defenseless women, some of whom were in the pains of childbirth, the cries of helpless babes, nor the prayers of old age, confined to beds of sickness, appease their thirst for blood! or divert them from the DESIGN of MURDER and ROBBERY!

A steady build-up of alarm and excitement in the newspapers, which accused the mother country of treating its offspring like slaves, touched the raw nerves of patriots. Open letters were written in the weeklies to the King and to fellow Englishmen justifying the Americans' cause and desperately seeking reconciliation, but not at the price of continuance of injustices and oppression. The colonists were incensed when they learned that England had sent to Germany for eighteen hundred men called *Jaegers*, "people brought up to the use of the rifle barrel guns in boar hunting," who would be transported to the Colonies. Were they to be hunted down like animals?

In New Haven Captain Benedict Arnold and the newly organized Second Company of the Governor's Foot Guard immediately made preparations to throw themselves into the conflict in Massachusetts. After requesting gunpowder from the selectmen, a prayer from the minister and godspeed to Boston, they marched to the aid of their compatriots. (Powder House Day is still enacted every April on the Green.)

Colonel Washington was engaged to recruit and train volunteers for a Continental Army. Battles had already been fought, men already killed for the cause by the time the Declaration of Independence was finally passed in Philadelphia by the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, July 4, 1776.

How did the town of New Haven react to this historic news? In the *Connecticut Journal* of Wednesday, July 10, 1776, a one-sheet weekly published by Thomas and Samuel Green, was this brief sentence (under a Philadelphia, July 6th, dateline): "Yesterday the CONGRESS unanimously Resolved to declare the United Colonies FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES." Another item said that the Resolves of the Congress would be ready for sale the next day.

In the following week's issue the Declaration itself appeared in full. Under the want ads, saltpetre was requested to manufacture into gun powder, cotton and linen rags for newsprint paper since there was a shortage, and persons skilled in the manufacture of

flints. Notice was given that henceforth "God Save the King" would be omitted from all services and prayers.

The inhabitants of New Haven, knowing a coastal town was particularly vulnerable to attack, began to busy themselves with defense projects.

> The town of New Haven, having erected a Beacon on Indian Hill, at East Haven, now Beacon Hill, about a mile and a half south-east of the town . . . we now inform the public in general, and the neighboring towns in particular, that the Beacon will be fired on Monday evening next, the 20th instant at 6 o'clock; all persons are then desired to look out for the Beacon, and take the bearing of it from their respective places of abode, that they may know where to look out for it in case of an alarm; which will be announced by the firing of three cannon.

Three years went by with New Haven as yet unscathed by the war, but then finally, one hot summer day, the enemy struck.

CHAPTER IV

THE BRITISH INVASION ON THE EAST SHORE

SUNDAY, July 4, 1779, was as usual a quiet day of religious observance, but the next day promised to be an exciting one for the seven Tuttle children. In the morning they were all going to New Haven to watch the independence celebration on the public parade grounds.

Suddenly the family became aware of urgent hoofbeats upon the hard road, jarring the sultry drowsiness of the late afternoon. It was Captain Amos Morris riding at top speed from the Cove to warn everyone along the shore that the British fleet was sighted in the sound and headed this way. The children eagerly asked questions, but to the adults this came as no great surprise, since they had realized for quite some time the vulnerability of the Connecticut coast with the British in possession of Long Island. In fact many of the able-bodied men were organized, armed, and equipped as militiamen. Josiah, now a strapping youth of seventeen, had enlisted in Captain Phineas Bradley's company and was stationed nearby at Black Rock Fort (Fort Hale).

All that was necessary for action was adequate warning. For this purpose, four years before, a huge pile of brush and faggots had been placed on top of the old Indian Grave Hill to be ready to fire as a beacon light in case of enemy approach.

As Captain Morris galloped on, the Tuttles rushed to prepare for the possible invasion. Mrs. Tuttle put her silverware and heirloom jewelry in an old, broken-legged pot, which Mr. Tuttle placed in a hole under a large flat stone beneath the well-spout. The older boys brought the ox cart with the hay rigging from the barn, while the

girls collected as many household items as could be tied on the cart.

Anxiously they scanned the entrance to the harbor. There in the distance, silhouetted against the twilight sky, were the masts and hulks of many ships, said to be a fleet of forty-eight! (They learned later that the convoy consisted of the frigate *Camilla*, the sloop of war *Scorpion*, the brig *Halifax*, and the row galley *Hussar*.) Soon after they heard the guns order the dropping of anchor. Three defiant booms came from the signal gun at Black Rock Fort, on the north arm of the curving cove. In the gathering darkness the bonfires on Beacon Hill, East Rock, and West Rock spurted up and burned brightly, warning the inland residents of impending danger.

In the harbor town, candlelight flickered late into a night filled with apprehension and fear. The younger children, Joseph, Asahel, and Timothy, fell asleep finally, while the older boys and their father cleaned their guns, filled their powder horns, and sharpened their knives in readiness for the morrow. Often they went outside to listen to the night sounds, straining their ears to catch any threatening noise.

At dawn, word came that the ships' boats were being floated and were making their way toward Morris Point and also to the West Haven shore. Hurriedly the oxen were hitched to the cart, and the children piled in. At the back of the cart, a big brass kettle was tied and into it were placed four puppies and eight-year-old Timothy to manage them; the mother dog paced impatiently behind. Mrs. Tuttle climbed in the front, taking the reins, while Daniel led the oxen onto the road heading north for Hemingway bluffs. Father Tuttle watched the little caravan depart, then jogged off southward to join his oldest son and countrymen at Black Rock Fort.

Another group of about fifty militiamen hastened to oppose the landing at Morris Point. In the morning light they passed the Morris mansion and could see that it was already deserted except for Mr. Morris, who hailed them as they pressed on. They learned later that he had set the table with food and wine for the British, in hopes his home would be spared, to no avail. He barely made it out of the house via the cellarway before the vengeful soldiers barged in and set the place on fire. They also burned his modest salt works

industry, stretched along the shore, which had proved a vital help in salting down meat for the Colonial troops. Mr. Morris escaped by running along the stone wall in the rear, stooping out of sight.

The East Haven men, under the command of Lieutenant Evelyn Moulthrop, hauled their only field piece into position on the sandy shore (Lighthouse Point). The boats, loaded with fifteen hundred troops (the 23rd Hessian, Landgrave, and King's American Regiment) came steadily on.

Major-General William Tryon, a former colonial governor of North Carolina and now of New York was in command. His reputation for a quick attack, burning and pillage, and then a quick retreat was well known, especially with the Danbury raid still a fresh memory. "Great Wolf," the Indians had called him for his cunning and cruelty.

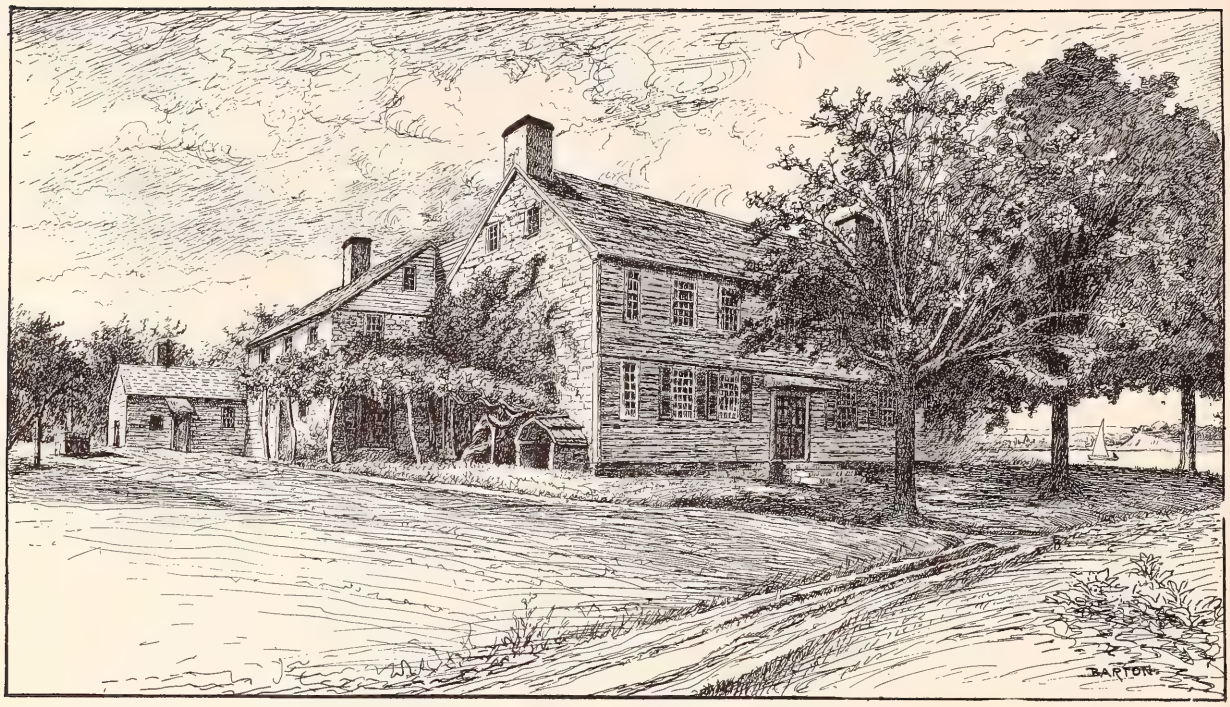
General Tryon had been sent on this well planned mission by Sir Henry Clinton in what later proved to be a futile attempt to draw General Washington's forces away from the Hudson River valley, which was a vital artery of supplies and communication between the middle states and the New England arsenal. General Tryon wrote to General Sir Henry Clinton that he had left copies of a proclamation in New Haven which chided the citizens for their disloyalty to England, reminded them of British mercy in abstaining from wreaking havoc on ungrateful towns, and offered clemency for penitent citizens and a warning for those who persisted in this folly. He concluded: "The general effect of the printed address from Sir George Collier and myself to the inhabitants recommended by your Excellency cannot be discovered till there are some futher operations and descents upon their coasts."

The General found out the effects of his proclamation when the first boats touched the shores of the New Haven harbor.

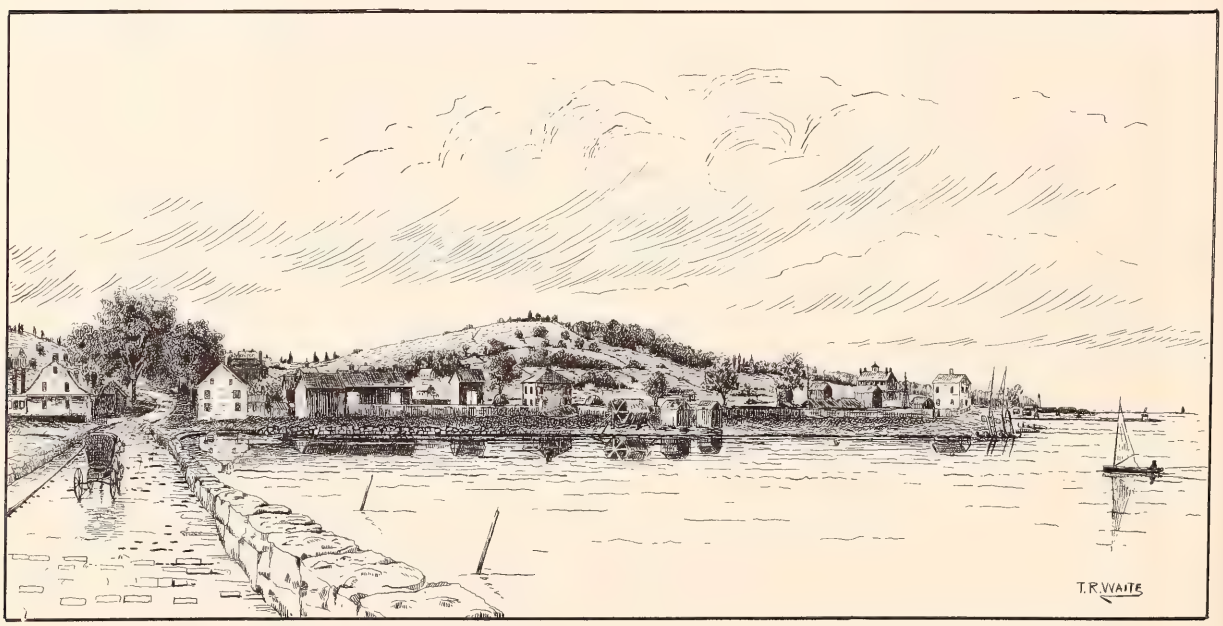
"Disperse ye rebels!" shouted a British officer, standing up with sword drawn in the prow of the first boat. The outnumbered defenders began to fall back toward the Morris house, but one brash patriot fired a parting shot as the boat touched shore. The officer tumbled forward, mortally wounded.

The little band of Americans quickly retreated northward along

Engagement between British forces and patriots near the Tuttle house.



The Morris house.



"Waterside," East Haven, from Tomlinson's Bridge.

Cove Road, dragging their swivel gun and fiercely disputing every inch of yielded ground. Meanwhile there was an equally active commotion going on at Black Rock Fort.

This natural rock fort of basaltic formation projected into the harbor, making it a strategic point to fortify. The colonists had purchased it from the Indians in 1654 and in 1775 the Connecticut Colony had voted to equip the fort with three mounted guns made in Salisbury and powder made in Hotchkisstown (Westville). Now these guns were in action against the enemy, keeping the enemy fleet from sailing right up the harbor to the town docks. Inside the stone walls Joseph Tuttle and eighteen fellow militiamen, with Lieutenant Bishop in command, crouched and took aim at the enemy contingent that had landed on the shores of the Cove. For a time the attackers were repulsed, but soon they got their field pieces to the top of the palisades and began to bombard the fort below.

Joseph saw several of his countrymen fall; then the garrison ran out of ammunition. Spiking the guns, they leaped from the ramparts in an attempt to escape across the salt marshes. A flanking column of the King's soldiers quickly captured most of them. Joseph and Josiah Tuttle fought furiously but were also seized. They were brought back to the Cove Road where the main body was "marching in a column at a double quick with fixed bayonets, drums beating, and colors flying." Behind them thick spires of smoke rose from the burning Morris and Pardee houses and barns.

The British were angered at the meddlesome resistance of the rebels who sniped from behind the hedgerows along the road. On the cedar-covered knoll (where the Townshend house now stands) some thirty colonists took a stand, fired, then ran for Beacon Hill where there were protective earthworks and a lone cannon. It was on this knoll that Joseph beheld his friend Jacob Thorpe stand up and fire before he was brought down by a volley of musket shots. Rum-fortified Sergeant Thorpe had declared he wouldn't run another rod from "the cursed lobsterbacks," and he didn't.

When the enemy came abreast of the Tuttle house, the Tory Tom Chandler pointed out Joseph to the commanding British officer. The officer spoke to him, saying that if he would promise not

to take up arms again against His Majesty's troops, the house would be spared. Joseph replied with vigor:

"Not for all the gold in the British kingdom!"

A shout rang out: "Run the rebel through!"

"By all the laws of civilized warfare, you are bound to protect your prisoners," Joseph retorted. The officer asked what he was fighting for.

"God and my right," answered Joseph, to which the soldiers again shouted to run the rebel through. The officer countermanded:

"No, you cannot do that. That is the King's motto (*Dieu et mon droit*) and you cannot do it, but he will get his rights in the old hulk *Jersey*." (The *Jersey* was a prisoner-of-war ship.)

So the Tuttle house, barn, outbuildings, and the fields of ripened grain were quickly set ablaze. What feelings of frustration and anger must have stirred father and son as they tramped past the flaming buildings, turning to look back again and again at the heartbreaking scene.

The British forces had to halt for a while near Beacon Hill, where the Americans—Captain Pierpont, Chandler Pardee and other neighbors—were holding the fort. After British reinforcements came up with cannonry, the hill was stormed and captured. General Tryon promptly made his headquarters here and sent skirmishers to pursue the fleeing garrison.

The accounts of the British invasion of New Haven are on record, and if they are but a page in the story of the American Revolution, the saga of Beacon Hill is but an opening paragraph to that page. However the actions of those men who did not hesitate in the face of overwhelming odds indicate the zealous spirit of that time, when to endure, to sacrifice, to fight for freedom was a passion. Coupled with patriotic fever and excitement as the men hurried to meet the enemy threat must have been an even deeper agitation: the instinctive stubbornness to stand their ground, to defend what was theirs.

Joseph heard later an amazing story about young Chandler Par-

dee, who had spent the previous evening visiting in East Haven, dressed in his Sunday best, and who, still in his finery, helped the defenders on Beacon Hill.

When Chandler saw that capture of the hill was imminent, he ran down the eastern slope and took off across the fresh meadow. In the mud of the low-lying ground, his silver-buckled shoe became submerged. While trying to recover it, Pardee was shot and left for dead by the pursuing soldiers. Some friends heard his feeble call for help and took him to a nearby house, where a doctor removed the musket ball.

Chandler lived many years after that and he took particular delight in telling the tale to his grandchildren. The high point of his story came when "Grampa" was a prisoner in New York later in the war and his captors were boasting of the number of colonists killed in the New Haven raid. Pardee questioned one reported statistic, saying he himself was that "dead" fellow!

During the Beacon Hill skirmish, another miraculous escape occurred. Mrs. Samuel Tuttle, living near the same fresh meadow, heard the commotion and ran out into the tall grass with her four little children. The soldiers stopped pursuing Chandler long enough to set fire to her house, then aimed again at the militia vanishing through the fields.

Mrs. Tuttle frantically shrieked to her children:

"Fall down in the grass and say your prayers! We have only one minute to live!"

They obeyed her instantly and the murderous volley whistled harmlessly over their heads.

Throughout the neighborhood the British now secured control. The foreign trespassers marched on, burning Reverend John Woodward's house on Cove Road and turning down the road toward the river (now Forbes Avenue), set aflame the houses of John Woodward, Jr., Jehiel Forbes, Captain Timothy Tuttle, and Elam Luddington—eleven houses in all on the east side of the harbor, with barns, outbuildings, and crops destroyed too. After crossing the Quinnipiac and Mill Rivers the enemy entered the heart of New

Haven. Shortly after noon the seizure was complete. General Garth had encircled the town from the west shore and joined General Tryon's forces victoriously on the market place.

The townspeople were then subjected to personal abuse, plundering, and wanton destruction of their homes and property by the drunken soldiers on that hot July day, long remembered and pathetically recorded in many letters, affidavits, and diaries. Joseph clenched his teeth in silent fury when he heard about his cousin, poor crazed Elisha Tuttle, whose tongue was cut out by the soldiers with their bayonets when he would not answer their questions. What anguish the man had endured in his lifetime! Several years before his wife and children had been murdered by Indians in New York state and one child carried off into captivity. Elisha's tormented soul departed his body later that day.

Early Tuesday morning Joseph and Josiah were hustled aboard the boats with forty other prisoners and rowed out to the British fleet. The invaders had decided to evacuate because by then the whole countryside was up in arms and gathering in force for an assault. The generals were also worried that they could not maintain the discipline necessary for battle among the drunken infantry.

So the fleet set sail for New York on the morning tide. As the last ship passed Beacon Hill, reoccupied by patriots, the ship's gunners in a burst of vindictiveness fired a whole broadside at the fort. Isaac Pardee, age twenty-two, was just then climbing the hill with a bucket of water fetched from the spring below, when a cannon ball took his head clean off.

In New York the Tuttles were kept under guard until the latter part of August, when they were finally paroled. They fared more fortunately than their friends Richard Paul, Jacob Pardee, Jr., Asa Bradley, and Abijah Bradley, who had to remain on the prison ship and who perished the following cruel winter.

Arriving home that August, Joseph and his son found the family living in the cellar-hole covered with a lean-to that kind neighbors had helped to erect. There was much rejoicing in the reunion and an exchange of stories about the memorable day of July 5. Timothy

Tuttle told of his family's trek that fateful morning years later when he was an old man of ninety and visited Frederick Townsend at "Raynham," the family home:

> We reached the Hollow all right, and my brother went to the bluffs to reconnoitre. Hearing cannon and seeing great smoke on both sides of the harbor, we reyoked our oxen and started over the hills for Totoket Vale, head of Lake Lonotonoket (Saltonstall). Having reached there all safe, we took a cold bite and crowded among our luggage, longing for daylight, with no sleep in our eyelids.
>
> Upon our arrival at the lake, we had caught a monster mud turtle and put it in the brass kettle for safe keeping. In the morning we found she had laid nineteen soft eggs, which we cooked for breakfast and ate with hearty smacks. My brother, going out to the road, was told the British were leaving the harbor, so we let Mother Turtle go, yoked up our oxen and headed for desolation of desolations, for every house and barn below the ferry, some eighteen or twenty, lay in its own ashes, nothing left of our home but its cellar and well.

The treasured heirlooms were gone from the hidden pot also, and they never turned up. (Almost a century later when a hole was dug to plant an elm tree north of the Townsends' gate, a three-legged cast iron pot without handle or cover was found with nothing in it. It is presumed that this was one and the same pot.)

The children reported in high glee how Captain Jedediah Andrews and some of the neighbors had crept up the hill (directly in back of the present Townshend house) the morning of July 6 and with their Queene Anne muskets had picked off two British soldiers who were posted there as a signal corps. They had been roasting a stolen sheep for breakfast and were caught unawares. The victims were buried at the foot of the hill near a red sandstone boulder to mark the graves.

For the little visit the British made to New Haven they paid dearly with 56 men killed, wounded, and missing. The patriots' loss was 23 killed, 15 wounded, and 12 made prisoners, as well as $23,843 of damage on the east shore. In 1792 the Connecticut General Assembly passed an act of relief for those who suffered fire damage by the British during the Revolution. Joseph Tuttle's loss

was listed as 79£, 9s., 5d., for which he was compensated later with a land grant in the Western Reserve, a part of the Ohio Territory.

One of the first things Joseph did when he arrived safely home was to place a stone to mark the spot across the road from his house where Jacob Thorpe was killed. The inscription read: HERE FELL JACOB THORPE, JULY 5, 1779. The pieces of his broken gun were found and sent to his widow and five children. His body had been placed in the North Haven graveyard, but to this day no gravestone celebrates the site of this spunky patriot. Jacob was the great-great-grandson of William Thorpe, one of the original settlers of North Haven. ("All previous accounts have included an Adam Thorpe. This is an error based on a misreading of the East Haven church records of Jacob's death; there was no such person as Adam."—Donald Lines Jacobus.)

The Tuttle family began to work as fast as possible to establish a new home before the cold weather set in. Joseph wanted to rebuild on the same spot or foundation, but his sons desired him to build farther south on the Cove Road, where there was a finer view of New Haven and the harbor. Consequently a site was selected on the knoll across from the present Townshend house. A big double house with central chimney was erected and painted yellow. There was a small hallway in front of the chimney from which a narrow stairway led to the upstairs rooms.

Joseph's neighbors were busy rebuilding too. The Woodwards constructed fine, big houses on the first foundations with beautiful paneled and wainscoted interiors. Jehiel Forbes, the shipbuilder, was deemed fortunate because his sturdy stone walls and chimneys were still intact. Even the date of the original house, 1767, chiseled in the stone lintel above the front door, remained unharmed. (The builder, George Lancraft of Holland, had placed the date over the doorway in keeping with the custom of his native land.) With the rubble inside the cellar-hole carted away, the inside walls and floors were put up in good time. Mr. Morris's house had fared much the same, so he too could use the great stone chimney. A rough shed on the property, untouched by the British, was dragged to the spot and the Morris family spent that winter of '79–'80 in it. Later the

shed became a wing of the new house and was used as a summer kitchen.

Memories of the war and the proud part the patriots played in it were revived on August 26, 1814, when Beacon Hill was renamed Fort Wooster in honor of Major-General David Wooster, who had served so gallantly in the War of Independence.

Although David Wooster had been born and raised in Stratford, he had married a New Haven girl, Yale President Clap's daughter, and had made this town his home in between his military assignments. Madame Wooster's hospitality and graciousness drew many learned and cultured people to their elegant home on Wooster Street overlooking the harbor. General Wooster gained respect, confidence, and admiration of his fellow citizens that never diminished.

Active during the Colonial period fighting in His Majesty's service and on the scene when French-held Fort Ticonderoga was taken, General Wooster was by long experience thoroughly prepared for the Revolution. When the news of Lexington reached him, the sixty-five-year-old soldier immediately resigned his commission in the British army and accepted the appointment as Commander-in-Chief of Connecticut's militia.

In the battle at Ridgefield on April 27, 1777, David Wooster was mortally wounded and died three days later in the service of his country,

At a much later date, July 5, 1895, there was an impressive dedication ceremony and patriotic demonstration at Fort Wooster Park when a memorial tablet was presented by the Sons of the American Revolution to the New Haven Park Commission. The tablet read:

On this spot a signal beacon
was established in 1775
and about this hill
American patriots
bravely resisted a large force
of invading British troops
July 5, 1779.
To honor the deeds of the Fathers

The Connecticut Society
Sons of the American Revolution
placed this tablet, 1895

The tablet was affixed to a large boulder near the earthworks of the old fort and still remains.

Another brave and dedicated soldier of the Revolution was acknowledged when Black Rock Fort was changed to Fort Nathan Hale at the start of the War of 1812. Young Hale from Coventry, a strong and handsome boy, had graduated with honor from Yale College in 1773, when he was barely eighteen. For a while Nathan taught school in Connecticut, but when the trouble with England flared up, he joined the Continental Army in the fervor of patriotism.

While encamped with General Washington on Manhattan island, Captain Hale volunteered for a dangerous spy mission in the enemy camps. He was caught by the British on the very eve of the succesful completion of his assignment and was sentenced to death by hanging, the ignoble method used for spies. His last words, powerful in their simplicity and courage, cry out from the distant, impersonal years:

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

Many soldier-heroes have been singled out for posterity, men with much war experience and many victories to their credit, but Nathan Hale more than any other epitomizes the vigorous spirit of the Revolution and the poignant gallantry of youth. At the age of twenty-three, in the year 1776, Nathan Hale graduated from this life—with honor.

The victorious War of Independence was over now, and as the seasons rolled by the Tuttle farm prospered again with new crops planted and harvested, new sheep, swine, and poultry in the barnyard and cattle in the barn. Little visual evidence remained of that fateful time except for occasional cannon balls turned up by the plow or the frost. The townspeople were not bothered again except for one sneak attack on Black Rock Fort a couple of years later.

On April 18, 1781, a thick foggy night, some loyalists from Long Island manned eight whaleboats and rowed in with muffled oars,

killed the sentry, and surprised the garrison. The eleven rebel prisoners and their arms were taken back across the sound.

Joseph Tuttle was supposed to have been on duty that night with his son Josiah and the rest of the garrison. But since one of the children was seriously ill, he sent fourteen-year-old Daniel in his place. In the morning Joseph looked toward the fort and saw a small blue stream of smoke coming from it. In haste, he ran down to find the men gone and a slow fuse set to blow up the magazine. Quickly he threw the fuse into the water, thus saving the fort from destruction and thwarting the enemy's plans.

Captain Nathan Hubbell, in command of the raiders, had a different story to report: "We took and brought off the colors, effectively destroyed two French nine-pounders, burned the barracks, cut the flagstaff to pieces, took eighteen stands of militia small arms and having effected the business, returned without loss to Lloyd's Neck. The platforms and everything in the fort which could be destroyed by fire was burned."

I am inclined to believe the Tuttle version since, if the fort had been aflame, many people in the vicinity would have noticed it and rushed to put the fire out. Captain Hubbell just did not do the job as effectively as he thought.

Now Joseph had to determine how to free his two sons from the enemy. In New York, under a flag of truce, he succeeded in getting Daniel released. No such luck for Josiah, however. He had to make his own way back home by escaping up Long Island until he was approximately opposite New Haven, stealing a boat one night and rowing across the sound to land at Morris Point. On reaching home he re-enlisted and served to the end of the war.

Not much more is known of Joseph Tuttle and his family other than their marriages and deaths, entered in the *East Haven Register of 1824*: Daniel died of yellow fever in the West Indies; Josiah, Anna, and Asahel all married. Timothy became a minister and labored to save souls in western New York State, where his family had migrated after giving up the farm on the east shore.

Perhaps Joseph and Mary added to their farm income by taking on the task of silk growing, for which the General Assembly granted

a bounty. In 1785 the Connecticut Silk Society was established with President Ezra Stiles of Yale enthusiastically promoting the industry. Acres of mulberry trees were planted (one tree fed six thousand worms, to make half a pound of raw silk) and instructions issued on the care and feeding of sikworms. Farm women were asked to consider manufacturing silk, which was cited as a good home industry.

It was a messy job and one requiring constant attention. Women rebelled at the unwholesome features of silkworm culture and finally, when a blight struck the mulberry trees, banks called in their silkworm loans. Interest soon waned.

Some ancient mulberry trees were still standing in the early 1900s on the estate at "Raynham," once Joseph Tuttle's farm land. The last one, withered and hollow, toppled over in 1950.

One event that must have affected the Tuttles occurred on October 8, 1797. Between six and seven o'clock on the evening of the Sabbath, a dreadful tornado swept in from the west, accompanied by heavy rain and thunder. Much damage was done to houses in East Haven—windows were blown in, roofs injured, tops of chimneys toppled, trees and fences overturned, and the steeple of the meetinghouse knocked down.

But an event even more momentous for this story, but not as earth-shaking, took place a year later. On the thirteenth day of the month of October, 1798, the Townsend brothers, Isaac and Kneeland, bought from Joseph and Josiah Tuttle the land and farm buildings formerly owned by Joseph: seventy-nine acres of upland and meadows, divided by a highway (Townsend Avenue), for $2,866.67.

Thus the Townsend family is introduced for the first time on the east side of New Haven harbor. This requires another tale of another place and of another time.

CHAPTER V

THE TOWNSHENDS OF RAYNHAM HALL, ENGLAND

TURN the clock back to 1637. The place is London. Thomas Townsend, related to the noble Townshends of Raynham Hall, King's Lynn, Norfolk County, is setting forth for the New World, to Lynn in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, where many of his friends and kinsmen are already.

Thomas, born in Bracon-Ash, Norfolk, in 1595, was the third son of Henry Townsend, "gentleman" of Gedding, Suffolk. Although he was not eligible for the lion's share of the family wealth, Thomas was comfortably provided for, receiving £300 from his father's will. Thomas's children were left £400 by their fourth cousin, the Puritan baronet of Raynham Hall, Sir Roger Townshend, in 1637, so the Thomas Townsends must have embarked from England with a good deal of worldly substance. Among Thomas's possessions on board ship was a cherished heirloom, his family coat-of-arms. It was brilliantly painted on paper and set in a wooden frame.

The Townsin, Townesende, Tunneshende, or Towneshend family of "Raynham" (Anglo-Saxon for "river home") traced their ancient lineage back to a Norman gentleman bearing the name of Lodovicus who ventured to England about the year 1100 in the service of King Henry I, youngest son of William the Conqueror.

Lodovic met and married Elizabeth de Hautville or Havile, sole heiress of the manors of Raynham in the fertile, marshy county of Norfolk, which bordered the North Sea. These lands had been granted to the Norman military leader de Hautville by William the Conqueror, in 1066 after his subjugation of the British Isles. Lodo-

vic assumed his wife's family name, which in ancient deeds was written "Ad-Finem-Ville" or "Ad-Exitum-Ville" or "Atte-Towneshende," meaning "at the town's end." Another explanation of the name, probably more accurate, is derived from the Saxon word *henden*, to hold, i.e. "towns-holders."

Spelling in those days was not considerd very important. The same man's name might appear differently in deeds, wills, documents, and even on his tombstone. There were as many as twelve different ways of spelling Towneshende down to the dawn of Puritanism. About 1500 the name was abridged by dropping the extra "e's" and the silent "h," but soon after 1580 the family at Raynham felt this gave a wrong significance to their name since they were the landholders or town-holders of that section of the country. So they again used the "h," considering it more correct. Thomas Townsend of Lynn managed four different spellings himself in the town records, but the more concise, phonetic, no-nonsense *Townsend* prevailed in America, passing from father to son until Captain Charles Hervey put the "h" back into his line—but more of that later.

The family coat-of-arms as preserved by Thomas, the emigrant, has an ermine chevron between three silver escallops on a field of azure. On the crest is a stag trippant. The escallop or scallop shell is an old and honorable emblem, having been assumed by pilgrims on their return from the Holy Land; it was adopted as their badge in expeditions to and from the Holy Land. It is said that the shells were originally used as vessels to dip water from streams, and soon became a distinguishing mark. The ermine chevrons denote the element of nobility. The fleur-de-lis signifies the family's connection with Normandy.

Perhaps a brief explanation as to the origin of coats-of-arms is in order. In the middle ages when knighthood was in flower, the chivalrous but prudent knights covered themselves completely with mail suits and helmets. Recognition of friend and foe was impossible, so another means had to be devised. The method adopted was to engrave or paint upon the shield some device by which its owner might be identified. This emblazonry became known as the

coat-of-arms or heraldry of the particular family and has been retained proudly by the descendants.

The Townshend motto, *Haec generi incrementa fides*, translated loosely, means: "Faith has gained these honors for our race."

The Townshend generations, living the life of landed gentry, continued to increase and prosper through the centuries, always retaining the ancestral estate of Raynham. Most notable of these English ancestors were two Rogers, one Horatio, two Charleses, and a George.

In 1588 Roger Townshend, Esq., a celebrated sailor, brought his own ships into service for his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth I, against the Spanish Armada of King Philip, which threatened to annihilate Protestantism and the Queen's power. Townshend's undaunted spirit and bravery were promptly rewarded when he was knighted at sea by the Lord High Admiral.

History shows that most of the Townshends were zealous Protestants, beginning with the above Sir Roger as well as loyalists from the dawn of the Reformation. (Queen Elizabeth reinstated the religious edicts of her father, Henry VIII, who had broken away from the Roman Catholic Church to declare himself head of the Church of England. This was the origin of Episcopalianism.) However, there is reason to believe that the grandfather of our number-one ancestor, Thomas, was a Catholic recusant, refusing to attend services of the Church of England. This was a statutory offense from 1570 until 1791. The bishop in the diocese of Norwich in the year 1571 chastised Mr. Thomas Townsend and his wife, Lady Styles, writing thus:

"I desire you both from henceforth to frequent the Church and receive of the Sacrament as becoming to Christians . . . otherwise this is most assured I will not fail to complain to Her Majesty's Council."

Thomas soon got back in line and attended the established church, but not so his wife. She remained obdurate in spite of the harsh measures taken against Roman Catholics under Queen Elizabeth. Several years later Thomas Townsend, Esq., and his lady entertained the Queen at their home, Bracon-Ash Hall, so evidently

the family was not entirely in disfavor. But probably Lady Styles's Popish inclinations cost her husband knighthood, for many of his neighbors were kneeling before the Queen to arise as "Sir." The family estates became encumbered with debts because of the necessity to pay fines to the Crown for said recusancy, and the family became considerably reduced in fortune.

Son Henry Townsend was forced to sell Bracon-Ash Hall and land in 1599 and to move to Gedding, Suffolk, where he lived on the charity of friends and relatives. Tradition says that this gentleman was defrauded of the proceeds from the sale of his substantial property.

Getting back to the womb of the Townshends in Norfolk County, the next Sir Roger distinguished himself so conspicuously for King James I that he was created a baronet by that monarch in 1617. It was he who built Raynham Hall, the stately mansion with its great Dutch gables that still stands and is occupied by his descendants. The earlier and more humble river home with its moat and drawbridge was then reserved for the game keepers and gardeners. The great new Hall is said to have been constructed from plans of the celebrated Inigo Jones.

If sorcery and unholy curses fascinate one, here is a strange tale told about the building of Raynham Hall. Sir Roger, wanting to build a goodly house and not having stones readily available, began to demolish an abbey nearby. The first mishap, a stone falling from the steeple and breaking a workman's leg, was not thought odd nor a deterrent to the project. But when the whole steeple toppled onto a house below, killing a crippled man inside, the laborers began to murmur of dark doings.

Nothing daunted, the baronet went ahead until the new foundation, built of the abbey stones, stood breast-high. Ominously, the walls gave away from the cornerstones. At this point Sir Roger became utterly dismayed with the jinxed foundation and began another, this time *without* monastic spoils. Thus the present Raynham Hall was finally begun in good grace. Sir Roger was unanimously elected one of the Knights of the Shire for the County of Norfolk and sat in Parliament.

Roger's son, Sir Horatio, was advanced to the dignity of a peer of the realm when in 1661 he was created Baron Townshend of Lynn Regis, a maritime town of great importance on the River Ouze just a short distance from Raynham. Later King Charles II conferred the title of Viscount Townshend upon him for the part he played during those times of confusion in the civil war of 1641. He helped to restore the monarchy and episcopacy.

Lord Townshend died in 1687, leaving a detailed will in which he specified his desire for his wife, Mary, to make use of and enjoy his chief mansion called Raynham Hall, together with the stables, outhouses, yards, gardens, "Bowling greene," and also his walled-in park wherein were two hundred deer. His funeral arrangements were spelled out also:

"Whenever I depart this life, I would be buried at East Raynham Church in the new dormitory, there made by mee, about ten or eleven of the clocke at night but privately with only my own servants and Famyly and without any sermon at my Funerall."

The second Viscount Townshend, named Charles after his royal godfather, was a "bluff, handsome and hot-tempered Whig statesman" who served under Queen Anne and Kings George I and II. Being from a Tory family he began his political life with that party but soon supported the Whigs. This was largely because of his friendship with the great Whig leader Sir Robert Walpole, a near neighbor and a school classmate, and because of his second marriage to Walpole's sister Dorothy. Lady Dorothy is said to be the sinister "Brown Lady" or ghost of Raynham Hall who haunts the great oaken staircase and is supposed to appear when any member of the family is dying. Local legend whispers that she was shut up in the house after a mock funeral in 1726 when a coffin full of stones was buried.

Charles held many posts in the government, the chief ones being Her Majesty's ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General of the United Provinces and Secretary of State under Georges I and II. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1717 and made a Knight of the Garter in 1724. A final dis-

tinction was popularly awarded him: the nickname "Turnip Townshend" for his agricultural pioneering.

Voluntary retirement from politics in 1729 gave this energetic man a chance to try his talents in other fields. Although partly due to ill health, Lord Townshend's abrupt withdrawal from political office was to all intents and purposes due to the extinction of his friendship with Walpole. These brothers-in-law changed from the sincerest of friends to the bitterest of enemies. Political and personal jealousy was apparently the cause of their irreconcilable quarrel. As long as Townshend's star shone the brighter, the utmost of harmony prevailed, but when prideful Charles's career diminished in brilliance next to Walpole's, "things went wrong and a separation ensued."

Rough and impatient, slow in council, and often perplexed in speech, yet the viscount's penetration was deep and his plans accurate. The welfare of his country was ever foremost in his mind.

To this nobleman is credited the introduction to England of a lowly but nourishing vegetable, the turnip. While in attendance on George I in Hanover, Germany, he observed the advantage of this valuable root, brought turnip seed home, cultivated it, and enthusiastically recommended its use to others.

"Originating the Norfolk course, a rotation of four crops, interposing clover and turnips between his cereals, he avoided the disasterous plan of taking two corn crops in succession. The unselfish patriotism he showed in retirement had its reward for, in the words of a well-known historian, this change, by allowing a proper rotation of crops, added nearly a third to the cultivated area of England."

The third Viscount Townshend was his son Charles, by his first wife, Elizabeth Pelham, but it was to his grandson Charles that the fiery political vigor and hubris were transmitted, with two major differences: young Charles was an eloquent and polished orator, and he served in the House of Commons.

"He stated his matter skillfully and powerfully; he particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation, and display of his subject.

The first Marquis Townshend, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Raynham Hall, England.

The present Marquess and Marchioness Townshend
at Raynham Hall.

His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water."

Unfortunately the Rt. Hon. Charles Townshend, M.P., eminent politician notwithstanding, was the subject of much ill-feeling emanating from the Colonies, for he was one of those responsible for the American secession. During those inflammable years the name Townshend immediately conjured up the infamous Acts which provided the spark that ignited the Revolution (or War of Independence, depending upon which side of the Atlantic Ocean one lived).

In defense of our illustrious but misguided ancestor, further evidence has come to light, suggesting that Charles Townshend's impetuosity and pride often betrayed his brilliant mind.

During the 1767 session of Parliament Townshend, as one of the Ministry, was entrusted with the leadership in the House due to the illness of Prime Minister Chatham. According to a story that went around, one evening at dinner with some fellow members of Parliament, he was baited by a political opponent with the taunt:

"You are cowards. You are afraid of America." Townshend flushed at the insult and in the heat of anger, off-guard, blurted out:

"*I* dare tax America!"

Later he regretted his impulsive statement and told his friends:

"I have done a very foolish thing tonight, which Mr. Grenville's impetuosity has driven me into—to promise to tax America. I love America and don't wish to harass them, but cannot you gentlemen tell me of some paltry tax to impose by which I can get out of the scrape and stop the mouths of these wrangling disputants?"

The Stamp Act had already been repealed; thus the tax on tea was afterward levied as being the least calculated to be disagreeable to the American people. Glass, paper, and lead were also taxed.

In Parliament for twenty years and successively filling the positions of Lord of Trade and of the Admiralty, Secretary of War, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Townshend "was celebrated for that pointed and finished wit, which rendered him the delight and the

ornament of Parliament and the charm of private society." He was labeled "the spoilt child of the House of Commons" and also "the Weathercock" for the changeability of his political conduct.

Charles died at the early age of forty-two, his lively talents still undepleted. Meanwhile his brother George, upon their father's death, became heir to the family lands and assumed the mantle of peerage as fourth viscount. Lord George is to be noted for his brilliant military career, in which the most memorable event was the siege of Quebec, where Montcalm surrendered to him as commander-in-chief of the British forces after the death of General Wolfe. The victory at Quebec presaged the end of the French and Indian Wars.

His Lordship served under King George I, one of his sponsors, and King George II, who appointed him Lord-Lieutenant and General Governor of the Kingdom of Ireland. On October 27, 1787, he was created Marquis Townshend.

And so the sturdy and noble line continued through the eighteenth, nineteenth, and into the twentieth century.

The first Marquis was succeeded by his eldest son George, Earl of Leicester, who thus became the second Marquis Townshend. His mother, Lady Charlotte Compton, brought into the Townshend family upwards of two hundred fifty quarterings, including the royal one of Plantagenet. He was elected president of the Society of Antiquaries on April 23, 1784.

George Ferrars, the oldest son, became third Marquis upon his father's death but had no children. When he died the marquisate went to his cousin John Townshend, Esq., whose father, Lord John Townshend, was the second son of the first Marquis. His Lordship John, fourth Marquis, was an admiral in the royal navy, a Whig, a member of Parliament for Tamworth, and for many years a colleague of Sir Robert Peel. He married Elizabeth Jane Stuart and by her had John Villiers Stuart, who succeeded his father as fifth Marquis on September 10, 1863. His wife, Lady Anne-Elizabeth-Clementina Duff, eldest daughter of the Earl of Fife, bore him two children, Lord John James Dudley Stuart and Lady Agnes (married to James Durham, by whom she had Victoria and Nicholas).

The sixth Marquis died in London on November 17, 1921, and left a son, then five years old, who became seventh and present holder of the title. His sister, the late Lady Elizabeth, became the wife of Sir Eric Richard Meadows White, baronet. Their mother was Gwladys Sutherst, eldest daughter of Thomas Sutherst, barrister.

Sir George John Patrick Dominic Townshend, the present Marquess and Viscount Townshend of Raynham, Norfolk, Baron Townshend of Lynn Regis, Norfolk, and a baronet, lives in the ancestral home and keeps the faith and honor as myriads of Townshends did before him. (For years the English used the French form "marquis" but have lately changed the title to "marquess.") He was born May 13, 1916, educated at Harrow, and became a second lieutenant to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. After the war Lord Townshend, a strong Conservative, was a Whip in the House of Lords. Married in 1939 to Elizabeth Luby, he had three children: Charles George, Viscount Raynham; Lady Caroline; and Lady Joanna. By his second wife, Ann Frances Darlow, his children are Lord John Patrick and Lady Katherine. His Lordship's and Her Ladyship's main pursuits, other than overseeing the extensive family lands and business affairs, are the raising of a good stock of Arabian stud horses. Their gelding Saffron Sky was the champion Arab riding horse at Wembley in July of 1969. The Marquess is chairman of Anglia Television and a director of Norwich Union Insurance Co., East Coast Grain Silos, London Merchant Securities, and Invergordon Distilleries; he is president of the Norfolk branch of the Country Landowners' Association. Lord Townshend shoots and Lady Townshend shares his interest in skiing, riding, and the opera.

Incidentally, for anyone ignorant of the precedence of peerage, it goes this way: baron, viscount, earl, marquis, duke. Out of the thirty-nine marquisates in the British Isles, Townshend ranks seventh.

At this point it might be well to trace the American and English connection of the Townsend-Townshends.

Thomas Townsend, our emigrant ancestor, links up to the ancient Townshend stock through Sir Robert Townshend, second

son of Sir Roger. The number of Rogers in the family tree almost defies neat genealogical packaging; however, careful study identifies this Roger as the one who attended the Duke of Norfolk at the marriage reception of King Henry VIII and Lady Anne in 1539. He was knighted in 1545 and was one of the king's privy council. His wife was Anne de Brewse and his great-grandson was the Spanish-Armada Roger.

That settles Sir Roger. Now for Sir Robert, knight, eminent in the study of law and Lord Chief Justice of Chester under Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queen Mary. His eldest son and heir was Thomas of Bracon-Ash, Norfolk (the Catholic), and Thomas's son and heir by Lady Styles was Henry, who married Margaret Forthe —which brings us to their second son, Thomas the Puritan. This is *the* Thomas who embarked upon the great American adventure and whose countless descendants have spread out in never-ending circles from Lynn, Massachusetts.

Swift but probably faulty calculation makes us thirteenth cousins of the present English Townshends at Raynham. In any case there is a thirteen-generation gap between the above-mentioned Sir Roger Townshend of Raynham Hall, England, and Harry Townshend of Raynham, U.S.A. Further genealogical meanderings are best pursued in Charles Hervey Townshend's book *The Townshend Family of Lynn, in Old and New England.*

So much for the English roots and the illustrious lords of Raynham Hall. Back to Thomas Townsend who, at the age of forty-two, was setting forth with his family to a new life in a new land, only recently hewn from the wilderness of the Massachusetts.

CHAPTER VI

TOWNSEND COLONISTS IN THE NEW WORLD

PERHAPS Thomas Townsend sought to improve his lot. Perhaps he was simply the adventurous type. More likely he too was fired with the Puritanical zeal that prompted many Englishmen, such as his cousin by marriage, Governor John Winthrop, to seek refuge in a country free of King Charles's tyrannical rules and conformities. After Thomas had been over for some years, a relative high up in the Church of England wrote him that if he would renounce his Puritan ideas and return to England, he should have a church living and be given some property. Thomas declined.

(Another branch of the Townshend family from Lynn, England, arrived in Lynn, Massachusetts, about the same time as Thomas. Three brothers, John, Henry, and Richard Townsend, eventually settled in Oyster Bay, Long Island. One of their descendants in the early 1700s built a house, called "Raynham Hall," which has been preserved there and is presently open to the public. It is generally supposed that the Townsend immigrants to the new world dropped the "h" from their name for simplicity's sake, but that vacillating "h" had been popping in and out of the name for centuries before. An explanation for the return of the "h" in our branch of the family is in Chapter XVII.)

Quickly settling himself into the fledgling town of Lynn (changed from the Indian name Saugus to compliment the many families who came from the vicinity of Lynn Regis, Norfolk, England, and in deference to their pastor, Reverend Samuel Whiting, at one time chaplain to Sir Roger Townshend, Baronet, of Lynn Regis), Thomas was granted sixty acres and was called "husbandman" or propri-

etor of lands in the town records. His town house and lot of seven acres was near the common on the south side of Mill (now Boston) Street, and he also bought other lands near the iron works and at Rumney Marsh (Revere).

Thomas was made a freeman of the Massachusetts Bay Colony on March 14, 1639. At first those who wished to become freemen were required to be members in good standing of the Congregational Church and to make the solemn oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth, promising to uphold the laws thereof. None but freemen were allowed to hold office or to vote on public affairs. By 1664 this regulation was modified to include all who could procure from clergymen certificates of being sound in doctrine and correct in morals.

Apparently *Mr.* Townsend (a title given only to those of known respectability) deported himself well in the community, becoming an able and important citizen who served the public weal on more than one occasion. He served as a juryman when none but the most respected freemen were called to serve. Records give evidence of his having been a gentleman of good intelligence, ability, and education. His signature on documents, in the Norman or Court hand of the day, shows he was used to the pen. (These documents are preserved in the office of the Secretary of the State of Massachusetts in Boston.)

The only other extant description of Thomas is that he was a liberal and did not agree with the Lynn and Salem Puritans in their extreme measures and was opposed to persecution. Although very religious, he was tolerant and did not mind his nearby neighbor, Armitage, keeping an inn where strong spirits were served.

Thomas died in 1677 at the advanced age of eighty-three in Lynn, leaving his accumulated wealth in well-drawn deeds to his children. By his wife, Mary, he had four sons and a daughter: Thomas, Samuel, John, Andrew, and Elizabeth. Patrimonial tradition turned a cartwheel when Thomas left the major part of his estate to his youngest son, Andrew, provided he would live with his parents and carry on their affairs during their lifetimes. Andrew outlived his father by fifteen years when, tragically, he and

his wife both succumbed in the same month of camp fever. Their two living children were adopted by brother Samuel, who was also administrator of the large estate. It is through Samuel, born in Lynn about 1638, that we trace our line.

Samuel followed in his father's footsteps, becoming a husbandman and a respectable, prosperous citizen also. He settled in Winnisemet (Chelsea) where he held several important offices such as constable and town surveyor and where he leased a farm of one hundred acres from Governor Bellingham of Massachusetts. "The house, erected by Governor Bellingham, was enlarged for the use of the Townsend tenants who occupied it in 1664."

Over three hundred years old, this venerable house still stands, carefully guarded by the Governor Bellingham-Cary House Association. The old kitchen is the original part of the house and served as the Governor's hunting lodge until the Townsends rented it. After the widow Townsend and son vacated in 1718, the second story was added. Still later the new owner, Samuel Cary, remodeled the house completely, turning it into an elegant clapboard mansion with beautiful paneling and a grand staircase. On this farm, surrounded by wooded hills, fertile valleys and bird-filled marshes, Samuel tilled the soil and raised ten children.

The other known facts about Samuel are that he was made a freeman in 1683 and was a member of the Second Church in Boston. In 1660 Samuel took Abigail Davis to wife and some years later gave her a lovely ring of guinea gold with two lovebirds in a wreath of forget-me-nots. This unique ring, with "A.D. 1669" engraved on it, was passed from Abigail's great-great-great-granddaughter, Miss Lucretia Townsend, on her deathbed at Medfield, Massachusetts, in 1880 to her cousin Charles Hervey Townshend, and is now in the possession of the New Haven Townshends.

Mr. Townsend died at Chelsea and in the old burying ground at Rumney Marsh (Revere) is to be seen his gravestone bearing the date December 21, 1704. His wife was buried in Copps Hill Cemetery, Boston, on January 2, 1728. Samuel's industry and careful management of his property in Rumney Marsh, Charlestown, and Boston translated into a goodly inheritance for his children: Sam-

uel, Abigail, Jeremiah, David, Jonathan, Anne, Solomon, Elias, and the twins Abraham and Isaac.

The last child, Isaac, born in 1681, provides the continuing thread of our genealogy. Relatively little is known of him except that Isaac Townsend, cooper, in 1716 moved to Winter Street, Boston, from his birthplace in Chelsea, accompanied by his wife, Anne Ranger, and his children Isaac, Jeremiah, Anne, and the newborn baby, Ebenezer. The information that "he was killed at a fire in Boston, Jan. 12, 1717–18, aged 37" leaves much to speculation. Was he acting as a volunteer fireman or was he merely an innocent onlooker? It was a dramatic enough death for someone to have made note of it, but the mystery intrigues—was he burned, overcome by smoke, or possibly hit by a falling timber? His burial spot was also on the quaint hilltop cemetery near the famous Old North Church. Abraham, his twin, fared better, not leaving this world until age 64 in Saco, Maine, to which place he had emigrated.

But our concern is with Isaac's son Jeremiah. It was he who made the shift from Boston to New Haven, rooting the Townsend family in a new environment.

CHAPTER VII

JEREMIAH COMES TO NEW HAVEN

THE emigration of Jeremiah, a peruke-maker and barber-surgeon, and his brother Ebenezer, a ship's carpenter, sons of the aforesaid Isaac of Boston, to New Haven on May 20, 1739, established the Townsends in this city.

It was at the suggestion of their good friend William Greenough, a shipwright in New Haven, that they made this move. According to granddaughter Rebecca Townsend, Mr. Greenough went home to Boston and said to young Jeremiah that at the college in New Haven the professors and students needed a good wigmaker, and he induced Jeremiah to come.

In those days the wigmaker and barber-surgeon businesses were combined and very respectable. This profession had been selected for Jeremiah because he was always of delicate health, having been a premature baby and not expected to live twenty-four hours. He grew up to be a tall, handsome man, a well-known personage in New Haven, dressed neatly in knee breeches, black stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and a cocked hat, and carrying a cane.

Jeremiah did not make this important change of habitat without considerable reflection and advance planning, however, because the year previous to 1739 he had bought lands of Mindwell Jones in the Governor's Quarter. (Governor Eaton's Quarter was bounded by Grand Street, State Street or Neck Lane, and "a line in continuation of that just mentioned, described as being three hundred feet east of State Street and the meadows bordering on Mill River." These lands, outlying the original nine squares, were assigned to the free planters and in subsequent years divided and subdivided,

every planter having "a proportion of land according to the proportion of estate which he hath given in, and number of heads in his family.") Jeremiah paid £16 for this farm land. For his home he bought a house and one and a half acres on the corner of College and Elm Streets (the present location of the First Methodist Church) from Ebenezer Mix. Actually he purchased one half of the house on December 10, 1739, and the other half on April 6, 1742. This big brown house was Jeremiah's residence all of his mature life. His place of business, the little red-painted barber's shop, faced the Green on College Street.

Jeremiah was listed as a freeman of New Haven on April 12, 1742. On the Wadsworth map of 1748, he is noted as a barber. The decision to come to this college town was a sage one, for Jeremiah's long, flowing style of wig was much prized and he received orders from all parts of the country. President Ezra Stiles of Yale was one of his prominent customers.

Born in Boston on November 12, 1711, Jeremiah was baptized there in the Old South Church and was, in his own words, "free from my aprentesship in the year 1731/2" (the wig-making trade). He married Hannah Kneeland, daughter of John and Mary Kneeland. (The Kneeland name has been carried down through the family to this date, perhaps because of its appealing uniqueness. During the Cromwellian Wars some Scotch prisoners were sent to America, and it is surmised that a John Neeland or Kneeland arrived on the shores of Massachusetts in 1654 in this manner.)

Hannah's brother, Samuel, was employed as printer to the Governor's Council and House of Representatives of the Province. Samuel's claim to fame lay in his being the first person to print the Bible in America, in 1761. To be sure, he had to send it out with the forged copyright imprint of a London printer, because at that time there was a regulation that no one could print the Bible without special letters patent from the Crown.

Rare-book authorities had disputed this literary forgery but in 1894 an authentic copy was found, so Samuel Kneeland does have his place in history.

Hannah and Jeremiah had six children, all but two born in Bos-

ton, and it was with their youngsters Jeremiah, Isaac, and John (another infant had died earlier) that they traveled south to the Connecticut Colony with brother Ebenezer, a strapping youth of twenty-three.

What was New Haven like in 1739 when the Townsends came to settle?

The century-old town of some four thousand souls was largely grouped around the market place with farms fanning out into the nearby countryside. From Jeremiah's windows he could look out over the "Great Public Square" and see standing in the center the boxy, wooden Meetinghouse with its belltower on top and helter-skelter burial ground in the rear, overgrown with weeds and traversed by footpaths. Directly opposite him was the State House or Court House adjoining the County House, where the General Assembly met in October to transact business of the Colony, since New Haven was co-capital with Hartford. Jeremiah could also keep an eye on the comings and goings of the grammar-school students who attended the "new school" next to the gaol or jail that stood near the Court House. (The old schoolhouse was situated farther east on the Square.) The public well was in plain sight too, near College Street and quite handy for the family.

The market place itself was open and treeless, its surface irregular and rough with stumps and stones. Pigs and geese wandered at will on the public grounds. Cows and horses grazed in the boggy southeast pasture to complete the pastoral scene.

About two dozen houses of various sizes and colors (red and blue were popular; white paint was too dear) scantily framed the Square, the largest building belonging to the infant Yale College on the southwest corner. The great road to Litchfield ran past Jeremiah's door, and the lusty sounds of hungry, thirsty travelers who tarried at Mix's Inn nearby must have been accustomed noise to the Townsends.

Soon after Jeremiah arrived in New Haven baby John died, but in quick succession there followed the births of two other children, Samuel and Hannah. As was so often the case, babies made their appearance almost every second year during the wife's childbear-

ing period, with the average tally coming to about eight. Many children died young from various causes: canker rash, cholera, dysentery, croup, measles, worms, whooping cough, consumption, and occasionally from being scalded, drowned, or kicked by a horse.

Mrs. Hannah Townsend died in childbirth at age thirty-three. Two years later Jeremiah journeyed back to Boston to choose another wife, the widow Rebecca Parkman Coit, to care for his orphaned children. By this wife he was blessed with five more offspring: Nathaniel, John, Rebecca, William (died at birth), and Timothy.

A very religious man, Jeremiah kept a fast day once a year until his death. On this day he was accustomed to going to the little chamber in the east attic of his house, and with his Bible on a stand, he spent the day fasting and praying. He left a memorandum of the various blessings and causes for which he fasted, of which the following is a copy:

> An untimely birth; about 4 years after fell sick, about 7 years after with the smallpox—life even dispaired of; spared from drowning and [being] masked by the water mill; spared from fall of aporespesephy vulegdcor[?]; spared from being froze to death when overcome by cold; spared in many extreme hardships from the year '22 till '31 —hunger etc.; spared many times when brot low by the asmay; twice distressed coming from Boston, many sicknesses since and when my dear wife died and grate privations since; many sore temptations of satan to destroy my sole and body for some years.

An early "temptation of Satan" came to Jeremiah when he was a lad of fourteen, so the story goes. One day he was sent into the country on an errand, and he passed a fine orchard. Thinking it no sin he helped himself to some of the fruit, which made him so sick that he thought he was going to die. Being a very conscientious youth and fearing to die with a sin on his head, he returned to the orchard and placed a note with money enclosed to pay for the fruit. If worse came to worse, he would not have the sin of thievery to answer for!

An addendum about Jeremiah's "untimely birth" is added in his memorandum book by wife Rebecca:

> He was a seven-month child and after birth kept in a lambskin and even put in a tankard with the cover shut down to prove his small size. He was fed on milk and grew to be a large, fine man over six feet high, clear fair skin, grey-blue eyes, a Roman nose, a good speech, and on the whole a handsome showey man.

Jeremiah's privations did not cease when he became old either, as noted by his granddaughter Becky in the telling of this encounter with the British during the invasion of New Haven. This is what happened:

On the night of July 4, 1779, when the alarm was spread of the imminent attack upon New Haven by British troops, old Jeremiah sent his wife and other womenfolk off to the woods in the back of Cedar Hill Street for safety. Being rather infirm, he preferred to take his chances with the enemy, and besides he had his property to protect. He proceeded to close the shutters and bolt the doors.

The next day about noon, the British soldiers under General Garth came tramping in from the west side of town, hot, tired, and hungry. A couple of hours later they were joined by their comrades, General Tryon's troops, coming in from the east. A bivouac was immediately set up on the Green. Livestock were rounded up and barbecued over fires made of nearby fences. Rum flowed freely, especially at the Tory tavern next door, and before long the soldiers were "in their cups" and becoming disorderly.

Observing all this from his house, the old man grew quite vexed. He put on his cocked hat (now in possession of the New Haven Colony Historical Society) and hurried to the enemy headquarters to demand a guard to protect his property. General Garth obliged and sent a young Scotsman named Donald, who stationed himself by the buttonball tree across from the house. (This big sycamore Jeremiah had said was "an uncommonly fine tree being too large to girth or shin.")

At dusk some of the hardy American militia, taking spirit from their swelling numbers, began shooting into the British encamp-

ment from Ditch Corner (Broadway). The redcoats replied with some gunplay of their own, and soon Donald found himself caught in a crossfire. Seeing this, Jeremiah called to him to come into the house, but Donald shouted back that he would be shot if he deserted his post. Not neglectful of his safety, though, and being a canny Scot, Donald put his redcoat on the side of the buttonball tree toward his comrades and then lay down on the other side of the tree in his shirtsleeves so the Americans would think him one of them. Jeremiah was so scared that he spent the night standing up in the chimney in the back chamber.

Jeremiah and the buttonball tree survived the Revolution and both lived to ripe old ages—Jeremiah to ninety-three and the tree to two hundred twenty-seven!

After the British invasion several persons were called upon by a town committee to explain why they had tarried in town when it was in the possession of the enemy. Jeremiah's sons, John and Jeremiah, Jr., were among those requested to give an explanation. (Old Jeremiah escaped such notice.) Since John was a member of the Second Company of the Governor's Foot Guard and taken prisoner while helping to defend the town, he must have thought this an odd request. However, because he and the others were "accounted good members of the community," they were recommended to the good will of the inhabitants and subsequently were absolved of any wrongdoing.

Another son, Samuel Townsend, who lived in East Haven at the time, acquitted himself creditably, having gone forth to impede the invaders as they forced their way along the east shore.

Nephew Robert Townsend was also involved in the resistance of 1779. He was dragged out of his house and taken prisoner while his distressed wife Hannah and three children watched helplessly. She appealed for mercy to Commodore Sir George Collier, senior British naval officer of the North American section. As she confronted him with babe-in-arms, Sir George is supposed to have said:

"You've a pretty child there. Are you willing it be cut up and

made a pie of? Your Continental Congress, they say, eats such pies and they are very good."

His joke went off poorly with distraught Hannah, but he promised that the rampaging soldiers would not harm her and the children. Some time later Robert returned to his anxious family, having escaped from a British warship by rowing ashore in a boat obtained by bribing one of the sailors. Atwater's book states he escaped after a period of imprisonment in New York with Ebenezer Huggins in a boat purchased by Huggins with a guinea sewn into his waistband by his foresighted wife.

It was Jeremiah who left to his descendants a record of the Townsend family, together with a tradition which has proved correct from English and Colonial records and is supported by numerous facts and circumstances. This record is in a little coverless notebook and, although yellowed with age, its pages mildewed and musty, the unscholared handwriting is still legible with careful attention. This sad and humble booklet from long ago notes the births and deaths of his loved ones:

> My ever Honored father Mr. Isaac Townsend died January 12, 1718
>
> My ever Loving mother Mrs. Anna Townsend died November 8, 1726 in the 50 year of her age
>
> My dear wife died July 30, 1744 in Travell and was delivered with a dead child
>
> September 14, 1787 my faithfull beloved servant Lark died aged about 55

—and so it reads with the entries of the deaths of many of his grandchildren.

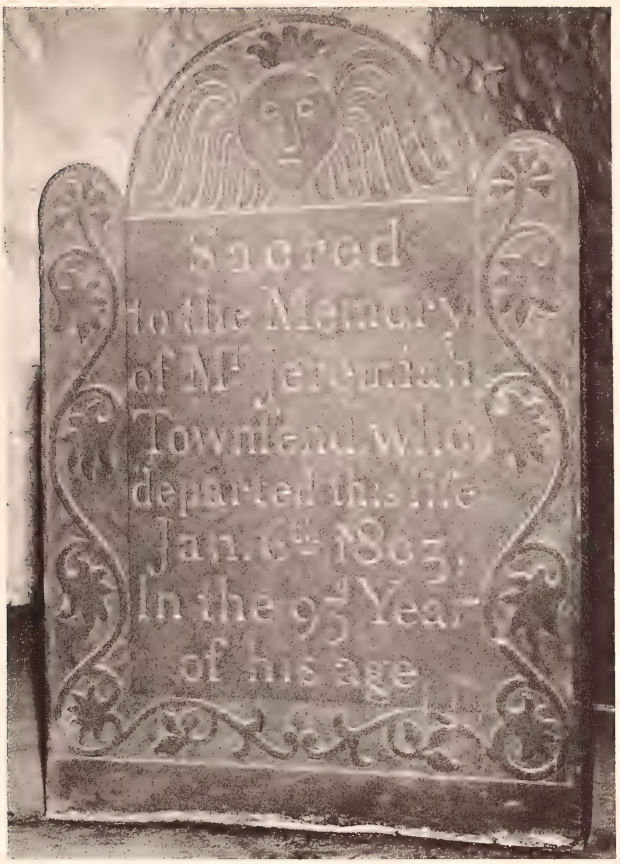
Jeremiah also cherished the carefully preserved Townshend coat-of-arms, which tradition says was brought over from England by his great-grandfather Thomas Townsend. It hung in its wooden frame for many years in the house at College and Elm. Unfortunately a well-intentioned relative borrowed the painting and never returned it, much to the grief of other relatives.

Stories of Jeremiah's servant Lark paint a vivid picture about a very unusual individual, important to all the family.

Lark, born in Africa, was brought to Boston on a Congo slaver about 1735. All of the ship's slaves had been sold except for Lark, a sickly child of about ten years, when Jeremiah happened to come down to the wharf to have a look at the slaver and noticed the poor boy. The captain offered to sell him at any price to get him off his hands. Jeremiah bought Lark for a trifling and had him carried to his house, since the youngster was too weak to walk. After proper food and care the boy revived and proved over the years to be a faithful servant. Lark seems to have been the "Man Friday" in the Townsend family and was a bright and leading man among the New Haven Negroes.

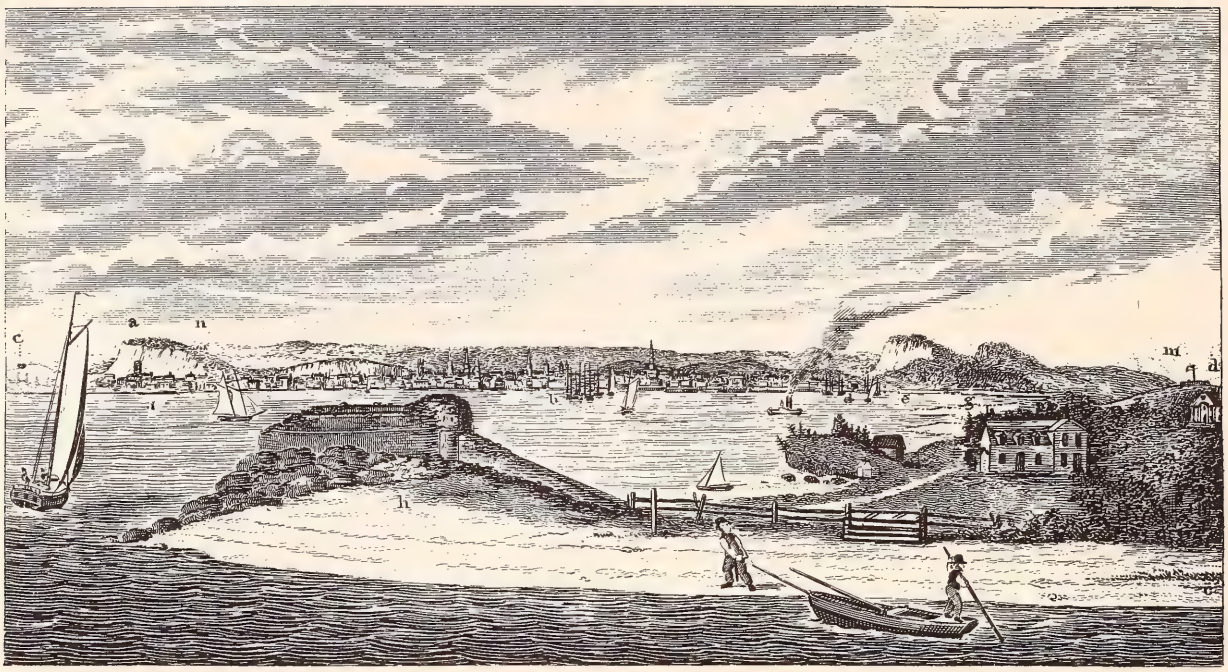
Many tales were told of Lark's adventures. One winter there was a heavy fall of snow, preventing the farmers from bringing wood to the market as usual. Upon checking the wood supply Lark discovered there was not enough to last the day. He reported this to Mr. Townsend. Jeremiah was a great one to say, "We must trust in Providence." This was his response to Lark. After waiting a while, Lark again complained about the state of the woodpile. "Trust in Providence" was again the answer he received. Lark ran out in the snowy street to wait for Providence, whom he thought was a man with wood for sale. At last night came and still no wood. Lark, in disgusted rage, burst out, "Damn Providence! We have waited all day and he has not come yet. It will be his fault if we all freeze to death!"

Another anecdote about young Lark dates from shortly after the family had arrived in New Haven. Larkey was sent for the cows at a pasture near the present Sachem and Prospect Streets. He came back running at top speed and gasping that there was a big black thing eating up the apples out there, that he had told it not to eat Massa's apples but it took no notice of him, so he threw a stone and it went up a tree. The neighbors guessed what it might be. They took their guns and shot one of the biggest black bears ever seen in the New Haven vicinity.



Jeremiah Townsend's headstone, Center Church crypt.

New Haven Green, 1823, northwest corner; at right, Jeremiah Townsend's house; in the foreground, the First Methodist Church.



Fort Hale in 1812; Townsend house at extreme right.

Officers' barracks at Fort Hale.

During the Revolution, the morning that the British left the Green, Lark also was missing. Young Isaac Townsend went down to the wharf where the soldiers were embarking and found Lark with them. Isaac said to let Lark go and he would take his place as prisoner. The British consented. Soon afterward Isaac managed to escape also. (There are several versions of this incident but the essentials are the same.)

A final story: the British made it known that any escaped slave would gain his freedom if he could get to Long Island, then under British control. Lark and several other men, women, and children somehow secured a boat and set out at midnight for Long Island. A heavy fog closed in on them but all night long they pulled on the oars, singing and praying. In the morning it cleared and they saw land. Lark was the first to jump ashore, declaring, "Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to Long Island!"

On going to a nearby farmhouse they learned that they had rowed in circles all night and that this was Morris Cove! Tired but not too disappointed, they decided to trudge on home, get something to eat, and not try to run away again.

Lark was an intelligent man but would never learn to read or write. He said that when he died he would go to Africa and then he would have no need of an education. He had a clear recollection of things that had happened when he was a boy in Africa and used to speak often of them to the family. He married and had several children who carried the name of Townsend.

The "Great Awakening" or religious revival that swept New England in 1735 undoubtedly involved Jeremiah in its excitement and popular interest. Arrayed against the more conservative, dispassionate people of the parish were the dedicated, emotional idealists. George Whitefield, the celebrated revivalist, preached in the Meetinghouse in 1740, fanning religious fervor to a bright flame. Those who trembled with this new spirit called themselves the

"new lights," and inevitably there occurred a head-on collision with the "old lights," who composed the majority of church members.

The New-Light party proceeded to build its own meetinghouse on the corner of Church and Elm Streets and painted it a gay azure blue. Later they officially parted company with the First Ecclesiastical Society and incorporated as the White Haven Society.

The germ of dissent must have lingered in the hearts of this separatist society, for some years later a considerable number of its members (Ebenezer Townsend and his wife among them) broke away over doctrinal arguments and formed the Fair Haven Society. Their place of worship, a wooden structure painted white, was raised in 1770 to the north of the First Society's new red brick meetinghouse in the center of the public square.

In 1796 the feudin' and fussin' died down, making way for the Fair Haven Society and the White Haven Society to become one society again, known as the United Society, which ultimately sealed its union with the construction of a brand-new church building, the present North or United Church on-the-Green. Jeremiah's grandson Jeremiah III was listed as a member of this united order, as were his daughter Rebecca and daughters-in-law Martha and Hannah, but strangely enough Jeremiah himself never became a member of any church in New Haven, as far as can be ascertained. One wonders why, since Jeremiah was both a religious man and a man of some consequence in the community. One explanation might be that he never believed himself worthy nor sure of his own salvation, a condition necessary for election as a member. Jeremiah was undoubtedly a nominal member though—as a "baptized person of good moral character."

Jeremiah's household at Elm and College must have been a vibrant one, filled with the noise and commotion that healthy youth creates and stimulates: the comings and goings, the clang and clatter, the whining and crying, the laughter and shouts—all the restless young life pressing upon the days.

One can imagine the older boys racing off after the chores were done to the stocks by the jail to tease and taunt some poor fettered

soul who had had the misfortune to be caught breaking a "blue law," or perhaps there was a hanging to watch (if one dared to test his courage and Mother's admonitions). But the most festive occasion to watch would be an ordination, when prominent people from all parts of the state crowded into town and when there was music, feasting, and drinking in honor of the new minister.

Those were the exciting moments, but in between were the long, dull days of school—six o'clock to eleven in the morning and one o'clock to four in the afternoon—when Jeremiah and Isaac reluctantly headed for the old town schoolhouse where as "English boyes" they were taught "to perfect their right spelling and reading and to write and to cypher in numeration and addition and no further"—a proper and practical education for future merchants.

The boys grew into manhood, the babies into children, and still more babies came until finally there were nine in the family. Jeremiah's fathering covered a span of twenty-one years.

Just picture the family setting off for the "blue meetinghouse" or White Haven Society on a frosty Sabbath morning, the insistent peals of the great bell calling all to public worship. Father Townsend sets the pace slowly and reverently with his wife at his side decked out in her finest array and carrying baby Tim. Next come Jeremiah, Jr., Isaac, and Samuel in their knee-breeches, homespun coats, and tricornered hats. Isaac carries his stepmother's little footstove full of glowing coals. Hannah, a "little mother" at thirteen, firmly holds four-year-old Rebecca's hand as she walks along and calls softly to the youngsters, John and Nathaniel, to stop dawdling and keep up.

Inside the Meetinghouse, they separate. Mr. Townsend takes his place with the men to the left side in the square, uncushioned pews. Mrs. Townsend herds the youngest children to similar benches on the right side of the hall, while Hannah and the older boys climb the stairs to the galleries—young ladies to the right, young gentlemen to the left.

The three-hour service begins. The solemn, tedious minutes slip at niggardly pace through the hourglass. The congregation stands for the lengthy prayer, sings a psalm without benefit of musical ac-

companiment, hears the Scriptures expounded, and then settles back to listen to the Reverend Bird's long sermon; perhaps some compose themselves for a short doze. Samuel, sitting on the gallery stairs, whiles away the time by idly tracing his finger over the whittled marks on the steps, made by some bored lad on an earlier Sabbath.

Suddenly, Samuel feels a sting on the back of his head. Turning around, he spies his cousin Eben grinning at him and getting ready to launch another deadly missile, a hard kernel of corn. The other boys begin to snicker, poking and pushing each other in the relief of diversion.

Downstairs, fidgety John, seated on a "cricket" (footstool) in the aisle by his mother, looks up at the mischief and starts to giggle, nudging Nathaniel to see too. In spite of the loud "sh-sh-ing" from the adult members nearby, the rambunctious boys continue the disturbance and one creative knave begins to twist the spindles on the stair-rail back and forth to make a rhythmic if unmelodic tune. Amid the din, a dull but distinctive thump is heard. Then repressed silence. The stern tithingman has again brought order with his rod.

No matter, it is noon now. The wearisome service is over and the half-frozen congregation swarms out of the Meetinghouse to warm themselves in the Sabbaday houses and to eat from their lunch baskets. The Townsend family regroups again, greeting friends cordially as they wend their way back home for the midday meal. You can be sure that Samuel will get an earful from his father about his behavior on the Lord's Day. The obedient son will promise to be more attentive during the afternoon service.

While Jeremiah was snipping hair and selling wigs from the barber shop on College Street, brother Ebenezer was busy making a fortune as a shipowner. He handled many profitable seafaring ventures, but it was his son Ebenezer, Jr., who really made a bonanza with the famous voyage of the *Neptune*, built at the Olive Street shipyard, owned by him, and sailing under the command of Captain Daniel Green, the first New Havener to sail in the Pacific

Ocean. Ebenezer III was supercargo and kept a diary about this trip.

The fabulous thirty-month journey of the *Neptune* began in 1796, setting sail for the Falklands, where seals were captured and their skins transported to China to be sold. Tea, nankeen, silks, teakwood, camphor, bamboo, ebony, tin, and chinaware were then purchased by Captain Green and brought back to the United States for a tremendous profit. Mr. Ebenezer Townsend alone realized $100,000! As part-owners, nephews Isaac and Kneeland Townsend profited also. Almost every home in those days boasted some article from China. Eben did not forget his cousins Amos and Sarah Townsend and Rhoda Townsend, presenting them with blue-and-white chinaware complete with their initials. (These plates and tea set are still in possession of the Townshend family.) Ebenezer, Jr., was considered the most extensive merchant in New Haven at that time, with the largest ships and the most valuable cargo.

Ebenezer, Sr., formerly of Boston, gained his local fame from having built in 1763 the old Court or Colony House, which stood on the line of Temple Street near the site of the present Trinity Church. It was brick in the Georgian style, having the court rooms and town hall on the lower floor and rooms above for the General Assembly. Here for sixty years were celebrated many festive occasions and public anniversaries with balls and banquets. Jeremiah III, is listed on the roll of the House of Representatives along with Noah Webster; together they attended legislative sessions in this court house. Ebenezer died in New Haven on December 30, 1775, preceding his wife, Elizabeth Larmon, by nine years. From their brood of twelve children have come many of the Townsends now scattered throughout the country.

On January 6, 1803, this notice appeared in the *Connecticut Post and Visitor*:

> Died on the 6th inst. Mr. Jeremiah Townsend in the 93rd year of his age—highly esteemed for his piety, benevolence, and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

> The surviving posterity of Mr. Townsend: 6 children, 30 grandchildren, and 15 great grandchildren. Deceased posterity: 5 children, 12 grandchildren, 7 great grandchildren.

He died of old age just as he was retiring for the night, attended by his faithful housekeeper, Abigail Munson. Jeremiah's creed appears on the last page of his little booklet:

> The sum of all is to resist Temptations and endure Afflictions with courage and patience and continue in well doing under them. God will be with us by his Grace and Spirit to support and comfort us so that all things shall work for our spiritual, Eternal good and Eternal glory.

This creed is not out-of-date for the true believer even in the twentieth century.

After Mr. Townsend's death he was buried in the old burial grounds a few feet west of Dixwell's monument in the back of Center Church next to his two wives, Hannah and Rebecca, the latter having departed life twelve years before him. When the present church building was erected in 1812, the foundation of the west wall was laid across their graves.

As Jeremiah had the distinction of being the last Townsend to be placed in the old burial grounds, so his daughter-in-law Martha, wife of son John, had the honor of being the first person interred in the new cemetery at Grove Street. She died on November 9, 1797, at the age of forty-four. With her was buried a two-year-old son who had been interred previously in the old cemetery.

It was the town's first health officers, Ebenezer, Jr., among them, who recommended that the general appearance and condition of the market place would be considerably improved and cheered by the removal of the hundreds of unkempt graves in the rear of the church. The Honorable James Hillhouse offered a part of his land for the new burial grounds, and other prominent citizens became interested in the idea. Grove Street Cemetery became the first in the country to be incorporated and the first to be divided into family plots.

Do you relish mystery stories? So do I, particularly if they are about ghosts and graveyards, haunted houses and the super-natural. Well, I cannot promise all that in this modern era of moon rockets and penicillin, but nonetheless here is "The Mystery of the Missing Gravestone," or "Where Is Jeremiah?"

First the foreword: inside Center Church vestibule over the middle doorways are marble tablets on which are noted those departed souls who lie beneath the church. Most of the ancient grave markers from the old town cemetery were removed to the new Grove Street Cemetery in 1812 when the foundations of the new church were laid. But the fourth and present church building covered about one hundred forty graves and these were left undisturbed, enclosed in the cellar crypt. Jeremiah Townsend's name appears on the marble tablet.

One gloomy Sunday in winter, when icy rain rattled on the tall church windows and the skeleton trees, blown by the tyrant wind, jerked their bony branches back and forth across the windowpanes, I sat in our accustomed pew partly listening to the steady march of the minister's voice but more attentively paying heed to my scurrying thoughts. What a perfect day to have a look at Jeremiah's tombstone, I mused.

After the measured service was over and the heavy quiet peculiar to churches once more enveloped the place, I resolutely descended the winding, wooden stairs to the crypt below. At the bottom of the steps a sign stared me in the face:

Speak softly
Tread lightly
This is God's acre
Here the fathers sleep.

The low-ceilinged chamber was damp-smelling and dim with the thin grey light from the small recessed windows. But the vault seemed close and intimate in an earthy sort of way. Suddenly the lights glared on.

"Are you all right down there?" the sexton called from upstairs.

I answered affirmatively and started to creep among the irregularly placed tombstones stuck upright in the cracked cement or

laid horizontally in monolithic slabs on stone supports. Gone was the secretive atmosphere that the semi-darkness had provided. In the naked light of the electric bulbs, this indoor cemetery appeared deader than dead. No green grass or friendly drooping trees, no companionable sparrows to flutter down on swollen mounds of earth, no warmth of sun or coolness of rain, no blue sky or great cloud shadows caressing the living soil. In short, death in this sequestered place was positively unseasonal. As if in Oriental mourning the rough cellar walls were plastered white, the brick pillars painted dead white, the ceiling whitewashed. Everything was stark and sterile.

But the dull gravestones of slate and sandstone, marble and granite, shadowed themselves from the probing overhead light and were difficult to decipher. Many of the inscriptions were illegible, the fingers of time having smudged their letters. Awkwardly I crouched in front of each stone, trying to find the best angle for reading.

Then in the distance I heard footsteps slowly creaking down the stairs. It was the sexton who approached me, holding a book in which he said were all the names of those buried in the crypt.

"No Jeremiah here," he concluded. "They probably took his tombstone over to the new cemetery."

Next scene: the Grove Street Cemetery on a gusty March day.

Hopscotching over the patches of mud and snow, I hunted among the many Townsend monuments and headstones. There was Jeremiah Jun., and Jeremiah III with his infant son Jeremiah IV, but not *the* Jeremiah, granddaddy of them all.

The superintendent informed me that the old gravestones from the churchyard had been placed along the north wall in alphabetical order, so I directed my search there. Slowly I walked past the sad relics of the early days in New Haven until I came to the Ts. There I found Hannah Townsend, wife of Jeremiah, her rounded sandstone marker with its macabre death's-head on the top and morning glory vines on the sides, leaning against the wall.

But no Jeremiah. He *had* to be somewhere. And where was wife number two, Rebecca?

That night "while I pondered weak and weary," leafing through Charles Hervey's old notes, a paragraph suddenly connected with my excited eyes like an electric shock:

> When the other stones were carried to Grove St. Burying Grounds the stone [Jeremiah's] was left to be put under Center Church. It stood where the foundation of the Church was laid and had to be taken away. He [Mr. Jarman] put it under the Church himself. Mr. Jarman has been down several times to look for it but could not find it. Thos. R. Trowbridge dug it out from under rubbish under the Church.

(This was in 1879 when the Crypt was renovated, the dirt floor paved, and gas lights installed for better viewing.)

The next morning Detective Townshend girded her loins (this always sounds like a necessary thing to do for adventurous missions) and, armed with her trusty flashlight, once more set forth for that underground hideaway, that rigid resting place of antiseptic white.

This time a systematic search was made, particularly in the crumbling corners where old fragments of stone markers were propped. The inquisitive beacon from my handlight brightened a piece of sandstone on which I read the broken name "Reb . . . Townsend." Honorable Second Wife accounted for. Still, where was the old man?

The ceiling is low in the crypt. One has to walk stooped over. It is quiet down there among the ghosts of yesteryear but not unfriendly. The names on the epitaphs quickly become people—a beloved mother, a son or daughter, a father who has been a good citizen and a servant of God. Methodically I checked almost all the tombstones right up to the far south wall. Suddenly a thrill of recognition stopped my breath and my feet, poised for the next step. There—*there* was Jeremiah's grave marker, short but well formed and in beautiful condition, sharply legible. The inscription read:

> Sacred to the memory of
> Mr. Jeremiah Townsend
> Who departed this life
> Jan. 6th 1803
> In the 93d year of his age

End of mystery? Yes, but not end of story. An amazing coincidence occurred, call it luck or the invisible machinations of a kind genie.

As I was standing in front of Jeremiah's headstone, wondering whether to come back again and photograph it or take a rubbing of the inscription, I heard voices nearing the vault. From the passageway the sexton appeared, accompanied by a young man carrying a camera on a tripod. The saints preserve us! Here was truly the answer to a prayer. With a smile of cooperation the student photographer, Lee Tabor, granted my request!

After Jeremiah's death the house and land on the corner of Elm and College remained in the Townsend family until 1833, when they were sold to the First Methodist Church.

CHAPTER VIII

ISAAC TOWNSEND, SR.

OUR story now shifts its attention to Isaac, the second son of Jeremiah, who was born in Boston on October 13, 1737, and came as a child to New Haven with his parents.

When Isaac turned twenty-three, he married Elizabeth Hitchcock and commenced business in town. A few years later he moved with his wife and baby fourteen miles south to the coastal town of Stratford, where he owned property. There he raised his family of nine children: Elizabeth, Isaac, Kneeland, Jacob, Abigail, Mary, Sarah, Anna, and William.

Although Isaac himself was a tailor, he sent his sons Isaac and Kneeland to New Haven to learn the trade from John Miles. Miles's tailor shop and tavern was located on the north side of Chapel Street, a little below Church. According to custom, Isaac and Kneeland lived in as apprentices. At the end of the War of Independence in 1783, Isaac and family returned to his native haunts to take up residence on Crown Street at the corner of Orange Street in a wooden dwelling of typical Colonial style.

New Haven at this period in its history showed no radical change. Growth was gradual but steady as the postwar economy picked up and improvements were made, such as better roads and bridges. In 1784 the newly organized city government dignified the main thoroughfares by officially naming them: Leather Lane became George Street, Hubbard Street was changed to Crown Street, Market Street to Church Street, Queen Street to State Street, and so on.

A bank was founded, appropriately titled "The New Haven Bank," with Isaac, Jr., and Kneeland among the first stockholders.

Their cousin, Jeremiah III, organized a marine insurance company, which indicates the tremendous importance attached to shipping affairs. The bustling shipping activity, centered on Long Wharf and the adjacent warehouses, was the lifeblood of New Haven and pumped vitality into all the commercial concerns that supported the eight thousand people in the area. Yale College was thriving also and now boasted three brick buildings on the northwest corner of Chapel and College Streets with two hundred seventy students enrolled.

Isaac, Sr., although only forty-eight when he came back to New Haven, apparently did not become active again in the mercantile business. He left it to his two enterprising sons to carry on. Isaac may have done some barber work for his aged father's business or perhaps he was merely helping his brother John, trader and barber, when this advertisement was inserted in the newspaper:

> To Be Let
> A convenient House for a small family opposite the Church or one or two front rooms, convenient for a merchant's store, enquire of Isaac Townsend, who wants a smart active Boy 13 or 14 years old as an apprentice to the barber's business.
> Cash will be given for a Cow and Calf by said Townsend.
> New Haven, April 11, 1792

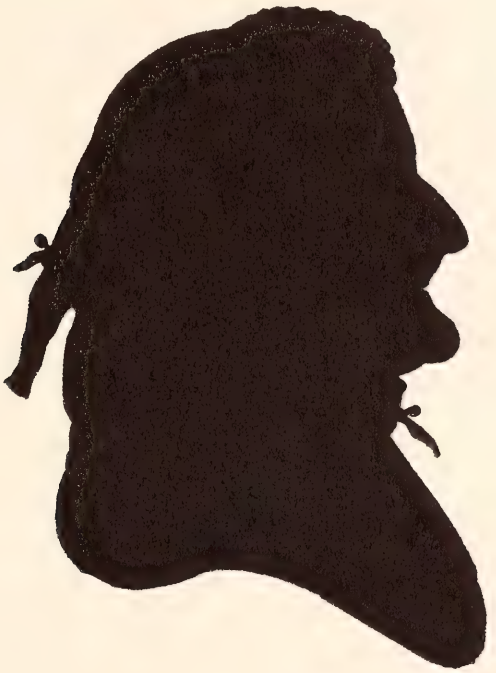
Mrs. Townsend died in 1792, and shortly thereafter this ad appeared under Isaac's name in the newspaper:

> To be Sold by the Subscriber
> A genteel new Riding Chair
> with Harness complete: also a good Horse
> very gentle, suitable for Carriage or Saddle.
> For Particulars apply to
> Isaac Townsend
> Who wants to purchase
> A good new-Milch Cow
> New-Haven, Sept. 25, 1793

In eighteenth-century New Haven there were few carriages and those were owned by the wealthy. Most wives rode upon sidesaddles or pillions or else went by way of shank's mare. The next cen-

tury was to see New Haven at the hub of the tremendous carriage industry.

Old Isaac was getting on himself. With his wife gone, it was a



Isaac Townsend, Sr.

worry how to manage. But his dutiful sons and daughters had everything arranged in an agreement dated May 6, 1816:

> It is however agreed that the said Isaac [Jr.], Kneeland, Jacob & William are to take care of and support their Honored Father during his life & that the said Elizabeth is to stay with their Father & take care of him for which service we are to give her board & at the death of our Father the aforesaid Elizabeth & Anna together [with] their sister Sally Atwater shall have all the furniture & what moveables that may belong to him & that which belonged to their mother.

One of the last letters written by Isaac to his son Jacob, who had removed to Lewiston, New York, was dated August, 1817:

> My dear children I set down to write to Let you know we are all well by the goodness of God we Live in the old House and Live cofferable we want to Heare of your Health and Prosparity we dont know how to Prize Health as we ought till we are Deprived of it and Perhaps then to late I am comforable for me I live with

out much Pain I am a poor old man almost eighty just on the Border of [the] grave we Heare [of] your Prosperity But you must remember you cant Live allways But you must die and Leave it we ought to think of Preparation for Death which I hope you and yours do I walk out alittle But my Leg is very weak I go to Barbers shop one a weeke I keep New Year with Mrs Atwater I keep independence with Isaacs family and had very agreeable visits it is very Healthy in New Haven your Brother and family is all well and send their Love to you & yours I with all your sisters and friends send their Love to your dear children You must tell Lidy and Mary Ellen [the grandchildren] that I think of them every Week

Hopping a good Providence will take care of you for time and Eternity your aged father Isaac Townsend

PS I hope Kneeland & Sheldon [sons of Jacob] will be a comfort to you

Less than five months later this article was printed in the *Connecticut Herald* on January 16, 1818: "Died in New Haven on Saturday 13 instance, Mr. Isaac Townsend aged 80. He ever sustained the character of an upright man and died as he had lived with the firmest assurance of Salvation through Merrits of our Redeemer." His death resulted from complications from a broken thigh suffered when he fell downstairs at a neighbor's house.

Elizabeth and Anna, Isaac's spinster daughters, continued to live at 152 Crown Street until they died, aged ninety and eighty-two respectively. James M. Townsend, a great-grandson, then came into possession of the property. Through the years the house served as a carriage manufactory and a livery agency, and deteriorated badly. James finally tore it down in 1883 to make way for a furniture and bedding store, the A. C. Chamberlain & Sons Co. The late Robert Chamberlain, Sr., a descendant of the early cabinetmakers, told this story in 1961 about the store's origin:

Mr. [James] Townsend was President of the Townsend Savings Bank, which in a bad depression [1874] failed. In a restaurant, a man was telling my grand-father [Abel] how he lost money on account of the failure of the bank with Mr. Townsend as its president. My grandfather stood up for Mr. Townsend—said he was in no way to blame for the bank's failure and the man's loss of money, it being

an act of God, etc. Old Capt. [James] Townsend heard my grandfather standing up for him and in 1883 built the Chamberlain Co. building which we rented of him.

Later, when Mr. Robert Chamberlain's father died, the store was bought from the "two old Townsend widows" who wanted to get rid of their real estate. They had sold the Townsend block on the corner of Chapel and College Streets and other properties, and the Chamberlain Company building (designed by architect L. W. Robinson) was all that was left. Chamberlain's sold the building in 1964 to Yale Furniture Company.

With old Isaac gone, the next generation—Isaac, Jr., Kneeland, Jacob and William—became the Townsend patriarchs.

CHAPTER IX

I. & K. TOWNSEND, MERCHANT-TAILORS

AFTER Isaac, Sr., and his family came back to New Haven to stay, it did not take his energetic, ambitious sons long to get into business. When young Isaac was but twenty-three and Kneeland twenty-one, they hung out their oval signboard, proudly proclaiming in big, gold letters on a black background:

EUROPEAN & INDIA GOODS
I. & K. TOWNSEND
Merchant
Tailors

In Kneeland's diary the great day was noted: "June 1, 1788, hired John Sherman's store at £6 per year and went into company with my brother Isaac." The Sherman store was on Chapel Street, a few doors west of College Street.

Before that decisive occasion, Kneeland had tried a bit of roving adventure as a sailor on a ship bound for Richmond, Virginia. His fancy for seafaring lasted only five months and twenty-two days, whereupon he left life on the ocean wave for firmer foundations.

Isaac at the tender age of sixteen made arrangements to join the American Army of the Connecticut Lines, as it was called in those days. This was under the command of Colonel Return J. Meigs and consisted of ten and a half regiments, one cavalry, and five companies of artillery. It was quartered at Peekskill, New York, and in the summer of 1779 made a forced march to New Haven to defend the town, but arrived too late.

Although serving in the army had its discomforts and dangers,

patriotic zeal and a spirit of adventure spurred many a youth into service. For the undecided, Stratford offered an added inducement: "ten pounds lawful silver money or gold" to each effective man who would enlist and serve for the town in the Continental Army.

Isaac's desire to serve in the 6th Connecticut Light Regiment under Colonel Meigs was frustrated, however, by his family and the doctor who said he would not live in camp six months because of his delicate health. Since a substitute had to be provided, his father had a Negro servant go in Isaac's place, promising him his freedom and some land at the end of the war. A short time before the Revolution ended, Isaac happened to be where this 6th Regiment was and went to see the Negro. He found the soldier in a decline with consumption but unwilling to leave the army. The man died before the close of the war.

The twenty-nine years between the end of the Revolution and the start of the War of 1812 were jubilant ones for the young nation, which was like a robust toddler reaching out eagerly, step by step, to touch and try everything in its newly independent world.

Kneeland and Isaac plunged into the mercantile venture together, later to be joined by their younger brothers Jacob and William, who also bought and sold, traded and shipped or stored a great variety of goods from near and far. This partnership established a pattern of working together as agents for each other overseas and overland all the rest of their lives. It would be difficult to tell of one brother's life without bringing the others into the story.

This closeness of family, reflected in joint ownership of property and association in commercial enterprises, is probably typical of the early companies in America. At any rate, this particular generation of Townsends is an exciting one to learn about. If Isaac, our progenitor, were the only thread singled out, the whole colorful tapestry of their intermeshed lives would be lost, and Isaac's own story-strand would also lack luster then.

The new merchant-tailor establishment was located on the southwest corner of Chapel and College Streets, advertised as "opposite the New College." That they were successful in the business is shown in a newspaper advertisement of October 7, 1793, which an-

nounced a shipment of goods received by I. & K. Townsend Co. and added: "said Townsends return their sincere thanks to their customers and the Public for past favors and hope their strict attention to business will merit a continuance of their custom."

Kneeland supervised the merchandise while Isaac was in charge of the tailoring department. A description of the store by their nephew Kneeland II follows:

> In my early recollections they sold or bartered cloths, dry goods, some hardware and even groceries. In the back was the counting room and here the clothes were cut. In the rear were the journeymen, tailors and apprentices, a dozen or more engaged in the manufactory of clothing; in the cellar the groceries were kept. The college custom was an important item and undoubtedly the various changes in style produced corresponding changes in foremen or cutters.

He went on to say: "The upstairs rooms were often let to students, and John C. Calhoun [Vice President under both President Adams and President Jackson] when in college . . . occupied . . . a room over the old store of I. & K. T."

While the Townsend brothers were active in their business careers, they were busy in their personal lives also. Kneeland (born March 20, 1767) married Susanna Thompson on December 12, 1789, and proceeded to set up housekeeping in his father's house, for which he paid the land rent of eleven dollars per year. In 1799 Kneeland was occupying the old house on College Street near Chapel that Yale presidents had customarily lived in, the Reverend Thomas Clap and the Reverend Ezra Stiles among them. This spacious two-storied house with dormer windows was built in 1722, and when Isaac and Kneeland bought it from Yale the building was in "great dilapidation." They repaired it for living quarters, and the structure stood until 1834 when Isaac's son, William K. Townsend, sold it back to Yale, which tore it down.

This house site, originally owned by Center Church, has an intriguing history, since it served as an inducement for the infant college to remove from Saybrook to New Haven. Center Church membership voted to give the land to Yale for a president's or rec-

tor's home on the above condition. Jeremiah had bought the land later and left it to his heirs.

Kneeland had no children, which is perhaps why he took over the management of his nephew and namesake, Kneeland II, who came to live with him as a very young lad, about 1802. (Young Kneeland's mother, Jacob's wife, had died in July of 1802.) This was when Uncle Kneeland was staying in the "president's house."

The next year the family moved into a small house located on High Street and the (then) terminus of Crown Street, owned jointly by the Townsend brothers and inherited from Grandfather Jeremiah, who had purchased the house and land from Elizabeth Perkins about 1740.

At the turn of the century, many enterprising men were buying up land to the east of town, in an area labeled the New Township. Isaac and Kneeland acquired considerable real estate there and were granted land by the Proprietors' Committee in 1800 to build a sea wall along the harbor shore from Brewery Street to Ferry Point. They also put a road on the bank, to be known as Water Street. In 1810 Kneeland bought the eighteen-room Platt house and garden, situated on the corner of Water and Townsend (now Hamilton) Streets, for $4,500.

> These landed interests suggested to I. & K. Townsend the importance of a bridge in place of the Hughes Ferry, and having interested Mr. Isaac Tomlinson and other extensive landholders in this section, a company was formed and a charter for a toll bridge was obtained from the Connecticut Assembly about the year 1897, which [Tomlinson] bridge was completed soon after, and in time a wharf constructed for the reception of passengers and freight.

When the first steamship, the *Fulton*, made her maiden voyage from New York to New Haven in 1815, one Townsend wrote of this great occasion:

"I went as a boy with the crowd to Tomlinson's bridge and after long and weary waiting she appeared in the offing, making the passage in about twelve hours." Thereafter a daily steamboat plied from New York to New Haven and back, with special weekend service.

It did not take much ingenuity to figure out that here was an ideal spot for a portside inn to accommodate travelers between New York and New Haven, but it did take initiative. Kneeland and his cohort, Isaac Tomlinson, provided that. They built the Steamboat Hotel on the corner of Water and East Streets for Henry Butler, proprietor. This elegant four-storied building was composed of brick and stucco in the southern-plantation style with a pillared portico, the whole establishment framed in a setting of ornamental trees.

The hotel later became known as "The Pavilion" when James Brewster bought it and fitted it up as a "house of entertainment" sometime after 1835. Up to the Civil War this was a favorite resort for southerners, "affording the luxury of marine bathing" and also offering sailing and fishing expeditions. For the convenience of guests and townspeople, there was an omnibus from the Green to the Pavilion every half hour.

With the advent of the bustling Sargent Hardware Manufactory, when the area ceased to be residential, the palatial structure was abandoned as a hotel and sold to the Sargent Company as temporary housing for immigrant factory workers. The old Pavilion was finally torn down in 1906.

Kneeland seemed to be a restless sort, roving in the wilderness of several states, making frequent trips abroad, always impatient to move on. One business connection remembered him almost always on the back of a brisk horse, seldom dismounted. A little below the ordinary stature, Kneeland was also inclined to turgescence, while his three brothers were all somewhat above average height and thin. His manner of speech was as spirited and quick as the horses he rode but he was pleasant and persuasive in delivery. According to one worldly traveler Kneeland bore a striking resemblance to Napoleon in figure, manners, and way of talking, except in countenance—he was fair while Bonaparte was dark.

Isaac was of a more placid nature. Very erect, very sedate, but with a mind of his own. He was born in Stratford on February 4, 1765. His formal education took place at Hopkins Grammar School, Class of 1770. He was the first of six generations of Townsends

educated in that worthy school. Then came Isaac's apprenticeship with Mr. Miles, the tailor. After his business enterprise was firmly established in New Haven, Isaac entered into matrimony at the mature age of thirty with Rhoda Atwater on April 11, 1795. His entire married life was spent in but two houses, one on the corner of Chapel and York Streets where he moved with his bride, and the other on Crown and High Streets. A description of Isaac and Rhoda fortunately has been preserved through their grandson Charles Hervey's words:

> I remember her well—clear blue-gray eyes and complexion fair, stooped alittle and had a real Atwater face . . . when we children went to see her at the corner of High and Crown Street, she always had good things for us.
>
> His dress was that of a gentleman and he wore a broad brimmed hat but not knee breeches as some did at that date. He was tall, had a Roman nose, fine head with wig [bald head], eyes grayish-blue, fair and clear ruddy complexion, clean shaved, wore a high collar with white neckerchief, carried a cane and in winter wore a camel coat with cape. Grandfather Isaac and his brother Kneeland had gray-blue eyes. His brothers William and Jacob Townsend, hazel eyes.

On the third day of June in 1796, Isaac and Rhoda's first son, William Kneeland Townsend, was born in the southwest bedroom of their new home. Seven more children followed in regular succession: Elizabeth, Isaac Atwater, Charles Henry, Isaac Henry, Jane, George Atwater, and Emily. The parents suffered a heartbreaking tragedy when two of their sons, Isaac Atwater, aged three, and Charles Henry, aged two, died of canker rash. They were both buried in one grave on Saturday, July 2, 1803. Brother Kneeland mourned that "it was a very affecting sight to see two little babies lying along side of each other."

The Sunday following, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend had read at meeting a bill acknowledging the righteous hand of God in taking from them by death two of their children and earnestly desiring the prayers of the Church and congregation "that this heavy stroke of divine Providence may be sanctified to them their surviving chil-

dren and household for their spiritual and everlasting good." Faith of our fathers, how it sustained them!

New life quickly followed these sad deaths, for Rhoda was safely delivered of another son, Isaac Henry, that same week.

The second dwelling place for the voluminous family was a fine Federal-style house built in 1810 by Isaac, who had become quite a prosperous merchant by that time. A small gambrel-roofed house already on the lot was incorporated into the new building as an ell. This was probably the little house Kneeland lived in for a short time.

In New Haven after the War of Independence there was a surge forward in commerce and real estate. Many farsighted men were buying up whatever land they could lay their hands on. At this period in the newly incorporated city's growth, the houses numbered about five hundred with a population of approximately three thousand five hundred, concentrated mostly on the roads forming the original nine squares.

Isaac and Kneeland looked farther afield, across the harbor on the east side, and finally found seventy-nine acres of pasture, salt meadows, and woods. On October 13, 1798, they purchased Joseph Tuttle's old farm, formerly part of the Quinnipiac Indian reservation.

Thus the Townsend family and the land were united. The pattern of interweaving the two began, its design taking various forms throughout the ensuing one hundred and seventy years, and its shape gradually diminishing in the later years. But that is far ahead of the story at this point.

For a few years in the beginning of the nineteenth century Kneeland had acted as an import agent in London for the family store on Chapel and College, giving British exporters a knowledge of the wants of the American market: London cassimeres, Yorkshire broadcloths, fearnoughts, Brussels hearth rugs, superfine shaloons, brown and drab watered Joans, gauze stockings, pelongs, Genoa collar velvets, bonnets, mitts, waistcoating, counterpanes, bedtick laces, kid shoes—the advertising of which in the *Connecticut Post and New Haven Visitor* must have caused the ladies of New Haven

to rush right downtown. (Present-day readers more likely would rush to a dictionary!) Kneeland's address in 1805 in London was 16 Gould Square, near the Tower of London.

This import career proved quite successful for the Connecticut Yankee, the profit being $100,000—a considerable increase from the time when Kneeland wrote in his diary: "New Haven, March 20, 1788 – 21 years old. I trust I am now worth 50 dollars in cash." Kneeland came home from abroad for good and moved to the farm in East Haven in 1811. Up to this time, none of the Townsends had lived there, so far as is known. Moses Todd of North Haven had been hired to work the farm; he and his family lived in the former Tuttle homestead.

In 1804 Kneeland had built a large, wooden mansion opposite the Tuttle house. The imposing building, painted white, was in elaborate Federal style, with slender columns, high ceilings, and ballustraded porches on the first and second story running the full width of the front. It has been suggested that perhaps Peter Banner, master builder from Boston and formerly of London, was the architect. He lived in New Haven for about ten years around the turn of the century and built the brick row at Yale, right across the street from Kneeland and Isaac's store. The New Haven historian George Dudley Seymour believed that the Abraham Bradley, Jr., house, built in 1806 on the west side of State Street near Elm (to be seen in the *Dana Scrapbooks*), was also the work of Banner. There is a similarity between the Bradley and Townsend houses, particularly in the graceful, two-story porches supported by delicate pillars.

A watercolor of the house, painted sometime between 1852 and 1856 by Elizabeth Durand Townsend, wife of William Isaac Townsend, depicts outbuildings for summer cooking and wood storage and carriages close by the main house. Barns and stables were placed in the rear for the livestock. These same barns are still in use after one hundred seventy years, their hand-hewn timbers bearing the weight of the years with silent strength. The farm was given the apt name "Bayridge."

With typical verve and energy, Kneeland proceeded to improve

and beautify the property, introducing agriculture after the English system of the time. He had brought back from Norfolk County in England three barrels of all kinds of fruit grafts, packed in wet sand, which he united with the American species in some forty acres of orchard.

Ever itching to start some new venture, he began raising merino sheep brought from Spain. Susanna, his wife, had the tedious task of picking, carding, spinning, and knitting the wool during the long winter evenings. She would repeat a favorite couplet to the hum of the big spinning wheel: "When the sheep are at rest, then their wool seems the best."

The sheep sold at extravagant prices, the bucks for as much as $1500. Kneeland II wrote:

> At the East Haven farm we had, I think, not less than 100 to 150 [sheep], one of which cost $1250. Owing to miscalculation, they were having lambs at all seasons, usually commencing with the first snowstorm. In the morning we would usually find 5 or 6, some dead, some completely chilled and abandoned. We would take the living to the house, wrap them in blankets, feed them from a rag attached to the nose of a teapot. Our last business at night was to visit the sheep, gather the disabled, warm them up, feed them for the night and repeat the same thing in the morning. I do not know for the fact, but I infer my uncle must have lost largely on Merino sheep.

Apparently, after a while, a great quantity were sent into the United States, thus reducing the price to the least possible amount.

Another venture undertaken after Kneeland got back from England was a partnership with the Woodbridge family in a store a few doors west of the old I. &. K. Townsend Shop. Goods were sold by the piece only, but this enterprise did not succeed—in nephew Kneeland's words: "I conclude principally because it was in advance of the times. Notwithstanding ample placards & notices that they cut no goods, the feminine persuasion would persist in calling, looking, pulling things all out of shape and then asking for 6 or 6½ yards calico." Kneeland finally sold out to the Woodbridges.

Among his many business ventures in the mercantile field was a New York partnership with his cousin Elihu Townsend. The firm,

located at 190 Pearl Street, commenced prior to the War of 1812 and dealt in import goods. When the war began, commerce quickly dropped off. This was a terrific blow to the energetic merchant-shipowners of the exuberant young nation. Even the silver lining to the dark cloud of war—the inducement to go into American manufacturing—faded because of the many prejudices against homemade goods. English cloth was considered superior even when the American manufacturers were able to produce equal quantity, color quality, and durability; "there was a peculiar odor to English cloth which could not be and was not imitated and that was fatal."

Kneeland had an interest in one of these small cloth manufactories through an Albany concern, A. S. Griswold Co., which was connected with a woolen industry at Danbury managed by his brother William. The Griswold company went into bankruptcy, which seriously embarrassed the Kneeland & Elihu Townsend Co. and encumbered Kneeland's property worth in New Haven, since he was apparently the only one with capital.

The only facts about the youngest brother, William, given up to this point, are that he was born May 12, 1781, apprenticed as a clerk at age eleven in his older brothers' store, and subsequently, as noted, became the manager of a woolen industry in Danbury, Connecticut. He was married to Maria Lampson in 1824. Deeper delving brings to light the astonishing information that in September, 1813, William was excommunicated from United Church!

Expulsion from the church in those days was far more serious than it is today. Due to the omnipotence of the Congregational Church in the community, certain civic rights were also automatically rescinded, such as the right to vote in town affairs. Social ostracism more than likely accompanied the penalty too. Was William a drunkard, a thief or an adulterer? No, the sentence passed upon him was because of a difference of theological opinion between him and the church "fathers." In short, William was a religious rebel.

He had joined United Church in 1810 at the age of twenty-nine, but apparently he did not conform to the accepted, prescribed con-

duct for members. A complaint was made by one of the brethren that he was "a stumbling stone" and had "adopted heinous errors of verious, dangerous tendency." The Reverend Samuel Merwin and a committee, formed to look into the complaint, solemnly admonished William for "his having forsaken the Church and refusing to join in the ordnances thereof."

On his part, William felt that the church members were too concerned with the letter of the law and not with the spirit. He did not feel obliged to attend church on the Sabbath for, in his words, "one day is as holy as another, that the appointment of a Sabbath was merely for the Jews and a part of their rituals." He also denied that the observances of baptism and the Lord's Supper were binding on Christians and further declared the pastor's sermons "afforded him no spiritual nourishment."

The committee met many times with this recalcitrant member in order to make him see the errors of his ways, but their labor was in vain. Brother Townsend was "not moved in any degree to alter his sentiments." It was resolved that William Townsend be suspended until such time as he would express a desire to be restored.

One would have thought this to be the end of the affair, but the committee did not give up easily. While William was in Danbury, lengthy letters were exchanged and the argument continued with much quoting from the Bible to substantiate beliefs. William often chastised the members in the style of Apostle Paul:

> What will it avail you to have a form of religion and void of the power of it? It will be like empty cisterns and like ragged garments. It is not a pleasant task to address you in these terms. No, my dearly beloved, it is in faithfulness to my God and your precious souls that I am anxious for you.

His case was finally considered hopeless when William left for the west in 1818 to settle in Sandusky, Ohio.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note the tremendous importance attached to being a member of a church in those days. In a Bill of Mortality, 1803, from the *Connecticut Post & Visitor*, deaths are listed thus:

First Society	– 36
United Society	– 33
Episcopal	– 51
of neither society	– 11
strangers	– 9
transients	– 5

This enumeration also shows how small the population was when one could be listed as a stranger. Nowadays a friend or acquaintance noticed among the crowd of strangers on the street is the exception.

The third son of Isaac, Sr., was Jacob, born April 10, 1769. He was likewise an enterprising merchant, engaged in southern and West India trade. All the brothers were engaged in shipping together, as owners of the ship *Huron*, the brig *Bartholomew*, the schooner *Philander*, and several sloops. Jacob's first shipping firm was Gillet & Townsend, for which he freighted cargo south to Mattamasket, North Carolina, where he owned timber land. There he built the ship *Keziah*, loaded it with lumber and naval stores, and sent it off to the West Indies. The *Keziah* returned to New Haven with a rich cargo that brought considerable profit. Perhaps on some of the returning voyages, wheat from Richmond and Baltimore was stowed away in the hold for sale to New Englanders. (At that time the bread of a large portion of the population was made from rye and Indian corn. On extraordinary occasions, pies were made with the undercrust of rye and the upper of wheat, from which circumstance came the term "upper crust," the finest part of the pie or, as later applied, the highest social class.)

Jacob's warehouses were located on Long Wharf—at 3,480 feet the longest wharf in the world at that time—in the New Haven harbor, and his home was on Union Street between Chapel and Cherry (Wooster) Streets, where his two sons, Kneeland and Sheldon, were born.

One of young Kneeland's earliest recollections was of Long Wharf, where he watched an eclipse of the sun through a piece of smoked glass and "blackened my nose in the operation." Another memory of his childhood recalls:

> I can just remember when they used to store a vessel below with hogshead, shooks, potatoes, onions etc., cover the deck with horses, mules & oxen. Over them an awning of boards, on top of the boards a tier of bales of pressed hay; on the quarter deck a string of coops containing chickens, ducks, turkeys, a tolerable copy of Noah's Ark, I infer. The return cargo—rum, molasses, sugar or salt.

Jacob's storehouse at the head of the wharf was the collection spot for codfish, caught off the banks of Newfoundland by the Derby Fishing Co., in which he was a considerable stockholder. Its objects as stated in its charter were "the cod and other fisheries, exploring and disposing of the same and carrying on the fishing business in all branches." His son remembered the stacks of fish "some six feet high with small paths through." He went on to conjecture:

"I have always supposed its [the company's] want of success might be attributed to the troubles in relations to our commerce which preceded and finally culminated in the War of 1812, and these were undoubtedly the moving cause which induced my Father to abandon his ocean business for the commercial business of the lakes."

CHAPTER X

THE WAR OF 1812 AND MIGRATION WEST

AT this point it might be well to pause and recount briefly the causes and effects of the war between England and the United States over the freedom of the seas.

During the early years of the nineteenth century, Britain and France were at war. Britain was trying to crush Napoleon, who had conquered most of Europe. The growing difficulties between the two nations led to the legalized piracy of all vessels bound for either country. Nine hundred of our ships were captured in ten years by the British and over three thousand of our seamen were seized and pressed into service.

In an effort to avoid friction between those nations and ours, President Jefferson imposed the Embargo on December 22, 1807, forbidding all foreign trade. Unfortunately this caused an ulcerating division between New England ship merchants and southern agriculturists.

The "damn Embargo" was particularly distasteful to New Englanders. Much of the Yankees' prosperity was due to a thriving foreign trade and consequently a lot of their wealth was tied up in ships and cargo. They did not want to be prohibited from such profitable trading. Even the piracy of some of their ships and the kidnaping of sailors seemed just a calculated risk, as opposed to the certainty that all trade would be closed off by the Embargo or by declared hostilities. The New England states were nearly in insurrection against the Washington government's war talk, supported by the southerners, and refused to allow their soldiers to fight outside their states. However, the northern states did prepare to de-

fend themselves on their own grounds in case of war. In Connecticut the coastal towns, remembering the Revolution, quickly set to preparing their defenses.

New Haven rebuilt the old Black Rock Fort in 1809, renaming it Fort Nathan Hale, and put up a large brick barracks close by to house the soldiers. In order to accomplish this construction, the land had to be purchased from the owner, Kneeland Townsend. The warranty deed reads:

> To all People to whom these presents shall come—Greeting:
> Know ye, that I, Kneeland Townsend, of the City of New Haven, in the County of New Haven and State of Connecticut, for the consideration of two hundred and seventy-five dollars, received to my full satisfaction of the United States of America by the hand of Gen. Andrew Hull do give, grant, bargain, sell and confirm unto the said United States a certain piece of land situated on the east side of New Haven Harbour in the State of Connecticut, said land is commonly known by the name of King's Island, bounded Northerly by my own land, Southerly by the heirs of Samuel Forbes, deceased, Easterly by meadow owned by Daniel and John Goodsell and Westerly by the Harbor, and also a strip of land two rods wide for a public highway, extending Easterly from said Island to the highway which leads to Southend, so called, bounded easterly on the last mentioned highway, two rods, Southerly partly by land of Widow Forbes and partly by land of Joseph Pardee and partly by said King's Island, Westerly by said King's Island, and Northerly by my own land.

A signal tower was erected on Beacon Hill by the townsfolk. This "telegraph" consisted of a tall spar with two yard-arms. On the yards were barrels painted black, which by the position they occupied would give warning of the kind and number of enemy vessels east or west of the harbor entrance. Earthen embankments were thrown up by men from Hamden, North Haven, Cheshire, and Meriden.

The lower end of Long Wharf was fortified and the Second Company of Governor's Foot Guard alerted for action. A guard boat patrolled the harbor during the night. But no attack came, for the menacing guns of Fort Hale kept the British ships at bay. However,

on several occasions the enemy got too close for comfort, giving New Haveners a bad case of the jitters.

On April 9, 1814, the Second Company was ordered out under arms to stand guard on Long Wharf because a British frigate and a man-of-war brig had been sighted off Guilford. Their vigil, luckily, proved an unnecessary precaution.

On April 13, 1814, a British frigate and man-of-war brig (undoubtedly the same as above) maneuvered off the harbor. In the evening they anchored off New Haven but did not venture farther.

The Second Company was again called together on September 6, 1814, when news came that the British had landed men near Branford. Alarm was given by the cannons of Fort Hale, the signal on Beacon Hill, and the ringing of church bells. Apprehension subsided when it was learned the enemy had withdrawn.

During the hostilities many of New Haven's ships, stripped of sails and rigging, were laid up with inverted tar barrels over their mastheads. At that time there were few New Haveners who were not dependent upon foreign commerce. About six hundred seamen, one hundred shipwrights, thirty-two commercial houses, and eighty-two ships were engaged in foreign trade. With New York blockaded by British men-of-war, New Haven became the resort of neutral ships. The port was thronged with vessels under Danish, Spanish, and Swedish flags. There were also a few prize ships in the harbor, captured by privateering.

The cessation of trade was bad enough for the United States, but just as annoying was the stirring up by the British of the Indians along the Canadian border. This constant aggravation and threat of terror hampered the settling of the Great Lakes region—New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The homesteaders complained that the British authorities in Canada did nothing to control the Indian raiding parties; that, in fact, they encouraged them with a laissez-faire attitude. But the most grievous charge against the British was their blockading of the American coast.

War was finally declared on England by Congress on June 18, 1812. At first the United States won astounding naval victories against the more experienced British Navy, but during 1813 the

tide turned both on sea and land. At that stage in the war, the American forces were led by popular men rather than military experts, and so our cause suffered from weak strategy. As Kneeland II commented: "I have not a very high opinion of controlling the Army or Navy by some country lawyer who knows no more of vessels or guns than a hog does of the Christian religion!"

On the enemy's side, the British had well-trained officers and superior forces, including some Canadians who fought valiantly, many of them being from erstwhile Tory families who were glad of the chance to take revenge on their former countrymen for the hardships and ill treatment undergone during the Revolution. However, one severe blow to the British cause in the fight waged on the Canadian border was the death of the very able British commander, Major General Sir Isaac Brock, at the Battle of Queenston Heights, New York, in October of 1812. Of the engagement itself, Kneeland II had this to say: "Our frontier men never brag of the Battle of Queenston. It was from first to last on our side a series of most miserable blunders."

One of the high points for the Americans was the victory on Lake Erie when Lieutenant Oliver Perry uttered the famous words: "We have met the enemy and they are ours!"

As the war advanced into 1814, many privateers scored victories on the high seas, effectively halting British commerce. The peace treaty at Ghent on Christmas Eve, 1814, came as a relief to both sides, who had tired of a war that gained nothing for anyone.

The news was made known in New Haven on Sunday when the Reverend Mr. Merwin called for his mail at the post office on Chapel Street (an act considered questionable by some of his flock). Then great demonstrations of gladness followed, with the town illuminated by bonfires and torches and the military parading about and shooting off their firearms.

The Townsend family was directly affected by the stifling of commerce before the war and by the war itself. Jacob became so discouraged by the British Orders in Council, Bonaparte's Berlin and Milan Decrees, and Jefferson's Embargo that he removed his

commercial interests to western New York in 1810. First he had made an exploratory trip through New York and Pennsylvania by way of Salt Point (near Syracuse), Oswego, Niagara, Erie, and Pittsburgh, across the mountains to Philadelphia and home again. The prospect suited him. The decision was made. He bought land in the town of Lewiston, New York, built a house and store, and cleared a farm on the Niagara River's uplands.

In the fall of 1813 Jacob made preparations to bring his family out, but news came that Fort Niagara had surrendered to the British and the frontier laid waste in an orgy of burning, looting, and killing by the British-allied Indians. So it was not until the summer of 1815, late in August, that the family began the slow journey westward, arriving in Lewiston in early October.

Jacob's first wife, Betsy Clark, whom he married in 1798 and by whom he had Kneeland II and Sheldon, had died four years after their marriage. Eunice Atwater had become his second wife in 1806, and it was she who for forty-two years shared his life on the raw frontier. They had Lydia Ann, Jane, Mary Ellen, and an infant son, Charles, who died in Carlisle, New York, on the tedious trip out.

Accompanying Jacob west were his friends and partners Alvin Bronson of New Haven and Captain Sheldon Thompson of Derby, commander of the ship *Keziah.* These businessmen had been persuaded to abandon their West India trade and join in the Great Lakes enterprise, taking advantage of the incipient westward flow of travel and trade.

Alvin Bronson reminisced of those early days in central New York:

> I was first heard of at Oswego Falls in March 1810 as the ubiquitous Yankee, cutting timber for a lake coaster on the ground now occupied by the large and flourishing village of Fulton. I was driven from the sea-board by the "British orders in council" and "BONAPARTE'S Berlin and Milan decrees." My case illustrates, strikingly, the total disregard, by both belligerents, of all neutral rights. My schooner, the *Philander*, was captured by the French, condemned and sold at Guadaloupe under BONAPARTE'S Berlin and Milan decrees, for having been bound to an English port . . . again

dispatched to sea and again captured by the British; carried to Antigua, condemned by a court of admiralty, under the British orders in council, for having been to a French port.

One of my patrons, KNEELAND TOWNSEND of New Haven, Ct., a merchant-tailor, joined in hiring a hack to bring my ship-carpenters and myself to Salt Point and carry back a Merino buck, which he had purchased in Cayuga county for fifteen hundred dollars. My patron found himself able to indulge in the luxury of farming and in this manner began to stock his little farm. He, like ANDREW JOHNSON, discovered the good old maxim, "Tailor, stick to your goose."

(A goose was a tailor's smoothing iron.)

Travel to the outskirts of the wilderness territories such as New York and Ohio was done largely on the country's waterways at that stage in America's development. Roads were practically nonexistent or in horrid condition. The overland means of freighting goods was on the six-horse "Pennsylvania wagons," which were not much competition for the river and lake boats. The early water route to the Great Lakes was via the Hudson River to Albany, portage to Schenectady, up the Mohawk River to Rome, by canal into Wood Creek, down Wood Creek through Oneida Lake and on to the Oswego River, down the Oswego, portaging the mile around the falls, and finally on to Lake Ontario.

Three important points or trading posts in the Lakes region were Oswego, Lewiston, and Black Rock in New York state, at which places Bronson, Townsend, and Thompson were respectively stationed. The purpose of their firm, named Townsend, Bronson & Co., was: "to transact business in the State of New York and elsewhere, of a mercantile nature, in the various branches of vending goods, ship building and coasting on Lakes Ontario and Erie, and any other business in which the parties collectively might judge best to engage."

The combined capital of the firm amounted to $14,000, supplemented by the high credit the men individually commanded. Jacob's brothers, Isaac and Kneeland, loyally backed him up, aware also of the probable profits of such an enterprise. For almost five

years the company conducted the entire commerce of the Lakes, done in half a dozen vessels aggregating one thousand tons.

The first task was the building of the hundred-ton schooner *Charles and Ann* (after Jacob's children), the construction of which was executed by carpenters brought from New Haven under the supervision of Alvin Bronson. This vessel plied between Oswego and Lewiston. Sheldon Thompson then took the carpenters to the Niagara River above the falls and built the ship *Catherine,* which covered the Lake Erie business. Two other ships, the *Fair American* and the *Governor Tompkins* completed the fleet. (The United States, realizing the importance of controlling the Lakes in the 1812 dispute, appropriated these latter two ships along with other merchant vessels in order to make up a Great Lakes navy. When the war was over the owners could buy their ships back, which Jacob and partners did.)

In the initial years of the venture, the firm's principal trade was the transportation of Onondaga salt for the Lakes and Pittsburgh market. In addition, the partners transported stores for the American Fur Company, Indian annuities, military posts, and struggling frontier settlements. The down freights from the upper Lakes consisted of furs, potash, pork, beef, feathers, and grindstones. The enormous wheat trade of later years had yet to be developed. The company did the carrying trade to Lewiston, a small village situated on the Niagara River halfway between Niagara Falls and Lake Ontario, and it was here that Jacob made his home and managed the company's warehouses.

The transportation of goods from the port of Oswego on Lake Ontario, where Alvin Bronson set up his end of the business (he later became the first mayor of Oswego), was smooth sailing to Lewiston, but at that point a geological phenomenon halted the voyage. Lake Ontario over eons of time had slipped away from its original shoreline, leaving high bluffs to mark its former limits. It was natural that a resting place, a rendezvous, at the base of the bluff should evolve into a trading post, first run by the Indians, then the French, and finally the Americans, who named it Lewis-

ton. Merchandise had to be unloaded at the Lewiston docks, transferred to the foot of the escarpment, hauled up via a tramway, and then loaded on to carts for the trip around the Great Falls and rapids.

During the Battle of Queenston Heights, Jacob's warehouse took a beating from the British when cannonballs from the enemy headquarters across the river were fired into the settlement. One of them passed through a barrel of cider and spattered the contents about the store. Another unlucky shot penetrated a box of glass and demolished it.

Jacob had his trials and tribulations with his own countrymen too in the defense of the area. His three-hundred-fifty-acre farm on top of the bluff, at right angles to the river and opposite the corresponding bluff on the Canadian side, became an important military position. General Gray had a fort constructed at this point (Fort Gray) and billeted the whole Northwestern Army there for two winters. The soldiers used the split-rail fences for firewood and in general made themselves at home on the farm, which hindered Jacob from harvesting his usual fine crop of wheat.

In December, 1813, the British attacked and completely burned the village of Lewiston, including Jacob's store and farm buildings. One of his teamsters was shot by the Indians. The residents, warned of the imminent danger, fled along the Ridge Road eastward, Sheldon Thompson and his family escaping only minutes before the Indians whooped into town. He later sent a letter to Jacob, who had retreated to Murray Four Corners, a tiny hamlet on the Rochester road, informing him that "they have burnt everything belonging to us except about one-third of our dry goods . . . our buildings on the farm are all burnt."

Jacob in turn wrote of his misfortunes to the folks back in New Haven. Apparently he was preparing to go to the comparative safety of Buffalo, since the British still had control of the Lewiston area:

Murray 4 Corners June 21th, 1814

Dear Brother,

Your favor of May 4th is this day received wharin you mention

the deth of our Sister Abigal. in her deth hur relations has much consolations as in hur life Brother this is a warning to us that was older & born of the same parents that we be reddy to depart this world that has so many allurements & meet our God we air for puting of[f] the day which we no is fast approaching—I have nearly regained my helth & strength so fair that I am able to attend to business & have a good appetite—Bronson is robust is now at Oswego our business is much deranged this season thair is now a considerable force collected at Buffalo many calculate that we shall be in possession of the west side of the Niagarey River soon I have been calculating on our Army thair is no information of our Fleet being out on L. Ontario the British as yet have not disturbed any one to work on their Farms I shall try them when I cut my Wheat on my mountain lot the British have built quite a Fort opposit on Queenston Hiths [Heights] our country leys open to them from F. Niagarey to Black Rock not a man stationed on the Ridge Rode or River—Goods I think must hould up this Fall being bouth high & scarce we have a prittey large amount on hand for us have made sale of but few this season I presume it will be Fall before we receive the redy made clothing if not forwarded until . . . say May 4th they aut to have been sent on with [the goods] A. Bronson purchist when in N. York

You will have the goodness to remember me to Father, Brothers & Sisters I mourn with them the loss of our beloved Sister Abigal we hope the exchange she has made is a happy one that she is now enjoying Heaven with hur & our God—you will remember me to my Famaley

from Friend & Brother
Jacob Townsend

[postscript] B. M. Bates Cook has paid me $25 for I. Townsend Co. this sum charge T.B. & Co. I am happy to hear that Kneeland does as well as boys generally his age in the Store in hopes he will continue you will direct my letters to me at Buffalo—

July 4th Since writing the above the British Indians has appeared on the British side of the Niagarey & fired acrost on our Inhabitance & on Thursday last thair wair about 100 headed by a few British officers that made their appearance at Lewiston the officers returned the same day to Fort Niagarey the Indians remained in the vicinity until Saturday thair was none of the Inhabitance kild none made prisoners thay plundered what few articels of furnature as thay could find shot sum Cattle & took

of[f] all the Horses thay coud find thay penetrated about 6 miles in the Country & destroyed the Barrack built last winter after the destruction of Lewiston Mr. Thompson on the day of thair crossing commenst cuting our Grass on the Rose Farm [torn] lost sum articels our stock I am inform is safe except a [torn] thay shot Mr. Thompson at this was six miles [torn] it is expected by sum our troops will soon cross from [torn] Canada I dout if thay cross attall from the best information [torn] not more than 6,000 strong

The Inhabitance about Lewiston sum days past requested protection of the commanding officer at Buffalo wair refused I much dout if we save our crop of Wheat & Grass this year if we coud in ordinary time I Shoud judge wood be worth $2,000.

When Jacob's family arrived in Lewiston in October of 1815, the town was a bustle of activity, with residents who had fled before the scourge of the British returning to build new homes on top of the charred ruins.

After the war, when peaceful routines could be resumed again, the floodgates of western expansion opened. Vigorous men, their eager eyes filled with visions of endless horizons, poured from the east along the familiar travel routes, and accompanying them were the insatiable needs for supplies: tools, guns, clothing, food, household effects, etc.

It must have seemed to Jacob as if "no revolutions of time nor work of man could ever turn the tide of business into other channels" (other than the Lake Ontario route). Although people will accept the fact that progress is inevitable, they tend to put limits either on the extent of that progress or its variations. Only storytellers and scientists push beyond limits with their "impossible dreams."

As Kneeland II put it with some amusement: "Often did I hear the remark 'if I can only live till Clinton's big ditch [Erie Canal] is done, I will ask no longer lease of life.' Some of these very men did live to see it done. They lived after it was done, and I presume would have lived longer, if they could have had their choice!"

He went on to say that the completion of the canal at Buffalo on Lake Erie in 1825 convinced his father that many of his expecta-

tions were blasted, since Lake Ontario was bypassed by this popular new trade route. Jacob sold what vessels he had and retired from active business to devote his attention to the farm and his family.

He took an active part in the growing community of Lewiston, helping to establish and support the Lewiston Academy, serving as an Overseer of the Poor, acting as a Supervisor in the town, and participating in the formation of the Lewiston Railroad. He also invested somewhat in shipping ventures on Lake Erie. In 1848 he removed to Buffalo to live with his son-in-law, James Evans, where he died at the age of eighty-one. In the Presbyterian Cemetery in Lewiston there stands this monument at his grave:

> In memory of Jacob Townsend
> Born at Stratford, Conn.
> April 10, 1769
> He removed to Lewiston, N.Y.
> In 1810 where for many years
> He resided and died at Buffalo, N.Y.
> May 7, 1850 aged 81 years

While Jacob was busy promoting the shipping business on Lake Ontario, Kneeland and William were lured west by the craze for new land in the primitive territory of Ohio. The reason why these Connecticut Yankees were concerned with that particular region traces its origin to the Revolution and the birth of the national government.

Many states in the new nation had laid claim to land in the Northwest Territory, Connecticut's claim being that King Charles II had granted the Colony of Connecticut such land by charter in 1662. Consequently in 1786 Connecticut was deeded three million eight hundred thousand acres of real estate by the United States government in northeastern Ohio, which became known as "New Connecticut" or the Western Reserve. It was bounded by Lake Erie on the north, Pennsylvania on the east, Sandusky on the west and the 41° latitude on the south. The Connecticut citizens who settled out there gave that portion of Ohio a New England flavor by naming the villages after their home towns: New London, Fairfield,

Norwalk, Lyme, Greenwich, Danbury, Groton, and New Haven—the last settled in 1810 by Caleb Palmer.

Among the hardy souls who headed west to plant their roots in New Connecticut was a special group of people called "the sufferers," bound for the western end of the Reserve that was nicknamed "the firelands."

The story behind these two curious names grew out of the Revolution: Connecticut towns under attack by the British, houses and barns burned, worldly posessions demolished . . . destitute families. Many appeals to the General Assembly prompted a committee to be appointed to look into the losses and damages sustained by these countrymen. (Out of a total of eighteen hundred sixty-six claims, four hundred ten came from the New Haven-East Haven area, amounting to £16,986.) As a result of the committee's findings, the General Assembly in 1792 quitclaimed one half million unsurveyed acres in Ohio to the citizens of Connecticut's shore towns who had *suffered* losses by *fire* at the hands of the enemy troops during the Revolution. "Sufferers" John Woodward and his son pleaded damages amounting to £1,578; Jehiel Forbes, £173; Amos Morris, £1,235; Timothy Tuttle, £79. Grandfather Jeremiah Townsend, in the midst of the enemy action on the Green, claimed £36 7s. 8d. worth of damage.

This gesture of friendly aid from the state was all very well, but there were still a few problems to be ironed out. Indians occupied the forested land of (old) Huron County and it was as yet unsurveyed wilderness—to mention nothing of the long, arduous river and lake route to the Ohio shore or the equally rough, tedious journey overland through Pennsylvania.

The first problem was solved by inducing the Wyandot Indians to give up their land in return for $18,916.67 plus presents of rum and tobacco. Problem number two was attacked by hardy surveyors, who laid off the area in townships five miles square. This proved to be quite a formidable task, so much so that it was not until 1808 that lots were finally available to be drawn by the claimants or their representatives. By this time, some twenty-five years since their war disasters, the "sufferers" had undoubtedly man-

aged to make a go of it at home and were not particularly eager to travel those wilderness miles to a strange and lonely land. Understandably, few were willing to face the hardships, and thus the western lands were settled very slowly.

The War of 1812 changed the thinking back east, however. With commerce ruined along the eastern seaboard, traders going bankrupt, and a particularly unusual summer of severe frosts in 1816, the tide westward to take possession of property rights began to flow strong and full.

The brothers Townsend were early arrivals on the Ohio scene, having bought "fireland" grants at twenty-five cents per acre from the Woodward family in 1809. Perhaps as Kneeland viewed for the first time the wide-vista country, not quite rolling but yet not flat, veined with creeks and river valleys, swathed in forest and meadow, he mused of the future—the fruit and wheat-growing, rich farming, great shipping activities on nearby Lake Erie. Kneeland gave the family name to his township of twenty-two thousand acres. The first settlers in Townsend were Christian. As they explained to their proprietor: "We don't want you to sell land to everyone, to have them come to be among us; we want to have it a Christian Settlement."

They were proud of their settlement, and its reputation continued through the years, as recorded in the *Firelands Pioneer.*

> The name of Townsend in connection with the history of the Firelands will ever attract the attention of its pioneers and their descendants where ever scattered because of its prominence among those who early established therein civilization and its attendant prosperity.

In 1816 Kneeland and his wife changed their residence permanently from Connecticut to Ohio. He must have made many trips back and forth to New Haven, ordering supplies, overseeing the shipments, and also seeing his sisters and brother Isaac. On one such visit in 1829, Kneeland brought Isaac and Woodward Todd back west with him. The Todd family had worked for him on the East Haven farm and now had decided to join their employer in Ohio. Woodward became a clerk in the Townsend blockhouse-

store. Later his father, Moses Todd, and his brother Kneeland (twin to Isaac and undoubtedly named after their benefactors) followed and situated themselves in the lake port of Vermillion.

And what of the farm in East Haven? In the years subsequent to the purchase of the old Tuttle farm, Kneeland Townsend continued to add to his holdings in the area—a couple of acres of pasture land here and a few acres of salt meadows there—until he had acquired one hundred sixty acres, more or less. This total acreage he sold to his nephew, William Kneeland Townsend, for $7,500 on October 23, 1824. Now William owned and would manage the farm. Isaac, his father, held the mortgage on it, however.

In Ohio, Kneeland resolutely took the first step in taming his township. "The country was all a wilderness and the men had to cut their roads through brush and logs." A blockhouse or trading center was erected in 1822 for use as a store and also as a protection against any Indian attack. The Indians proved to be friendly customers, though. The water courses were small in the area but sawmills were set up on three of the principal streams, the largest of which was Rattlesnake Creek. They emptied into the Huron River. By 1860 a village of sixty or seventy families circumscribed two dry goods and grocery stores and two churches. (Author's note: The township was still, in the year 1964, sparsely populated, with the tiny village of Townsend nothing more than a few houses and a store huddled around the crossroads.)

Kneeland was well regarded in the area, "a gentleman highly respected for his integrity, correct business habits and general uprightness of character." That he was a gentleman in appearance too is born out by his nephew's memory. "I see my Uncle Kneeland with his powdered hair, white top boots, coat of blue, yellow metal buttons, buff waistcoat, white stockings and plaited ruffle shirt."

William Townsend, after the bankruptcy of the Danbury woolen factory and his skirmish with the church elders, had also headed for frontierland, joining his brother Kneeland in the Ohio undertaking. But he chose to center his energy on Sandusky, where he built the first store, a two-room log blockhouse on the shore front.

As the town grew, "Billy" kept pace as a merchant dealing in dry goods, groceries, crockery, books and stationery, etc.—often brought by sleigh from New Haven. He became a successful and influential citizen of Sandusky as a merchant, the first elected Recorder of the incorporated city, the first president of the newly formed bank of Sandusky, an owner of a line of steamers running between western lake ports and the city of Buffalo, and an investor of the Mad River Railroad connecting the Great Lakes with the Ohio River—the first rail west of the Allegheny.

His marriage to Maria Lampson produced seven daughters and one son, William Kneeland Dell Townsend. On July 27, 1849, five years after he had retired from active business, William was felled, as was his wife, by an epidemic of cholera that swept the town. He was buried in Oakland Cemetery.

Actually Kneeland was the first of the brothers "to loose these mortal bonds," on May 15, 1844, of paralysis in Milan, Ohio, where he had moved a few years before.

It had been William's job to settle Kneeland's estate, a formidable task. At the time William was not too happy with the prospect, as Capt. Charles Hervey Townshend remembers:

> On his [William's] last visit to New Haven, I was at the table in grandfather Isaac Townsend's old house where he lunched just as he was leaving in the steamer for New York. He was much annoyed because father [William Kneeland Townsend] would not go to Ohio and look out for Uncle Kneeland Townsend's land.
>
> The town of Townsend in the Firelands, Ohio, was badly managed after Uncle Kneeland's sickness and death and young Kneeland Townsend, son of Jacob Townsend, was put in charge and the land sold for a song. There was enough sold to give Aunt Anne [Susanna], *who had not a cent* at the time of Uncle Kneeland's death, property valued at $50,000 at her death.

Charles Hervey prophesied in the same memorandum: "*Raynham property will probably go the same way.*"

The household effects in Milan were sold at public auction with Kneeland, the nephew, officiating as auctioneer. His dry sense of humor, evidenced throughout his lengthy correspondence with

Capt. C. H. Townshend, crops up even during this most overwhelming but necessary, disturbing yet poignant job—the disposition of a relative's belongings:

> A considerable portion of the stock was books, mostly antiquated history and antiquated divinity—sermons divided into fourteen or fifteen parts, closing up with an improvement in three parts and then finishing off with what was styled a *few* practical observations. There were a few old novels; these sold pretty well, but the divinity went exceedingly hard, but I think if the purchasers read the sermons, they had the worst of it.

Another amusing story, which must have been a family favorite, began in his uncle's store in New Haven where Kneeland worked as a boy:

> I remember among the accumulations in the store a lot of high-heeled shoes with sharp toes and alot of gimp or trimming. There seemed to be an opinion that anything would sell in the war and one mode of getting rid of any old traps was to make up occasionally alot of old traps and send them to Father [in Lewiston].
>
> In 1816, I left New Haven for Lewiston. Not long after we got a box from New Haven and among the rest, I found the old sharp-toed shoes and the well-known gimp.

While going through his deceased uncle's goods, "obviously the remnants and remains of a multiplicity of old stocks, older than I was by a long shot, among the rest of the wonders of nature and providence came up for the third time the same old sharp-toed shoes and the everlasting gimp!"

These appealing and highly informative letters, all written in the first months of 1869, reflect the events and customs of young Kneeland's time: driving cows to pasture on Franklin Street; boarding at various ministers' homes and being schooled by them; starting the day on the simple fare of bread and milk collected from parishioners; going to bed at the orthodox bedtime, in both city and country, of nine o'clock; attending a Presbyterian church in the winter where there was no fire "except what came from the pulpit" and when the only thing in the service that interested young Kneeland in those days was the "final Amen"; watching as a small lad,

through the knees of a crowd assembled on the New Haven Green, two men, convicted of manslaughter, receive the sentence of "forty lashes save one" at the town whipping post and the brand "M S" on the right hand; observing a Connecticut regiment embark at Tomlinson's Bridge on the transport *General McClellan*, bound for the Chesapeake Bay and the Civil War.

He told several tales of puckish humor:

> A man by the name of Claus was the sexton of the middle brick church. He not only rang the bell on Sunday, dug the graves and buried the dead when occasion required, but attended the cannon and superintended the firing on the 4th of July and similar occasions.
>
> On an occasion of the kind, Mr. Claus was called as usual. The order of the exercises was laid down and fully understood—so many guns to this toast, so many for that. But in the drinking, Claus was entirely overlooked. Bye and bye, the gun ceased to respond. A deputation was sent to inquire into causes and rectify the wrong. The inquiry was made and in his broken English, Claus responded:
>
> "Who the tevil you tink is going to fire the goon all the tay and you trink all the poonch?"

New Haven boys in those days were called pranksters rather than delinquents if they cut up a bit, and their pranks were usually not harmful to life or limb—just to pride! Kneeland tells of

> an old maid, an attendant of Mr. Merwin's church [United Church]. I have often heard it said that homely women are always clever. If so she ought to have been exceedingly clever. She was uncommonly long spliced—gaunt and pretty well in the sere and yellow leaf. She was a singer, occupied the seat next to the chorister, always on hand and always one of the most conspicuous objects in the gallery. She occupied a building on the main street of the city, using part of it as a milliner's shop, which business she carried on.
>
> One day the pranksters painted on her door:

FOR SALE—DURING THE TERM OF LIFE
REBECCA DUNNING FOR A WIFE
ALTHO SHE'S HOMELY, POOR, & THIN
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ENQUIRE WITHIN

Rigid economy and hard work by all classes in those days were

a matter of frequent emphasis in Kneeland's letters: "I will recollect that my Father said the largest sum of money he ever received from his Father was 25 cents." And again:

> I distinctly recollect once hearing your grandfather say he had always been ready to work for 12½ ¢ per hour.
>
> I remember when Christmas and New Year's was . . . a time of good wishes and presents to juveniles. We embraced the opportunity of exchanging our good wishes for something more substantial with my Uncle K., Uncle Isaac and William, Grandfather and [Uncle] Joel Atwater; from each of these we invariably received the established sum of one cent. Grandfather always excited our gratitude by adding to his donation, a piece of cold Indian pudding, or in default of this, a piece of bread and molasses.

In the early years of the new nation and well into the nineteenth century, folks were largely dependent upon themselves. "Easy come, easy go" was *not* an expression to characterize the living then. Most of the clothing, for example, was made by the family.

"Every farmer raised a piece of flax," related Kneeland:

> this he rotted, broke, swingled, and hatcheted by hand. Then it was committed to the women, who again hatcheted it. What came out was tow—what remained was flax. The tow was carded by hand and spun upon a big wheel, the flax upon a small one. On this also they spun all their shoe thread and also the main part of what was used for sewing. Most families had a loom in the house and wove their own cloth. The clothing of farmers in the summer for work was a linen shirt, a tow-cloth pair of pantaloons, and a frock of tow, a kind of overshirt coming down to or below the knees.

When stores began to have a variety of articles to tempt the female fancy, tow-cloth was brought in to the merchant as barter. "Often have I seen women coming to the store of I. & K. Townsend on horseback with rolls of tow-cloth behind them, exchanging them for such commodities as desired," recalled Kneeland. It is easy to understand that such articles earned by dint of long and tedious labor would be taken care of and appreciated.

When young Kneeland joined his family in Lewiston, New York, after the war, he met and married Caroline Frisbee, daughter of Dr. Gideon Frisbee, a Connecticut Yankee residing in Canada before

the War of 1812. Sympathetic to his countrymen's cause, Dr. Frisbee fled with his family and joined up with the Canadian Volunteers, attached to the United States Army. Caroline, as a little girl of nine, suffered many hardships and dangers while the family was constantly on the move, just ahead of the British and Indian onslaughts.

The newlyweds emigrated to Ohio and set up housekeeping on a farm, given to Kneeland by his uncle. Neither enjoyed good health and after a while they moved back to town. They had one living child and thirteen in the graveyard, most of whom had died of consumption.

One final paragraph should be added to these vivid letters of nephew Kneeland, to give an insight into the gentle irony of his philosophy:

> I am constantly impressed with the conviction that a man needs the experience of building three or four houses, to enable him to build the first house and needs the experience of a lifetime to learn how to live his first life; but it is our great misfortune that we cannot profit by the experience of others.

Kneeland died an old man of seventy-six, hopelessly feeble-minded, in an insane asylum near Cleveland. He was laid to rest "in a retired spot where repose the remains of his Uncle and Aunt, his own wife and several of his children"—so wrote his brother Sheldon in 1876.

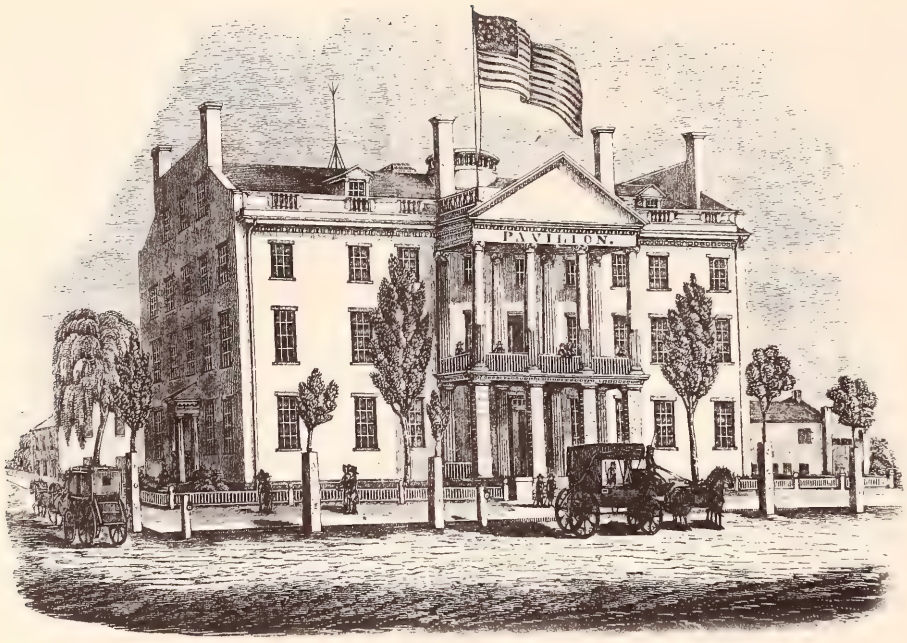
In bringing back the past and bringing back to life the Townsend ancestors who settled in New Haven, these pages on Ohio seem far afield. But this division of stock, so to speak, was a major one. The Townsend roots, planted in American soil in 1638 in Lynn, Massachusetts, had branched and divided and like tendrils of ivy in the spring, crept out from village to town, with one sturdy offshoot rerooting itself in New Haven. Here, as has been seen, it thrived for a couple of generations until the War of 1812 jolted it to the very roots. A mood of excitement and frustration was in the air which in turn resolved either into an attitude of striking out anew for oneself or patiently sitting tight.

Brothers Kneeland, Jacob, and William had turned their faces

and fortunes expectantly to the west. Isaac chose to anchor himself firmly at home. If he had not, if Isaac had sold his real estate in New Haven and departed too with his family, this story could not have been written from this locale where eight generations of Townsends have prospered.

"Prospect Hill," East Haven, Townsend home from 1804 to 1858.

Elizabeth Durand
(Mrs. William Isaac Townsend),
artist of the above picture.



Steamboat Hotel, later called "The Pavilion," built by Kneeland Townsend and Isaac Tomlinson about 1800.

Tomlinson's Bridge over the Quinnipiac River, about 1800.

CHAPTER XI

STAY-AT-HOME ISAAC, JR.

IN spite of the frustrations of war and disruptions to the mercantile trade, Isaac, Jr., struggled to maintain business-as-usual in the store at College and Chapel Street. But now the gold and black sign (now stored in our attic) advertised just "I. TOWNSEND Jr. & Co. Merchant Tailors." Goods were scarce, but he still made regular trips to New York to try to replenish his stock.

One day, October 9, 1814, while returning home from New York on the packet sloop *Susan*, Isaac and his eleven-year-old son, Isaac Henry, found themselves a part of the war itself. Charles Hervey in his notes told of this harrowing episode in his grandfather's life:

> During the greater part of this war, the navigation of the Sound was annoyed by British vessels of war blockading the east entrance. The sloop *Susan*, Captain John Miles, made numerous successful runs and this last trip for the season she had taken on board in New York valuable merchandise for the winter supply of New Haven merchants, who had arrived in New York by land and expected to return as they came.
>
> With other merchants, Isaac Townsend went to New York and having shipped his goods by the *Susan*, he remained on the wharf to see the Packet off on the afternoon of October 9, 1814. The weather was fine and with a fresh southwest gale and flood tide giving every evidence of a quick run to New Haven, enabling them to arrive before daylight next morning. Mr. Townsend with his son Isaac Henry were induced to take passage, thus saving time and expense. Captain Miles told him, when asked if there was danger of capture, that the unarmed Packet could hug the Connecticut shore and dodge into the many inlets in case of the enemy's appearance.
>
> The Packet made a quick run through Hell Gate and passed Throg's

> Neck before dark and with a spanking breeze was by Norwalk before midnight when the wind veered to the southward and at sunrise was light and baffling. When off Stratford, a lubberly wood sloop was observed to windward and "close aboard" and seemed moved with a crew of three men. She was standing to the westward with a deck load of firewood, mainsail double-reefed and boom triced up to allow its free movements, according to conditions.

She did not appear suspicious, so Captain Miles hailed her to ask for news of the enemy fleet. In reply, up went the English ensign and overboard part of the deck load of wood, exhibiting a long Tom. (The wood sloop had been taken several days before by one of Sir Thomas Hardy's vessels and made a tender to the brig-of-war *Despatch*.)

A command to surrender followed, which was acceded to without conditions. A prize crew took charge and the *Susan* was convoyed to Plum Island and anchored under the guns of the frigate *Pomona*, Captain Carteret. He sent word to New Haven that the *Susan* with passengers and cargo would be ransomed for two thousand Spanish milled paper dollars.

Upon receiving word of his father's and brother's plight, William Kneeland Townsend, then eighteen years old, hurried to the New Haven Bank, of which Isaac was a stockholder, obtained the ransom money, stuffed it into saddle bags, and galloped off through the night to the salt works (Woodmont) on the shore. There on the beach William paid over the money to the officer sent from the *Despatch*, which was lying hove to in the offing with the captured vessels and passengers in charge. The payment of ransom accomplished, the *Susan* was released and given a few hours to reach New Haven or be recaptured.

The *Susan*'s crew made sail, but she was retarded by calms. With time expiring, the war brig sent her boats to recapture her. Then came an oar chase! The *Susan*, towed by her boat and propelled by her long sweeps, made slow progress. Some of the passengers paddled with boards. A package of hay forks was found among the freight and, as a last resort, canvas was attached to the tines so that they could be used for sails and oars or, in case of need, as weapons.

Luckily a light breeze sprang up and the sloop with great effort succeeded in getting within the range of Fort Hale's guns. These opened fire on the enemy boats and caused them to abandon the chase. Thus the *Susan* made her escape, arriving at the wharf in New Haven about dusk the same day.

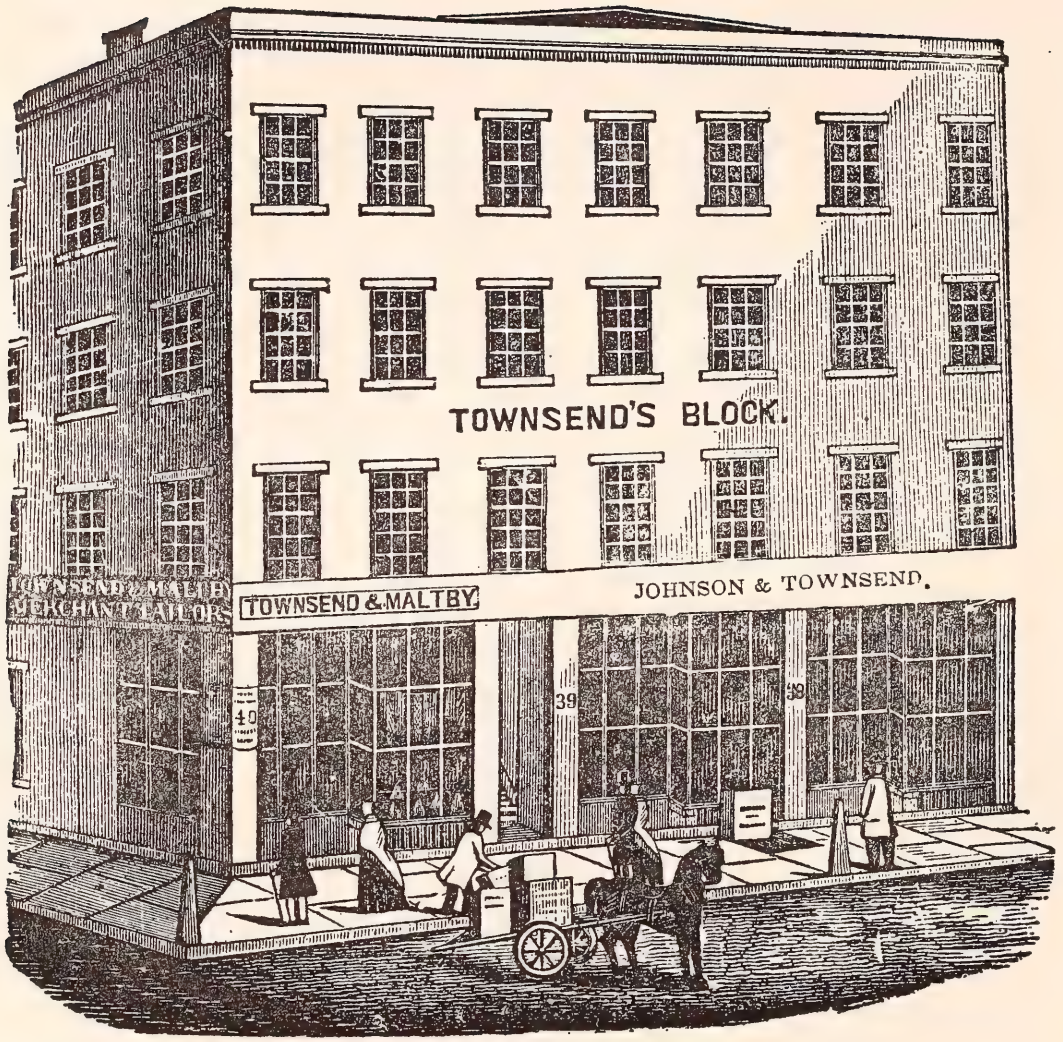
Among Isaac's many mercantile interests, both home and abroad, were two branch houses in Charleston and Cheraw, South Carolina. Cheraw was a pre-Revolutionary town (Cornwallis had used St. David's Church there for a hospital in 1780) on the Great Pee Dee River in a vast region of yellow pine. From here lumber and turpentine were shipped downstream on flatboats via the Cooper River to Charleston, and from there transferred to oceangoing vessels bound for foreign ports.

For the storage of his sea-transported merchandise, Isaac had warehouses on the wharves in New Haven. Disaster struck a warehouse one day, as reported in the *Columbian Register* on October 28, 1820:

> "On Thursday, the 26th inst., at about 12 o'clock, our citizens were alarmed by the cry of fire. The fire originated near the head of Long Wharf, in a wooden building, owned by Isaac Townsend. . . . Unfortunately, the tide was out, and whilst the flames were making progress south, the very scanty supply of water for the two Engines in that direction, could only be obtained from pumps at the head of the wharf. It was difficult to preserve the line which was necessarily so near the fire that the people were literally scorched. . . . About twenty-six houses and warehouses, many of them filled with West India produce, are reduced to ashes . . . . New Haven was never visited by such a dreadful calamity before . . . . The loss is estimated at about $150,000 to $250,000."

In spite of this financial debacle, Isaac was able to retire from an active business with an ample fortune and let his conscientious sons, William Kneeland and George Atwater, carry on.

In 1830 the Townsend brothers erected an imposing four-story building on their downtown property. It became known as the "Townsend block" and is still standing on the southwest corner of Chapel and College. The building remained in the Townsend fam-



Townsend's Block, Chapel & College Streets.

ily until the early 1900s when it was sold by the "two Townsend widows." Various Townsend merchant-tailor establishments were located on this site through the years, starting with I. & K. Townsend, then Isaac & Wm. Townsend, Isaac Townsend, Jun. & Co., and Townsend & Hull, the last when Isaac retired and the sons took over. Knevals, Hull & Townsend followed for a couple of years, then Townsend & Maltby for six years, described as "West End Merchant Tailoring and Gentleman's Furnishing Establishment." Johnson, Welles & Townsend, a dry goods company, occupied the building at the same time. During this period, 1846–1857, James, Fred, Robert, and Timothy Townsend used 40 Chap-

el Street as their business address. After 1857 it was rented to other concerns, one of them Moseley's New Haven House Annex, a well-known New England hotel that boasted "standing wash basins and private telephones" in an 1892 advertisement.

Not long after the brothers took over the business, George decided to try his fortune in New York City. He departed about 1838 leaving William Kneeland in sole charge of the family's fifty-year-old mercantile trade.

Tracing this branch of the family for a bit, George Atwater Townsend, born in New Haven in 1807, married Juliet Sanford, who died early without issue. Then in 1853 he married Mildred A. Parker of Louisville, Kentucky. George soon became a prominent citizen in New York as a partner in the importing house of Hook & Townsend and later as sole owner of that company. He founded and was the first president of the Continental Bank, which since has become the Chemical National Bank of today. His daughter Mildred, by his second wife, married Gen. John W. Heard and produced a son, Townsend Heard, who has always been interested in his mother's side of the family. For many years he has kept in touch with the New Haven relatives and also with the noble English Townshends. In 1931, Gen. Townsend Heard first visited Raynham Hall after returning from "the famous South American tour on the Royal ship with the Prince of Wales [afterwards Edward VIII] and his brother, the Duke of Kent, Prince George." Since then his ties with the Townshends have strengthened. George A. Townsend's only son, George Parker, had five children, Paul Donald being the only boy. There are no male heirs.

And now back to Isaac, who was not only a successful merchant and real estate investor but also a respected member of the New Haven community, serving from 1821 to 1836 as a director of the New Haven Bank, chartered in 1792, the first bank to open its doors in the city. Isaac and his wife joined United Church in 1807, Rhoda having relinquished her membership in the First Society of Center Church. They owned and occupied pew number six in the Second Society.

The Townsends' charming home at 22 High Street was sur-

rounded with fruit trees and gardens enclosed by a white picket fence. In the front yard a beautiful silver bell tree attracted the admiration of passersby. According to tradition, the house later served as a station of the "underground railway" for Negroes escaping north. Runaway slaves were hidden in the big chimney that had an encircling bench within it.

Isaac's land, originally bought by Grandfather Jeremiah, extended to George Street and from High to York Street. Mrs. George Pierce Baker in her paper on the Townsend–Beers House relates that "this ground was then the back garden of one of the Townsend fathers on College Street." The site had blossomed considerably from its primeval state when west of York Street was a sand bluff and a brook at Park Street that ran into George Street creek. Old-timers could remember when boats were moored at the corner of Park and Chapel Streets.

When Kneeland moved to Ohio, he relinquished his rights to all lands owned jointly with his brother, Isaac, including this piece of land on High Street quitclaimed on March 16, 1810.

After his parents' death Isaac Henry, a bachelor, lived in the family home until he died six years later. In the adjacent house at 12 High Street, built by Isaac in his south garden, lived his daughter Elizabeth. She had married Isaac Beers, manager of the well-known Apothecaries Hall, the first drug store in town. Elizabeth's son, John Beers, occupied the old Townsend house after 1847 and later his widow, Charlotte, continued to live there, giving music lessons in the front parlor. John and his wife are the ones who get the credit for helping the escaping slaves.

In 1892 when Elizabeth Townsend Beers died, the house passed to her grandson, Alexander Evans, Professor of Botany at Yale. He rented it out through the years. George Parmly Day, treasurer of Yale University, and his wife lived there for a while as did Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doolittle, the last residents. They called the place "The Happy House" because of its serenity and loveliness. In 1934, when Isaac's old home was torn down for a parking lot, the Yale School of Fine Arts came into possession of the façade and eventually gave it to the Marine Historical Association in Mystic

Seaport for possible use on one of their restored houses. Unfortunately, the hurricane of 1954 damaged much of the stored material.

Isaac and Rhoda were a devoted couple, as attested to by Isaac's brief but eloquent entry in his little record book: "My beloved wife departed this life Friday 10 day April 1840 one o clock afternoon 74 years of age. We had lived together forty-five years." He followed her to the grave a year later on November 5, 1841. They were both buried in the Grove Street Cemetery.

A printed Family Memorial was customary in those days and the one of Isaac and Rhoda Townsend illustrates the esteem in which they were held (quoted in part): "A kind husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend, a useful citizen and a sincere Christian; his life appears to have been characterized by as many virtues as fall to the lot of humanity"; and of Rhoda: "During a long life, she discharged its various duties with exemplary fidelity and has left a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure."

The newspaper extolled Isaac Townsend with these words: "Distinguished by his correct judgment, uniform integrity, and perfect execution of every trust, he secured the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens and of all with whom he became connected in his transactions."

The 1841 inventory of Isaac Townsend's estate included many pieces of real estate in downtown New Haven and nearby communities, and his lengthy will specified in great detail the multiple divisions of wealth conveyed in fair share to his children. The land and buildings called "The Homestead," on the east side of New Haven harbor, were valued at $8,500.

A word about Isaac's fourth son, Isaac Henry. He was a tall, well-built lad with a serious, brilliant mind. Upon graduating from Hopkins Grammar School in 1818, he matriculated at Yale at the precocious age of fifteen and finished his years there as the second highest ranking scholar in his class. The nineteen-year-old boy delivered the Greek Oration at his commencement, September 11, 1822.

As secretary of his class until his death, Isaac was deeply interested in the progress of each member. It is truly heartwarming to

read in the minutes of the Class of '22 reunion, held in 1845, of the concern the members had for each other—to wit: a suggestion "to interest ourselves particularly in the welfare of the children of deceased classmates, should any be left destitute." (Twenty-three years after graduation *one third* of the class had died!)

Reading further, one suddenly gets jabbed with a needlepoint of fact: this commendable suggestion had been brought up at the Class Meeting in '35, referred to the meeting in '40, approved again in '45, and recommended to the favorable consideration of the next meeting in '50. Another five years and the "destitute children" would be having children!

Upon his father's death, Isaac Henry became a wealthy man and used this wealth to encourage students in higher learning, which he respected so much. He founded the Isaac H. Townsend Prize at Yale for excellence in English Composition. Public education of youngsters also aroused his interest, as shown in this excerpt from a report of the Board of Visitors at a meeting of the first School Society of New Haven:

> The Board are especially happy to record an act of interest and liberality on the part of Isaac H. Townsend, which is worthy of notice and mention. During the last term, he proposed a series of arithmetical problems to the boys in the Lancasterian School and gave $5 to be distributed to the five boys who should solve them most accurately. He has also offered $10 to the ten boys in the same school, which shall produce the best specimens of English composition. The influence of things of this kind are most highly beneficial and are worthy of commendation and imitation.

Isaac Henry went on to become an instructor in the Yale Law School (1842–1846) and subsequently became the first Professor of Law. He was the first of the family to excel in a profession. Previously the Townsends had largely been merchants or husbandmen.

It is said that Professor Townsend's reputation for legal knowledge was not surpassed by any man of his time in Connecticut. Henry Baldwin Harrison, Governor of Connecticut, was liberal in his praise of Isaac in a letter to Captain Charles H. Townshend: "I shall never forget my indebtedness to him as my instructor in

the Law School . . . . He was as straight and firm in character as he was in physical frame."

Others commenting on his character said: "He manifested the acute and solid and strong intellectual qualities rather than the showy, the ready and the versatile," and "He never smiled, but at some peculiarly good legal joke he would give a gurgle which passed for a laugh."

In 1834 Isaac was elected representative to the General Assembly along with his brother William Kneeland, a delegate from East Haven. They attended sessions in the State House on the Green. This was when New Haven and Hartford shared honors as the state capital. But Isaac did not care for the rough-and-tumble of politics or the hot emotions and cold intrigues of that special world. Gentle, amiable, "uncommonly correct in his deportment," he retired more and more to the scholar's island of cool, clean ideas surrounded by a sea of protective books, soothed by the long, quiet hours of study. During the last years of his life, he gave up going to church but pursued his own brand of worship by reading theology at home.

When in the prime of life, disease attacked him with weeks of severe pain in his head. "I know not what to do," he wrote,

> life is a burden and my distress sinks me to the earth . . . . If I cannot be useful, I had rather die and be with my father and mother . . . . A few months ago everything was just as I would have it, but now all is ruin and darkness and wretchedness, too dreadful for human nature to bear.

Isaac died of apoplexy in 1847 in his childhood home. It is said that the deep melancholy he fell into a year or so before his death was due to a mistaken fancy that he had committed a legal error in drawing up an important will.

CHAPTER XII

WILLIAM KNEELAND TOWNSEND MOVES TO EAST HAVEN

THURSDAY, *April 23, 1829*: "A very pleasant day. Removed this day my family and furniture to the Farm; all arrived safe and everything appears very pleasant."

With this entry in his diary, William Kneeland established permanent residence on his farm in East Haven. But before this significant event occurred, many other important things had happened to the would-be farmer. A quick flashback to his earlier life:

William Kneeland Townsend, the first-born of Isaac and Rhoda Townsend, spent his childhood in the family's house on the corner of Chapel and York. When he was fourteen, the family moved into their lovely new house on High Street, where William grew into manhood, taking ever increasing responsibility in his father's store. In his early years he attended Mr. Cook's school on the northwest corner of Elm and High, and in 1814 he graduated from Hopkins Grammar School, then located at Church and Crown.

At age twenty-four, on December 3, 1820, he married Eliza Ann Mulford, oldest daughter of Hervey and Nancy (Bradley) Mulford, born in New Haven on November 26, 1798. The Reverend Samuel Merwin officiated.

Let us make a brief excursion into Hervey Mulford's main mission in life, the righting of wrongs in the French spoliations of 1790–1800, to show the tremendous impact the prewar troubles (War of 1812) had on the coastal merchants. The pathetic story began with French privateersmen grabbing American ships without regard to their neutrality. Two companies in particular were hard hit, the New Haven Insurance Company and the Derby Fish-

ing Company, the latter in which Jacob Townsend had great stakes. Those who had entrusted their funds to these companies found themselves either penniless or financially crippled to the extent that they could not regain their commercial standing.

Hervey Mulford, a prosperous businessman, had about $100,000 invested, and in one vessel alone, which was captured, he had committed himself to the sum of $30,000. After the war eleven people in New Haven made claims, seeking redress from the United States government whose solemn duty it was to protect its citizens and right any injustice inflicted upon them. A power of attorney was given Mr. Mulford by the other New Haveners, and for the rest of his life he attended every session of Congress, attempting to interest its members in the matter.

During the administration of President Polk, both the House and Senate passed the bill for the payment of the claims and only awaited the President's signature, which was personally promised. Mr. Mulford came home confident that his unswerving efforts were now at an end. But his cautious wife said:

"Hervey, are you sure you are right?"

The jubilant man was too hopeful for doubts. "The President has personally told me with his own mouth that he would sign the bill, and he will not, cannot go back on his word."

The money was already as good as in the bank. After so many patient, weary years he had at last successfully concluded the responsibility given him. Yet in a few days came the rude shock. The President had vetoed the bill, presumably pressured by southern and western representatives who did not want the government to pay out a lot of money in which their constituents had no share.

This was too much for poor Hervey Mulford. His depressed state brought on a paralysis and he died shortly thereafter, a victim of crushed hopes. It was not until 1855 that Congress authorized the Court of Claims to reimburse the claimants or their descendants for their losses in the French piracy matter. About $4,800,000 was paid out by the United States government. Eliza must have been saddened to think that her father could not have lived to see that day.

Eliza Mulford was educated at the New Township Academy on

Wooster Square and at Miss Pierce's School in Litchfield, a most successful school for young women which was in operation for forty years and edified two thousand young ladies of good intellect and breeding. Some of Eliza's illustrious classmates were the daughters of Dr. Noah Webster, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the Honorable Alexander Hamilton.

Graduating at the head of her class, Miss Mulford went on to the Hartford Female Seminary, where she won the prize in 1816 for her sketch of a map of the United States. The extent of Eliza's education is truly amazing for a young girl in those times. She was obviously very intelligent and evidently had liberal-minded parents.

A little vignette of Eliza as a child: As young girls often do, Eliza had an exclusive opinion about boys, i.e., they should be excluded every time a choice was possible. One such occasion was a bright spring morning when Amos Townsend and his little sister Sally went calling at Mr. Hervey Mulford's big stone house on State Street near the corner of Chapel. They knocked properly on the big front door, which was immediately opened by Eliza, a broom clutched in her hand like a club.

"I won't have any boys come to see me," she said icily. "Sally, *you* may come in."

"No," lisped four-year-old Sally sweetly, "if Amos can't come with me, we'll go home." So home they went, vanquished by a broomstick and Eliza's ban on boys. What would prim Miss Mulford have thought if someone had told her then that she was destined to have a family of *eight* boys!

Her father, Hervey Mulford, was later engaged in foreign commerce for a time in New York City, so after commencement Eliza lived there until she married the young merchant from New Haven and moved back to her home town.

The young couple may have stayed the first years of their married life in Isaac's house on High Street. In any case the increasing brood of children undoubtedly prompted William to consider larger living quarters.

Even as a youngster of twelve, agriculture-minded William had had a keen interest in his father's and uncle's farm in East Haven.

On March 5, 1808, he bought of David Tracy two hundred apple trees at eighty cents each and set them out on the farm. His choices were: German Bow, Dutch Swaar, Vandevers, Newtown Pippins, Kitro Sweeting, Royals, Roxbury Russett, Non Parrille, Nonsuch, and other varieties no longer heard of.

In the East Haven Town Records, February 23, 1829, the following land deed was recorded:

"I, William Kneeland Townsend, for the consideration of $7500 paid Isaac Townsend for a farm in East Haven in the county of New Haven . . . said piece containing 160 acres more or less with all the buildings standing thereon being the same land which said Isaac Townsend has conveyed to me by deed executed this day."

It is interesting to realize that the Tuttles who sold this farm, once part of the old Indian reservation, were related to W. K. Townsend's wife Eliza. The line is traced in this manner: William, an original planter of New Haven, and Elizabeth Tuttle were the parents of Joseph Tuttle, Sr. (born 1628), who married Hannah Munson. They were the parents of Joseph Tuttle, Jr. (born 1668), who married Elizabeth Sanford and had Joseph III (born 1692). Captain Joseph Tuttle married Mercy Thompson and had Mary (born 1720), who married John Hemingway. Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway were the parents of Anne (born 1743), who married Abraham Bradley. The Bradleys' daughter Nancy married Hervey Mulford and to them was born Eliza. (The Joseph Tuttle who occupied the east-shore farmland during the Revolution was a first cousin of Mary Tuttle Hemingway, Eliza's great-grandmother. So we can say our family bought the land from the Indians!)

On Friday, March 20, 1829, William became the first Townsend to take up permanent residence on the family farm. His Uncle Kneeland had lived for a while at "Bayridge," as he called it, and later a cousin, William Buck Townsend, was married in the house and lived there for a couple of years, his first child Kneeland having been born there in 1818.

"Bayridge" gave way to a new name, "Prospect Hill," which in turn was discarded many years later for "Raynham." On an 1868 map of East Haven, Prospect Hill is located in the West District of

town. Other locailities in the area were given picturesque names too: Waterside (near Tomlinson's Bridge), Walnut Grove (amid the Woodward holdings), Maple Shade (the Main Street section), and Brightview (encompassing Fort Hale). The last name for some odd reason seems to persist on modern maps, when in fact no present-day resident of Morris Cove has ever heard of Brightview. Also the broad application of the name has shrunk to a specific dot on the shore of the cove, making Brightview appear to be a village or town of some importance. The whole evolution is rather mystifying.

In William Kneeland's diary, which covers almost four years, from 1829 to 1832, the first entry reads: "I called this day on Mr. Todd [tenant farmer hired by Kneeland] and agreed what way we would settle the concerns of the Farm." After two weeks of examining tedious accounts everything was in order, and the Todd family left. There was much to be done on the land, which was worn down and unproductive, and on the house and outbuildings, all in a dilapidated condition. The new owner set upon the work with a will, hiring men right away:

> *Thursday 26 March*—Mr. Wilson has this morning agreeable to my request, come over to select such tools as we want on the Farm for immediate use, he returned immediately and will go to work at such things as wants to be done, trimming the trees in the orchard will be done first—or pulling down the old Burnham house. [The Burnham house and thirty-seven acres had formerly belonged to David Burnham and his wife, Rachael Tuttle, an inheritance from her father Timothy Tuttle. Isaac and Kneeland bought that particular piece in 1800.]
>
> *Monday 30 March 1829*—Henry Terrill [the Boy] has this day come to live with me on the Farm; he is to carry milk and do any work required, he is to stay on trial and I agree to give him what he may be worth. I told his Father I thought if he stayed til next Fall he would be worth $6 per month, perhaps he will be worth more.
>
> *Tuesday 31 March*—Sidney Umberfield (from Woodbury) came to the Farm agreeable to his agreement this afternoon and commences working tomorrow morning for six months at $15 per month.
>
> *Wednesday 22 April*—Julius Upson began to work this morning at $13 per month.

Trees in the north and south orchards on either side of the house were trimmed and scraped, a new peach orchard planted, the scraggly poplars in the yard about the house cut down, stones cleared from the fresh meadows, and quantities of manure spread. "Boy took over a load of provisions and furniture and the spotted sow and pigs [from New Haven]. I went over at noon with Lydia [house servant] who will stay to take care until the family moves."

One month later things were shaping up in fine fashion so on Thursday, April 23, the family moved in from New Haven. At that stage, the family consisted of his wife (whom William Kneeland refers to throughout his entire diary as *Mrs.* Townsend, never as Eliza) and four young children: William, James, George, and month-old baby Frederick.

All of this occurred while William Kneeland Townsend continued to attend to business in the store, dividing his time quite evenly between the two concerns. His heart was with the affairs of the farm though, as the entries in his diary are almost exclusively taken up with them.

Slowly the work progressed: brush was pulled off the garden in back of the house and new fences staked out. Sand from the shores of the harbor was carted to fill up holes in the north orchard, then manure was everlastingly spread. For nine whole days Sidney, Julius, and Henry carted manure to the north orchard. On Saturday, June 13, some sort of record must have been set when they carted *thirteen* loads of manure to the peach orchard! Ploughing and planting came next and when that was done, Sidney and Henry went back to carting more manure, this time from the Burnham barn to Crain's Bar lot. But manure was not the only fertilizer used. Sidney also "carted 2 loads white fish, say 8,000, from the bridge [Tomlinson's] to that lot."

From dawn to dark, six days a week, ploughing, harrowing, sowing, "hoeing and weeding in the garden amongst the beets and radishes" the men patiently worked—hauling stones for fences, pulling down old trees, cutting and splitting wood, cutting, raking, and carting salt hay from the tide-inundated meadows along the shore, feeding the livestock and "various sundry things." More help was

needed so Jesse Doolittle was added to the payroll with Jeddy Andrews and Mr. Forbes and his boy occasionally lending a hand.

William Kneeland Townsend supervised the operations and carefully noted in his diary who was doing what: "*Friday 19 June 1829* —Sidney, Julius, Jessie, and Henry finished hoeing the corn in Crain Barr Lot at 10 o'clk. Sidney plowed the garden and the corn in north orchard; Julius hoed in the garden; Jessie and Henry planted beans in Crain Barr Lot."

Meantime the house was getting attention also. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Short were busy for several days in planting posts for fencing in the front yard, preparing rails for it, and hanging the large gate to the lane. Steps were made to go from the milkroom in the new barn, the roof of the house shingled, and troughs fixed. At this point Mr. Wilson gave out, became ill, and had to be transported home in a wagon. Mr. Burwell, the joiner, was sent for to help Mr. Short, who now commenced repairing the old barn and fixing windows and blinds on the house. Besides the more decorative picket fences on either side of Lighthouse Road, there were brush-and-rail fences to repair so the cattle would not stray into the woods to the east. Another important job was completed on June 20. "Sidney went to town in the morning, fetched over the pump for the barn and a parcel of sawed rails . . . . Mr. Collis came over and with the assistance of my boys put the pump in the well."

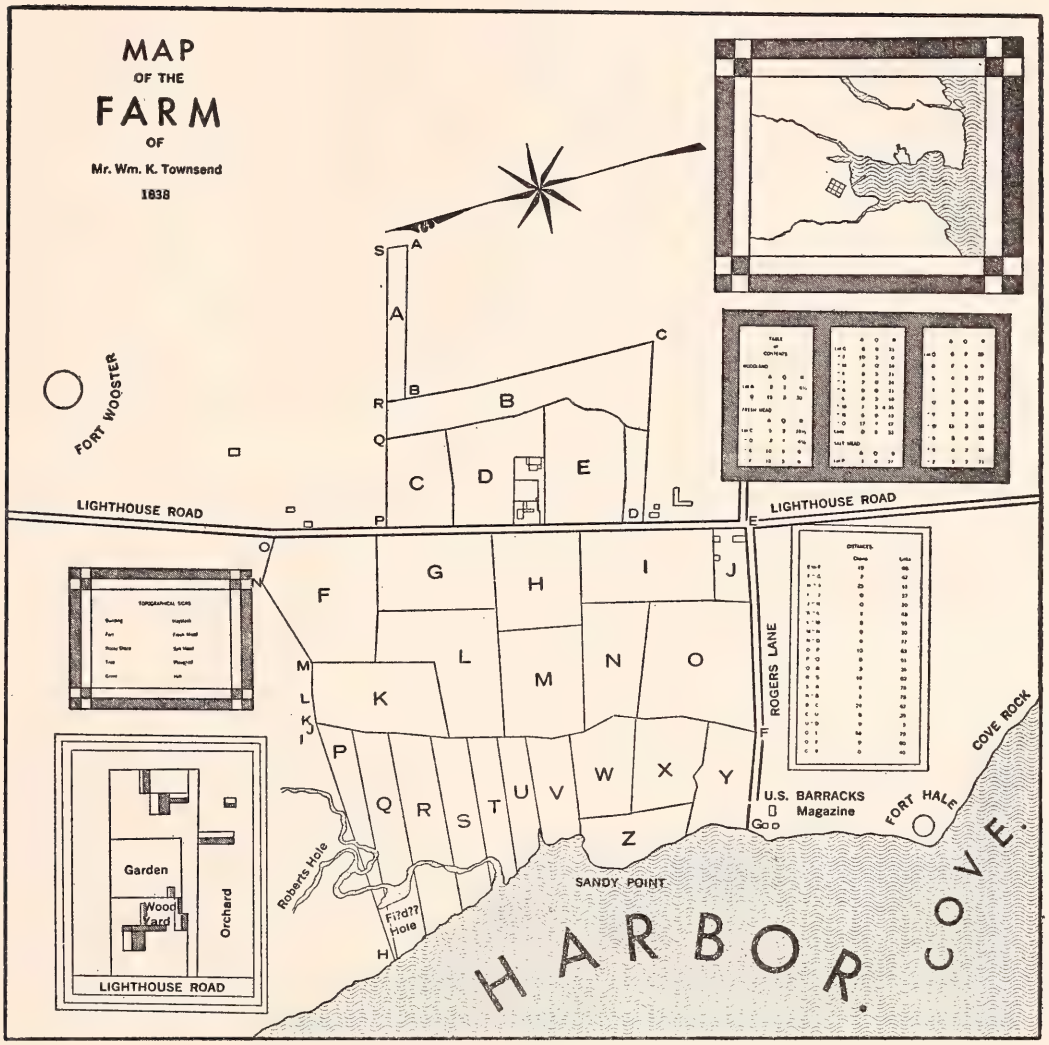
Versatile Mr. Short began painting "in the upper space [attic]," then proceeded to the chambers, where he consumed a week before he moved on to the pantries and windows. Mr. Gorham was hired to do the whitewashing upstairs. By July 22 the inside of the house was finished, but Mr. Short remained for a while yet:

> Mr. Short repairing the back shed floor . . . . Mr. Short has been working at the well and drains and floor in back shed . . . . Mr. Short is working at the sink . . . . Mr. Short has made boards for some of the fireplaces . . . . Mr. Short has been hewing timber for wagon shed . . . . Mr. Short and Wilson employed in digging and making a vault for the N . . . . [the "Necessary" or outhouse—nineteenth-century decorum prevented him from spelling it out!]

So it went. Each day William Kneeland Townsend outlined the

Left: Prof. Isaac Henry Townsend.
Below: The Isaac Townsend, Jr., house at High & Crown Streets, and sign of the store.

William K. Townsend's farm, East Haven, 1838.



In this map, which Mr. Townsend probably drew himself, he expresses meticulousness and pride of ownership. Distances are indicated by chain measurements and show the metes and bounds of the property. For example: H to I is 23 chains, 11 links. (The chain is 100 links or 66 feet with 10 square chains to an acre.)

The Table of Contents shows the acreage in woodland, fresh meadows, and salt meadows. The Topographical Signs depict BUILDING, FORT, ROCKY SHORE, TREE, GROVE, HAYSTACK, FRESH MEAD., SALT MEAD., PLOUGHED, HILL.

Perhaps the map was prepared to instruct the committee from the Agricultural Society in viewing the farm. In any case, it surely must have served as a blueprint of the status quo and the potentialities of the farm lands.

The original map is eighteen inches square and drawn in ink on vellum. Although discolored and fragile with age, barely legible, it is still vibrant with one man's accomplishments and hopes.

work to be done, assigning tasks to the men, and each evening in his diary noted the day's accomplishments. Being a farmer, he also made a point of mentioning the weather, usually with a couple of words at the end of the day's paragraph: "warm, pleasant," "very hot today," "cool and cloudy." When the weather was particularly on his mind, he devoted several sentences to it: "*Tuesday 2 June*— Cloudy in the morning and pleasant in the afternoon but rather cool. This is a very growing time. The grass and rye look remarkably well. We want warm and clear weather to ripen the latter and fetch forward the corn and other crops."

By June 26 the weather report read: "This is a delightful season, all the crops look remarkably good." But in the middle of July he was complaining about the weather again in true New England fashion: "Very warm and dry, a small shower just before dark. We want rain much."

Tending the livestock was an essential part of everyday chores and William Kneeland was vitally interested not only in the care of his animals but in the good breeding of his stock. Already his prize bull, Denton, was much in service at nearby farms, as well as siring calves in his own dominion. From Denton's admiring harem came many husky red and white-faced bull calves. The phrase "calf by Denton" was the label of superior quality, a kind of bovine stamp of approval.

In late July a red heifer calf was purchased for $8 from Mr. Henry Daggett, along with a "full-blooded Durham short-horned cow, lately imported from England and one two-year old heifer, sister to Denton, also two English pigs." (The development of this Durham strain won William Kneeland Townsend many awards at the annual agricultural fairs held in New Haven on the public square.) Two weeks later more imported livestock arrived via boat from New York with Jesse proudly herding a mare and some English cows down the gangplank on to Tomlinson's bridge where Mr. Townsend awaited to help drive them home.

Meanwhile Denton, the stalwart bull, continued to aid his master's cause that first year—three more cows calved in August, three in September, one in October, and one in November. A few words

sufficed in Kneeland Townsend's diary to tell of these routine calvings, but the impending confinement of his English cow was another matter: "*Monday 14 December 1829*—Fixed a pen for Lady. All appeared to be well. Attended to my English cow. Lady calved this evening at 7 o'clk. She has a very large and active and handsome red and white heifer calf. I call the calf 'Favourite'." The next day he "was employed all the forenoon about home fixing a place for Lady's calf." Lady averaged eighteen quarts of milk per day and Favorite gave twenty-two quarts. Said William Kneeland Townsend in the *Connecticut Farmer's Gazette* of March 11, 1842: "My milk is rich and sells readily at the highest price in the city and is pronounced by good judges there, the best which can be obtained."

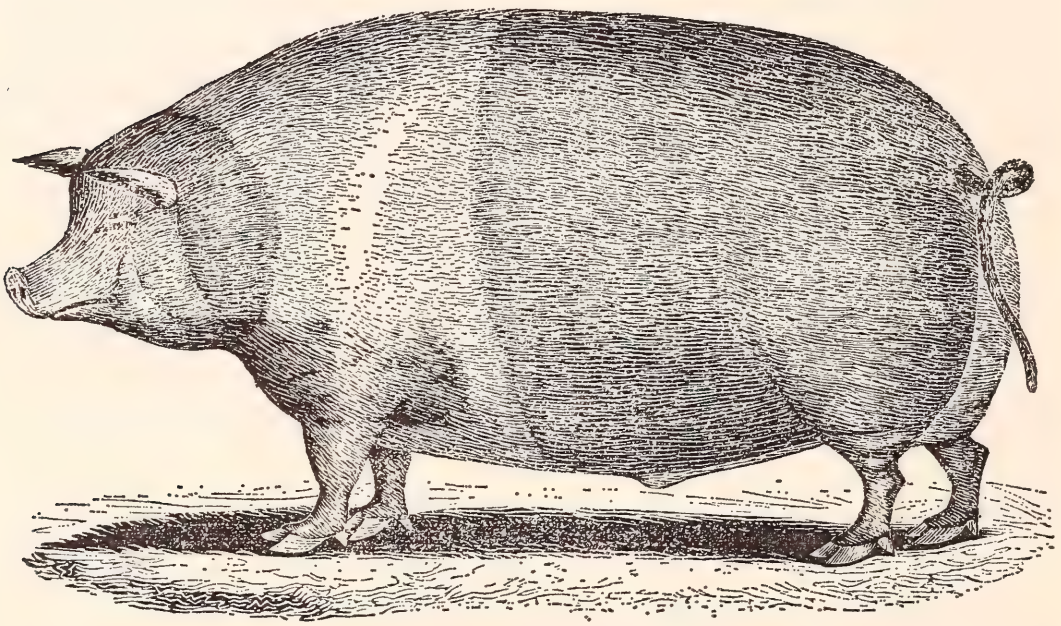
Oxen were very necessary in those days for the heavy work of the farm, and William Kneeland Townsend spent considerable time searching in Northford, Guilford, Branford, and South End for a good pair. Finally on August 5: "Sent Sidney early this morning to John Bishop's for a pr. of oxen that I looked at yesterday at $62."

In those days, one had to fetch supplies in town—no delivery service. Julius was sent time and again to fetch sawed posts and rails, bricks and shingles, ashes, and lumber. The new ($7.50) plow was carted home. Groceries from Bradley's store in the village of East Haven were picked up by anyone from the farm going that way.

The first summer on the farm in the year 1829 passed into autumn. The men had worked hard, and although harvest-time was toil enough too, there was pride and satisfaction in gathering the fruits of their labor. From the sunny gardens came corn, potatoes, beans, turnips, beets, carrots, parsnips, cabbage, pumpkins, and quinces. From the orchards came cherries, peaches, pears, and apples. The corn was husked and shelled and the stalks cut and stacked for cows' bedding; beans were threshed; the buckwheat and rye raked. After the apples were picked and sorted and the best were stored in the cellar, many wagonloads were taken to Barnes' cider mill in East Haven, where clean barrels were filled with the apple nectar to be transported to town and sold at one dollar each. In those days cider was habitually served with meals.

William Kneeland's dairy began to be profitable too: "*Wednesday 30 Sept.*—William Pembleton came over with the wagon and Father's horse and will begin to go with the milk tomorrow morning." Later on in December some of the cows were slaughtered: "Butchered the white-faced cow; she is good beef and weighs say 580 lbs."

The Norfolk thin-rind hogs, having eaten on enough lard, received proper attention also: "*Tuesday 5 January*—Went to town to engage Mr. Daniel Smith and Isaac Pardee to help kill the hogs tomorrow." The next day "remained at home today to assist in butchering the hogs; they were a spotted sow with her 7 pigs. I



PORTRAIT

OF A

NORFOLK THIN RINED HOG:

Bred and Fattened by Mr. WM. K. TOWNSEND, Prospect Hill, two miles from New Haven Conn.; butchered in the month of January, 1840; 16 months old; dead weight 480 lbs.; 5 feet 10 inches long; 5 feet 9 inches around the body; 3 feet from top of back to the ground; belly 5 inches from the ground; sixty pounds Lard ready for use; remarkably small bone, and thin skin.

purchased her last February of Mr. Pembleton for $3. She pigged say in early April; they all weigh now 1841 lbs. Mr. Monson, Forbes, Daniel Smith and Isaac Pardee all assisted in the business. Daniel and Julius helped a little." The latter two came in for their share of the business next evening when they cut up "the 3 that we keep at home," salted the pork, assisted Mrs. Townsend and Lydia in making sausages, and put the hams into the pickle.

The cold months of the winter were a good time to handle the pork so spoilage would not be a concern. There were no idle days in any season, no slacking off to sit by the fire and dream. In wintertime buckwheat had to be cleaned and prepared for sowing, the winter rye planted, vegetable seeds collected for rebirth in spring, seaweed carted from the windswept shore to place around the foundation of the house for insulation, stock to be taken care of, brush cut and burned, and great quantities of wood to be chopped and split.

But a change of pace, a relaxation from toil, came each week at sundown on Saturday when the men went home in order to observe the Sabbath with their families. "Hallow ye the Sabbath-day" was a commandment faithfully observed by these New England Christians. As members of United or North Church on the Green, the Townsend family journeyed to New Haven to attend Sunday meetings morning and afternoon. Often they varied Second Society's concentrated diet of Reverend Samuel Merwin's sermons by attending First Society (Center Church) with Reverend Leonard Bacon, Third Society (at Chapel and Union Streets), and the East Haven Congregational Church.

Apparently the individual churches relished diversity too and scheduled their own ministers for only one meeting, conducting the other session with a guest preacher. Dynamic Mr. Stephen Dodd in the Old Stone Church, East Haven, proved the exception: "*Sabbath 8 November*—Attended meeting all day at East Haven with William and Julius. We had two good sermons from Mr. Dodd. I expect to take a pew in the Meeting House and attend meetings there often in future."

Sometimes bad weather kept the family home on Sunday. "*Sab-*

bath 3 May—Being a very stormy day we have all been prevented from going to meeting, much to my disappointment, as I had hoped to have spent the day with the people of God, in His Sanctuary. I have endeavored to spend the day to some profit in my own family."

Fortunately for these good people, the forenoon storms were often likely to clear up in time for the afternoon sermons. One cannot doubt the sincere dismay of William Kneeland when his Sabbath worship was interrupted:

> "*Sabbath 6 September*:—This morning feel much better but quite feeble to go out to meeting, remained at home all day. It is not at all agreeable to my feelings; I want much to meet with God's children in His house this day and especially to celebrate the dying love of our dear Redeemer with His chosen people, but I submit—"

or his forthright joy in attending meeting: "A very pleasant day, attended meeting all day with Mother Mulford; have had a good time. I hope it may prove to in reality."

Eliza and William did quite a bit of shopping around churchwise. At age twenty-three William became the proud possessor of pew number twenty-two in the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven (Center Church). In a properly witnessed document, he bought the pew from I. Heaton Atwater for the consideration of $80. The young couple next appeared as members of United Church in 1826, were dismissed from that church in 1834, and joined the First Church of Christ in Fair Haven on Grand Avenue. The Reverend Burdett Hart, the pastor there, preached the discourse on the death of Mr. Townsend in 1849. Widow Townsend stayed quite a while in the bosom of this congregation but finally in 1864 rested her body and soul again in Center Church, with which she was associated for her seventeen remaining years.

Incidentally, the family always liked to say that William was converted in the Great Revival of 1820. Since this was also the year of his conversion to matrimony, it is more than likely that Miss Mulford took some part in his enlightenment. This is not to imply any insincerity on the young man's part, but rather to infer Eliza's strong religious feelings and influence which were evident throughout her entire life.

To each of her children she gave a Bible, in which was written in her own hand on the flyleaf:

> May this blest volume ever lie
> Close to thy heart and near the eye
> 'Til life's last hour thy soul engage
> And prove thy lasting heritage.

During these years of making the Sabbath-day rounds, William Kneeland Townsend held pews not only in Center Church, Fair Haven, and East Haven churches as shown but also in the Third Congregational Church or Third Society. In a memorandum of his written in 1843 appears this item: "2 pews in 3rd Society Meeting House—$100."

Certainly the Townsends' quiet, rural life picked up momentum on Sunday when they could put aside work, don their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes and travel to town to listen to a variety of stimulating preachers. The social aspect of greeting friends and relatives, with whom they might discuss the solemn sermons, is not to be underestimated either as adding to the enjoyment of the day.

Social occasions were rare other than the Sabbath-day meetings —only an occasional exchange of visits with relatives or friends and the few holiday celebrations.

"*Thursday 26 November*—This being Thanksgiving through this State, all are desirous of visiting their friends. I with Mrs. Townsend and the children went to town to spend the day with my parents. We have had a very pleasant time." Servile labor and vain recreations were prohibited by law on this day.

"*Friday 1 January 1830*—I have been to town and congratulated my friends on being permitted to see this New Year. Attended the Preparatory Lecture in Center Church, sermon by Mr. Bacon."

"*Monday 4 July 1831*—This being Independence I took the boys to the city, had a good day. Attended exercises at Methodist and Baptist Churches." These were truly *holy days*, not holidays!

There is no mention of celebrating Christmas. Apparently it was just another workday. "*Friday 25 December*—Was in the forenoon in the Store, assisting taking an inventory. After dinner returned

home, went with William and James on to Beacon Hill. Julius made a troth for the calf. He and Daniel attended to things about home, carted a load of wood and brush. Very pleasant and warm."

Other holidays we set our calendars by were not referred to in William Kneeland Townsend's diary and, of course, in some cases not even in existence. But one occasion, Military Day, which has long since slipped into history, seemed to be a gala affair. The first Monday in May was set aside for military training and parading on the public square with the young men in the area obliged to do duty. A company of light dragoons from Fort Hale under the command of Captain Boardman joined in the grand review, as well as other military outfits.

For the young farmhands and clerks this meant a day off from routine chores, a chance for goodnatured joking with comrades, and the possibility of catching the eyes of certain pretty maidens who gathered to watch "brigade training." Many people flocked into town to watch the goings-on and to shop, which kept Mr. Townsend busy at the store.

> *Monday 4 May*—This being Military Day, it was necessary for me to be at the Store early in the morning. I took with me the children. They enjoyed the day very much. I have been employed all day in the Store, returned home in the rain after sundown and very soon after Sidney returned from his visit at home. Julius has done duty this day but returned early and took care of the stock.

Commencement at Yale College, then held in the fall, meant increased activity for merchants also. "*Wednesday 9 September*—I did not return [home], have been very busy in the Store, it being Commencement at College."

Afternoon teas were also occasions of delight, with visits from Father and Mother, Mother Mulford and sister Nancy Mulford, Uncle Prescott and friends. At such times William was proud to show his guests (at various times Mr. Robinson from Southington; Mr. Knevals and Mr. Hull, his business associates; Dr. Farnham, the family doctor; and Mr. Samuel Mitchell, his neighbor to the south) around his farm, which he had given the name "Prospect

William Kneeland Townsend.

Eliza Ann Mulford Townsend.

8

1

2

9

6

5

4

1: William Isaac Townsend. *2:* George Henry Townsend. *3:* Robert Raikes Townsend. *4:* Dr. Timothy Beers Townsend. *5:* Edward Howard Townsend. *6:* Capt. Charles Hervey Townsend. *7:* Frederick Atwater Townsend. *8:* James Mulford Townsend. *9:* Eliza Mulford Townsend.

Engraving of the Townsend (*left*) and Mitchell (*right*) houses, by John Warner Barber.

Townsend Block at College and Chapel Streets, built in 1830.

Hill." He pointed out the different steps he was taking toward realizing his ambitious goal of a model farm.

Let us pause now as William Kneeland Townsend completes the first year on his farm and turn attention to the surrounding area, the neighborhood in which he lived. What did it look like back in those days on the east side of the harbor?

Farmland stretched from Tomlinson's bridge to Five Mile Point. Between the knobby backbone of trap rock to the east and the waters of the Sound to the west lay fields and meadows, orchards and woods, and a handful of houses with their barns and outbuildings. William Kneeland Townsend's first neighbor to the south on the Cove Road (Townsend Avenue) near what is now Hall Street was Mr. Samuel A. Mitchell. He had bought this land of Reuben Moulthrop at the same time acquiring the large mansion (said to have been copied from the Beekman house in New York), built about 1804 by Mr. Moulthrop, the "waxworks man."

Reuben Moulthrop was by profession a portrait painter, but it was the exhibition of his wax figures that brought him fame and fortune. Reuben and his brother-in-law Justin, son of the Reverend Nicholas Street, started this creative-arts industry soon after the Revolution with Reuben doing the modeling, moulding, and painting of the lifelike faces and with Daniel Smith, who lived down by the bridge, acting as manager. Whenever some person became a public figure, his image was made in wax, boxed up and sent off to be exhibited by Dan Smith, who traveled all over the country with great success.

According to some notes of Captain Charles H. Townshend, the waxworks process went like this: the models would come to Moulthrop's place and repose on their backs while oil silk was placed over eyes and mouth and goose quills were stuck in their nostrils. Then they would submit to having plaster-of-paris put on their faces. This hardened, and when removed it formed molds into which molten wax was poured. The wax solidified into masks, which were then painted in imitation of the people. Expert seamstresses were employed to outfit the effigies in proper clothing.

The famous duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr could be seen portrayed in wax at the Columbian Gardens on Olive Street, admission 12½ cents. "Ice cream, punch, ripe fruits for ladies and gentlemen" and music by the hand-organ served as added enticements to pleasure-seekers. Of course, when national personages were involved their features had to be copied from portraits.

In the early evenings Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Townsend often got together for a friendly chat or passed the time of day while they surveyed their adjoining acres. On October 29, 1829, William Kneeland Townsend wrote in his diary: "Went this morning with Mr. Mitchell to see Mr. Rogers after concluding on the terms of opening the school at Mr. M. [Munn] house." This would save him from having to take William and James to Mrs. Pierpont's school in town.

Several months passed. Mr. Townsend reported that he "was much pleased with the appearance and performance of the school." A library was started in the schoolroom called the Prospect Hill Society Library, sponsored by "The Literary, Moral and Benevolent Society of Prospect Hill," whose Article V read: "Every subscriber agrees to abstain entirely from the use of ardent spirits, as an article of drink; to sanctify the Christian Sabbath; to discountenance war, slavery, and every other species of vice; to watch over the morals of each other and to warn and admonish each other in the spirit of brotherly love." After faithfully following these precepts, presumably one was able to borrow a book from the library!

Schoolmaster Joseph Rogers held his classes in the old Tuttle house that Kneeland Townsend had sold to Lieutenant Munn because it blocked the harbor view from the Townsends' new house. Lieutenant Munn had the Tuttle house moved to the corner of the road that turned down to Fort Hale, which soon became known as Rogers Lane. Mr. Rogers kept school here until 1842. Years later Rogers Lane became Fort Hale Road. In 1930 Munn Road, east of Townsend Avenue, also was named Fort Hale Road.

After the Revolution, Fort Hale had been allowed to fall into ruin, but in 1809 the U. S. Government decided to rebuild the fort

as part of its coastal defense because of threatening war clouds from Europe. The elliptic or horseshoe enclosure battery, mounting six guns, was erected on the site of old Black Rock Fort. It stood well out into the harbor from the shore, nearly surrounded by water except for a causeway with a fine brick archway leading up to the fort. The parapet was eight feet broad, so the cannon could be fired in every direction.

Brick barracks for fifty men and officers and magazines were constructed about a thousand feet to the north upon what was known as King's Island (formerly owned by Uncle Kneeland), a little tree-crowned bluff of about four acres. A two-rod-wide strip of land was bought of Kneeland Townsend, Bela Forbes, and Truman Colt by the United States for a road to the fort from the Cove Road.

Papa Townsend would occasionally take his young sons for excursions to Fort Hale and Beacon Hill to tell them the oft-repeated story of the British invasion and how valiantly the East Haveners had fought—where this happened and that happened, how it really was that memorable day of July 5, 1779.

There were not many other neighbors southward. Truman Colt and Bela Forbes owned the Palisades, the high red cliffs overlooking the fort and the cove. The Pardee and Morris families still held much of the land in the Cove area.

Levi Forbes, brother to Bela, owned land to the north of the Townsends. He built a saltbox house with a big barn to the rear, just under Beacon Hill near the road. In 1833, William Kneeland Townsend bought the house and thirteen acres for Julius Upson, who paid for it when he could in small installments. It was Moses Todd (Kneeland Townsend's tenant farmer) and his wife, Delight Upson Todd, who persuaded nephew Julius to leave Southington and come to work on the Townsend farm. When Julius died in 1851, his widow, Mabel (Andrews), continued to live there for many years. The house finally burned down and son Edward built a new house on Townsend Avenue à la mode Victorian of 1870. This house is presently owned and occupied by Armand D'Urso. When a street was cut through Upson land later, what more appropriate name than Upson Street?

The next neighbors were almost solidly Woodwards right up to the country road to East Haven village (Main Street) and down along Forbes Avenue until the cluster of houses near Tomlinson's bridge was reached.

The Woodwards had come to this section about 1716 when the Reverend John Woodward built a house on the high land above the river. Through inheritance and purchase from the Tuttles and the Indians ("12 coats, 9 cheese, and some hoes and 3 kettles") the Woodwards became the largest landholders in East Haven, owning six hundred acres lying north and south of the country road. As late as 1860 this tract of land around "Four Corners" on which the Woodward clan lived was called Woodwardtown.

What with Woodward offspring and local farm children there were enough students for a little one-room schoolhouse on Townsend Avenue. Mrs. Frank Woodward says that the later school site, on the corner of Forbes and Townsend Avenues, was deeded to the town by the Woodward family for school purposes. The school has been in the same spot ever since. In 1800 a second schoolhouse was in use, a two-room building. When the City of New Haven annexed this section, the school became part of the public school system and was listed in 1885 as part of the Wooster District: "Woodward School, Annex, two rooms and two female teachers."

Not long after, as the area became more populated, a large two-story brick building with four rooms was erected on this same corner of Townsend and Forbes Avenues. It contained five grades, the fourth and fifth doubling up in one room. In 1907 the present large, brick school, facing Forbes Avenue, was built. In 1968–69 the kindergarten and six grades had three hundred seventy-six students enrolled.

When the British had marched along Cove Road and then down to the ferry landing at the river, they had burned the Reverend John Woodward's home and his son's home, along with every other building on the way. As soon as the enemy departed, the Woodwards began rebuilding on the same sites, using the blackened cellar holes as a starter. Withstanding the ravages and deformities of time because of devoted family ownership, the white clapboard

house on the corner of Woodward and Forbes Avenues, with its stout central chimney and second-story overhang, finally fell victim to modern life. It was taken down in 1964 to make way for a gas station.

However, lovers of antiquity need not sigh and murmur "too bad!" because the house was saved by the New Haven Preservation Trust, carefully stored away, piece by piece, and plans are being formulated for the future reconstruction of this lovely old eighteenth century house in a prominent spot in the city. Like a modern Grandma, another old Woodward house, 1138 Townsend Avenue, is dressed stylishly in composition siding and roofing, but the solid maturity and ample proportions show through the fashionable façade. Still another old house, Jeremiah Woodward's, stands incognito at 35 Main Street.

"Waterside," the name given to the group of houses near Tomlinson's bridge, was a bustling little community in William Kneeland Townsend's time, with the Forbes' shipyard providing most of the activity. The Forbes family were carpenters from Salem, Massachusetts, and had bought land of the Tuttles to settle on. The bark *Panthea* was built right on the road leading to Stable Point, so named because of the sheds placed there for East Haveners' horses when the crossing of the Quinnipiac River had to be made by Henry Hughes's horse-propelled ferry.

Jehiel Forbes erected a handsome stone house near the shipyard in 1767. When the British went on their burning spree this house was set afire but the massive stone walls and chimneys survived. After the house was rebuilt it continued to stay within the Forbes family ownership, passing down finally to a great-granddaughter, Mrs. Betsy Forbes Bradley. The Church of the Epiphany came into possession of it in 1910 and used it as a parish house next to their church building. Because of a shrinking parish, the church property was sold in 1964 to the Eastern Plumbing & Heating Co. With its parishioners gone the church had seemed like a huge ship run aground—still serviceable but unable to move. Now the entrance door of this former house of God opens wide for the irreverent trucks that putter up on oil-stained floors to the altar site. The

ancient stone house, still intact, serves as the company's office.

Besides the Forbes families at Waterside, there was Daniel Smith, Anson Colt, Refield the caulker, Mr. Flagg, widows Wetmore and Welton, shoemaker John Thompson, Lieutenant Thacher of the U. S. Revenue Service, the Granniss family, and the prolific Hughes family, relatives of the Tuttles.

A short distance to the north of Woodwardtown on the path to Dragon bridge stood William B. Goodyear's dwelling. This house, much modernized to all appearances, still stands at 289 Quinnipiac Avenue on the corner of Warwick Street. The large Lancraft family, wholesale cultivators and shippers of native oysters, lived in this area also.

And now back to William Kneeland Townsend down on the farm.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MODEL FARM

OVER the next ten years great progress was made on William's farm, both in productivity and excellence of livestock and land. On September 25, 1839, the report of the Committee of the New Haven County Agricultural Society, which conducted annual fairs on the New Haven Green, paid tribute to his splendid stock:

> Mr. Townsend's fine animals of the Durham breed, and his superior Norfolk thin rind hogs, all raised upon his own farm from the best imported stock, added much to the exhibition, and proved conclusively that this country possesses the capacity of producing animals not inferior to those imported. His full blood four year old steers were pronounced by competent judges second to no other in Connecticut.

The following year, William Kneeland Townsend again exhibited his livestock: five Durham bulls, thirteen Durham cows, one pair of fat cattle, two Durham heifers, thirty-nine sheep, and forty-two Norfolk thin rind swine. A premium of $20 was awarded to him for the best cultivated farm, an account of which follows in condensed form:

> The next farm visited by your committee was that of Mr. Wm. K. Townsend, of East Haven, situated on the eastern border of New Haven harbor, and including the salt meadows on its margin. From these meadows the land rises with a gentle acclivity to the summit of the ridge upon which the road from New Haven to the Light House crosses the farm, and where also the house and farm buildings are situated. It thence descends slightly to the east, to a swail through which there is a small run of water. The hill east of this swail is covered with a thrifty growth of wood, and constitutes the principal wood land of the farm.

Form.—The farm is nearly square and consists of 43 acres of salt grass, and 118 acres of upland, 40 of which lies upon the east side of the road. It has a north-western exposure, affording a beautiful view from the harbor.

Buildings.—These are all arranged with due regard to convenience and are in good condition. The barns and piggery have been erected by the present proprietor, after approved models.

Fences.—The fences upon the farm throughout are good, and those which have been remodeled in the course of improvement pursued by Mr. Townsend, are strong and durable. His walls with posts and rails may well be examined as specimens of fences exceedingly permanent and yet not unreasonably expensive.

Soil.—The soil of the farm is a sandy and gravelly loam, upon a gravelly subsoil. In some small portions there is a slight admixture of clay.

Cultivation.—The general cultivation is thorough and good. It is an object with the proprietor to have his whole farm in a state of improvement. To effect this he reclaims successive portions from the condition in which it was left by the former occupant, by careful and thorough tillage, collecting the rocks and stones into strong and durable fences, and applying a heavy coating of manure. Under this course his whole farm, with the exception of two fields not yet reached in the regular order, has been thoroughly cultivated and greatly and permanently improved.

Rotation.—Two different courses of cropping are followed, the one extending through three seasons, with two coatings of manure; the other through two only, with a single application of manure. The former is after grass—corn with manure, potatoes with manure, and winter rye or barley with grass seed. The latter is corn, potatoes, pumpkins, or turneps, after grass with manure, and winter rye or barley with grass seed.

Corn.—Is planted only on sward. Twenty or 25 double loads of manure per acre being spread, the land is plowed deep and clean, is rolled and planted during the first or second week in May, five kernels to the hill, and three feet three inches distant each way. The crop receives three hoeings without hilling, being dressed both ways at each hoeing with the horse plow, or cultivator. Fifteen bushels of ashes, or three bushels of plaster, per acre, are applied to the hills before the second hoeing. The crop is cut up at the ground and stacked usually in the last of September, yielding 70 bushels per acre. The seed before planting is soaked in tar water to prevent the ravages of worms and birds.

Potatoes.—Are cultivated for the New Haven market. The Mercers are the favorite and most productive variety. For early market they are planted in April, for the general crop in the latter part of May, and are dressed with the cultivator and hoed twice. For seed, potatoes of ordinary size are cut into two pieces, and one piece is put into each hill. Thus treated, they produce 250 bushels to the acre.

Rye.—Is sown after corn, potatoes, pumpkins, or turneps, with two plowings and one harrowing, and the seed is covered with the harrow. One and a half bushels of seed is sown, and the actual measured average for several years is twenty-five bushels.

Oats.—Being considered not as profitable as barley, are seldom raised, and only with peas for feed. When thus sown, they produce an average of 45 bushels.

Wheat.—Is occasionally sown, but is thought less sure, and generally profitable, than rye and barley.

Barley.—Is sown on land prepared as for oats, and yields an average of 32 bushels. It is considered the best white spring crop raised.

Pumpkins.—Of different varieties are raised as food for cows and hogs.

Ruta Baga.—The land is prepared in the fall as for common turneps. The common white turnep is raised only as fall feed for cows.

Manure.—Three hundred double loads are annually made on the farm, of which, over fifty are from the hog pen. All refuse vegetable matters are collected in the yard. Sea weed is used in the hog pen only, as it is found not to decompose in the open yards. All the manure is applied in a fresh state upon land to be plowed, except that a large compost heap is prepared during summer for root crops and meadows. As much is applied on land to be plowed as the plow will cover, usually twenty-five double loads.

Plaster.—About three-fourths of a ton is annually applied to the meadows and pastures.

Lime.—Shell lime to the amount of 60 bushels is added to the compost heap.

Meadows.—Thirty acres are in meadow. None has been seeded within three years; attention for that time having been given more particularly to the pasture land. The meadows are depastured by cows closely in the fall, but not in the spring. In haying, a portion of the men continue to mow until time to cart in the afternoon. The boys, and occasionally one man, ted, open and turn, until from two to three P.M. They then with the *revolving horse rake* put the whole

into heaps in a surprisingly short time. All the hay sufficiently made is carted, and the remaining heaps dressed off with a hand rake. The hay being thus secured while warm from the influence of the sun, is found to be sweeter and better relished by stock.

Pastures.—Of these there are 56 acres divided into five lots, four of which are fed exclusively by cows. They are changed each week. In this manner fresh feed, and it is believed a much larger quantity is obtained. Mr. T. has also a tract of land of 100 acres in the north-east part of the town, which is devoted entirely to the pasture of cows out of milk, and young stock.

Wood.—This is principally young and thrifty, and has increased with great rapidity for several years.

Water.—It is an important matter on every farm that there should be water for the use of stock in every lot. Four springs and two small streams running through the farm, in connection with a judicious arrangement of the different lots, afford this desirable result.

Fruit.—Eight acres are in orchard, producing apples of nearly every variety. Early apples are sold in the city at one dollar per bushel. The trees are thrifty and bear well. The quality of the fruit and the vigor of the trees have been much improved by pasturing the orchards with hogs. Last year, though the crop was light in this region, over $200 was received for apples sold. The residue were fed to hogs, cows, oxen and horses. They are considered excellent for working oxen.

Stock.—One yoke of oxen are kept for farm work. They are seldom raised upon the farm, more profit being derived from the breeding of improved stock. Eighteen cows of the Durham breed, in full or in part, are kept for the milk furnished in the city. Those in milk give a daily average through the summer, of 110 quarts, besides the milk and butter used in the family. Last year, nine calves were raised. Through the winter the cows are stabled in the basement of the barn, and receive each daily, besides fresh hay, a bushel of cut feed, consisting of salt hay and shorts, or oil cake. In the spring until the 10th of May, they are turned to pasture through the day, still receiving their cut feed, and in the fall they are fed with turneps, pumpkins, etc. after the fall feed becomes short. Twenty head of young stock, and one splendid pair of fat oxen, of the Durham breed, are also kept.

Few farmers in Connecticut have accomplished more in improving the breed of cattle among us than Mr. Townsend. His fine cows and other stock of the short horned Durham breed, reared by himself, prove conclusively that the race need not degenerate on the com-

EXTRAORDINARY

CATTLE.

The very Superior English Cow,

LADY,

And the Unrivalled American Bull,

COMET,

Are offered for the inspection of all who are inclined to examine these far-famed, and much-approved Cattle, which are of the improved

DURHAM SHORT-HORNED BREED,

so celebrated in England and Scotland for their superiority over all other breeds, both in regard to richness and quantity of milk---their aptness to fatten---their docility and kindness of disposition---their beauty of form---their nice orange-like skin---fine sleekness of hair---rapidness of growth, and unequaled squareness and bulk of body, all combined, making them superior, and more perfect animals, of the useful and domestic kind, than can be produced of any other breed.

LADY was purchased in England, by Henry De Groot, Esq. of the city of New-York, the 23d May, 1829; after very careful examination of much of the improved stock of that country, she was selected as decidedly the most perfect animal he could find. She arrived in New-York the following July. She has given milk most of the time since, and probably a greater quantity, than any other cow in the *United States.* She has given at two milkings, in one day, *thirty quarts* of the richest quality of that very necessary and nutritious food. She has produced in that time seven calves; all of them are superior animals, and highly valued by their present owners.

COMET is Lady's second calf, after her arrival in this country. He is from DENTON, a very celebrated Bull, of the improved Durham Short-horned breed, bred by Warren De Lansey, Esq. of Westchester county, N. Y., out of an imported cow and bull. Comet was bred by Mr. William K. Townsend, at his farm on Prospect Hill, three miles from New-Haven. His stock is of the very first quality for milch cows, and working cattle; both having been fairly proved, during the present season.

The above Animals may be seen for days, at

SIR HARRY.

paratively short feed of this country. The valuable stock upon the farm has all been raised by Mr. T. and constitutes a portion of the profits of the farm for several years past. The original imported animals, from which the stock was derived, have been sold at a very considerable advance upon their cost. [Sorry to say that the famous bull Denton went the way of all beef flesh—to market. He had grown too unwieldly for service so was fattened for slaughter and sent to Union Market in New York City. "The places that now know him will soon know him no more for ever." Poor loyal Denton, even in death he served his master!]

Hogs.—This stock, 70 in all, consists of 12 breeding sows with their pigs, 2 boars, and 4 fall pigs for fattening. Two litters of pigs are annually obtained from each sow. [Famous local artist John W. Barber visited the farm and drew a picture of Mr. Townsend's prize hog.]

Sheep.—Of these there are thirty-two of the Bakewell breed. They are in good condition and are fine specimens of the breed; which,

on account of the large lambs, heavy fleeces, and excellent mutton it produces, is well worthy the careful attention of our farmers.

Horses.—Two are kept for work, one of which is driven in the milk wagon.

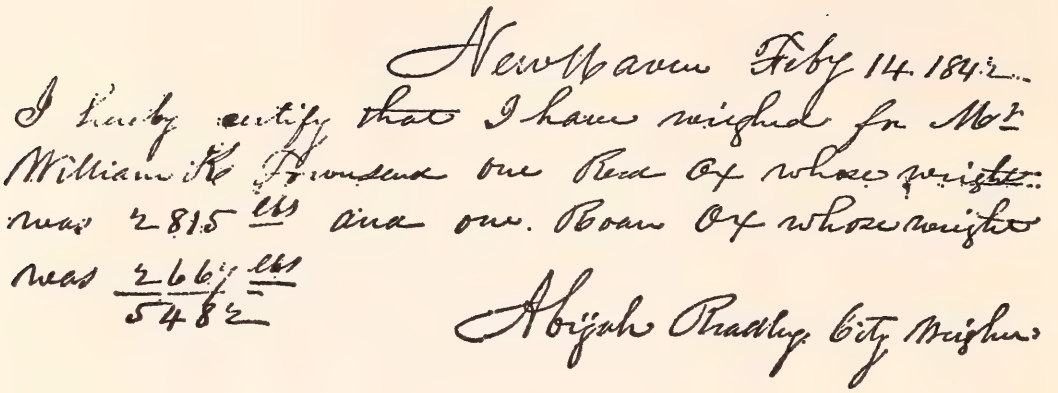
Poultry.—Turkeys, fowls and ducks (no geese) are raised for family use only.

Labor.—One man is hired by the year, and one for eight months, for farm work, and other labor through the summer equal to one man for six months. The milk is now, and for three summers past has been, delivered in the city by Mr. Townsend's son of 15 years [James]. One other son, still younger [George], is employed on the farm. Mr. Townsend himself, on account of feeble health, relies but little upon his own labors in the operations of the farm.

The Agricultural Committee also applauded Mr. Townsend for his "accurate and regular accounts of all the results of the operation." The following table shows the cash received in 1839 over and above the consumption of a large family:

Fruit	$ 200
Vegetables	50
Neat stock	1310
Hogs and Pigs	585
Wool	50
Milk, Butter, and Calves	2143
Rent of Stock	50
Gross income in 1839	$4388
Deduct cash paid for labor and feed for cows	1452
Nett income in 1839	$2936

The oxen raised on the farm were a source of pride too, not only for their lusty weight but also for the price they commanded on the market. On February 14, 1842, Abijah Bradley certified that Mr. William K. Townsend's red ox weighed 2,815 lbs. and the roan ox weighed 2,667 lbs. These record oxen were bought by George Montgomery of Fulton Market (New York) "and the best cuts sold readily for 50 cts. per pound."



New Haven Feby 14. 1814

I hereby certify that I have weighed for Mr. William K. Townsend one Bale of whose weight was 2 81 5 lbs and one Bale of whose weight was 2 66½ lbs

5482

Abijah Bradley City Weigher

In regard to the mention of William's ill health, it is the tradition in the family that he retired to the farm because of his poor physical condition. However, in spite of a few references in his diary to illness, William Kneeland Townsend kept up a pretty good pace, arising early to oversee the farm work, going by horseback into town to put in time at the store and then riding back again in the early evening for further supervision of the farm chores. This does not sound like the schedule of a disabled man in any way. Yet, when he was only twenty-seven, he had to resign from a responsible position in the military because of disability. Here is his discharge request to Governor Oliver Wolcott, dated September 18, 1823:

May it please Your Excellency,

For the last eight years I have acted in various situations both as a private and officer in the Second Company of the Governor's Horse Guards; and now respectfully request to be discharged from the office of Cornet which I have held about eighteen months in said Company. A disease in my side and back, with which I have been afflicted for a considerable period, has prevented me from discharging the duties of my station during most of the past year, and will, I am satisfied, unfit me to attend to them in the future. I am compelled, therefore, by a regard for my own health and to the interests of the Company with which I have the honor to be connected, to ask your Excellency to grant me a discharge from military duty.

I am
With the highest respect
Your Excellency's Obt. Servant,
Wm. K. Townsend

That Mr. Townsend was a public-spirited citizen and did his civic duty is shown by his consent to be the representative from East Haven to Connecticut's General Assembly in 1837, 1838, and 1842. He attended sessions in the beautiful new state house, designed in Greek Revival style by the popular local architect Ithiel Town.

> At the meeting of the Legislature the military were out, and the 'Deputies' led by the sheriff marched in procession from the Tontine across the Green to the State House, many of them wore the old-time costume, cocked hat, white wig, breeches, knee and shoe buckles, and I know the boys thought there must be a vast amount of wisdom under such a cover.

Thus cousin Amos Townsend described the legislative occasions.

William Kneeland Townsend was also a director of the New Haven Bank, the first bank in the city, on the corner of Chapel and Orange Streets (now First New Haven National Bank). His cousin, Amos Townsend, Jr., was cashier here for many years and was highly praised for his financial ability and fidelity, never having been absent a day because of ill health in the half-century of his employment. William's branch of the Townsend family had been represented as directors in this bank for nearly forty years beginning with Isaac, Jr. Other positions of honor and responsibility held by William were the presidencies of several corporations and associations and the office of justice of the peace.

During the time he was a partner in the Hull, Townsend, Knevals & Co., dry goods dealers and merchant-tailors, William apparently continued interest in his father's store in Charleston until 1831, when business concerns there were terminated. "*Monday 22 February 1830*—I have been absent from home nearly two weeks in New York purchasing goods for Charleston and our own store."

The trip back and forth to New York was not too difficult. It meant boarding a ship at the Steamboat Dock, making passage to New York within the day, and returning the next day on the boat if need be. William Kneeland Townsend went on such journeys about once a month to replenish stock in the store and usually

stayed at least one week. He was always glad to come home and find everything in order, as he noted in his diary.

One cannot add much more to this man's life of solid acomplishment, except to comment on his character. He was an extremely religious person, who attended tract meetings during the week, helping the Bible Society to promote its goals of distribution of the Holy Bible "to all the destitute through this land," served as superintendent of the Sabbath School for many years, and acted as secretary of the Temperance Society.

In those days, "raising the roof" of a house or a barn was always associated with a little hell-raising too, due to the liberal imbibing of liquor. The muscle-swelling job of heaving up the heavy roof framework went a lot easier with John Barleycorn along as a helper. Temperance-Society member William was concerned about this.

"*Wednesday 7 April*—Went over to Elias Bishop to see how he succeeded in raising his large barn without ardent spirits and was much pleased to find them nearly through and all still and sober; this is a proved time for the Temperance cause."

On William Kneeland's birthday, June 3, 1829, he wrote:

> This day I am 33 years of age and would call to mind my past life. Oh how sinfull and how little I have done that I ought to have done and how much I have left undone that it was my duty to do, yet the Lord has blessed me wonderfully. I am astonished when I think of my daily sins and rebellions, that I am not cut off as a combine of the ground. May God grant me Grace to enable me henceforth to live a holy and Godly life to discharge all my dutys to my family and fellow man everywhere. I need divine assistance constantly.

William Kneeland Townsend died of dysentery at his home on September 23, 1849, at the age of fifty-three. His family was gathered around him for three days as his life slowly ebbed away. Many times he counseled his sons and daughter and urged them to live for Christ. Many times he spoke of his confidence in God: "Look and behold a Christian die, sustained by grace alone."

His last words, according to the Reverend Mr. Hart, who was at his bedside, were to his beloved wife: "O do not weep for me! For at the longest, our separation will be but short. Live so that we may

meet again, and may our children all be with us, an unbroken family in Heaven."

William Kneeland was buried in Grove Street Cemetery in the Townsend plot. The inscription on his monument reads: "His record is on high."

Many were those who mourned his passing:

> He was in all respects one of the most worthy and substantial citizens of this county. Of late years his attention has been devoted chiefly to agricultural pursuits and his loss to the farming interest will be immeasurably great, for he not only raised some of the best specimens of agricultural products, but was forward and persevering in every enterprise that tended to advance the farming interests generally. He was a gentleman of wealth and liberal in its use for all public and benevolent objects. With his friends and fellow citizens he was kind and courteous and won the favorable regards of all who knew him, and his death will be universally regarded as a great public loss.

So stated the local newspaper.

Mr. Townsend left a goodly inheritance to his large family, the most important asset being the East Haven land, house, and buildings. Six years before his death he had written a memorandum of his affairs with the farm then valued at $12,000: "The Farm on which I live cost 14 years since $7,500. I have paid out much for improvements and Stock and Tools put [in] it."

Mrs. Eliza Townsend survived her husband by many years, at last joining him on January 3, 1881. "The cause of her death was owing apparently to sudden failure of the vital powers." An account of the funeral appeared in the New Haven *Journal and Courier*:

> The funeral of the late Mrs. William Kneeland Townsend took place yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the old homestead of the family in East Haven. The grounds, so beautiful at all seasons of the year, wore a drear aspect with their thick burden of snow, the ice-encased and dripping branches of the trees, and with a misty rain falling; and outward the water view presented an ice-bound harbor and the sullen waves of the Sound in the distance.

The pallbearers were six of her sons: "Hon. James M. Town-

send, ex-State Senator; Hon. George H., one of our harbor commissioners; Major Frederick A., who was in the 2nd Conn. regiment; Captain Charles H., ex-commander of several noted ocean steamships; Dr. T. Beers, well known for his high rank as a surgeon, and Edward H." (William, the oldest was residing in London.)

But we cannot skip so quickly over those thirty-two years between the death of William Kneeland and Eliza, for they are very important years in the life of the family. Let us return to September 23, 1849, and the demise of the kind husband and wise father.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

NOW was a time of sorrow and bewilderment. Along with the sadness of bereavement, the widow had to face a decision of major importance: whether to sell the farm or not.

As much as Eliza loved the homestead which her husband had labored over for so many years with much success, she did not feel she could run the farm. The task seemed too formidable. Her first impulse was to sell to the highest bidder and move into town. But then the large family would undoubtedly have to split up, and it was this that the devoted mother dreaded more than anything. All these problems and worries she talked over with her sons at many family councils.

The spirit of the head of the house still presided over these ruminative sessions, for William Kneeland on his death bed had instructed his wife to some extent about the future of the family. In a failing voice but with a clear mind, he told her:

> William, James and George, I wish to act as administrators on my estate. They can manage more agreeably to their wishes. William is a good accountant. James is careful, looks out, takes care, collects well. George is capable of running the Farm. Frederick is settled in business. Robert better keep with George. Charles has chosen his business. Beers to go to a boarding school when qualified. Edward and Eliza remain with you. God will direct with regard to them.

The dying man continued his detailed advice to his wife: "Better remain with George for the present and longer if you wish. It will be thought best probably for you to live in New Haven after awhile but do as you think best." Eliza anxiously tried to question him on

other matters, but wearily he whispered: "Trust! Trust in the Lord!" This conversation ceased and proved to be the last.

So the debate about selling the farm went on, even after several years. In a shipboard letter, dated October 10, 1853, to his mother, Charles wrote: "I hope you will not sell the farm without giving me a chance to be around and have something to say about it." While the decision was being weighed, the family spent summers on the farm and winters in New Haven at the Tontine Hotel. Perhaps the decision in 1856 to remodel the homestead was the clincher in persuading Mrs. Townsend to retain the place as their permanent residence.

At the time of their father's death the oldest son, William, was 27, James 24 and already married, George 23, Frederick 20, Robert 18, Charles 16, Timothy "Beers" 14, Edward 9, and the youngest and only girl Eliza, 7. All the older sons were engaged in the mercantile business except for George, the farmer, and Charles, the sailor.

As the family tells it, George was the one who finally persuaded his mother that he could manage the farm, that he was able to handle the work. Thus it was settled that George would attend to the affairs of the place. He undoubtedly received sympathetic support and encouragement, for the Townsends were a tightly knit and affectionate family, but it was this young man (born December 28, 1826) who shouldered the major responsibilities.

William Isaac (born November 28, 1822) was already busy in New York City in the Atwater, Mulford & Co., a wholesale dry goods house. Later these interests brought him to the South where he became an exporter of cotton, a contact which taught him sympathy for the South and its problems. Just before the Civil War broke out, William and his wife, Elizabeth (Durand), left for London. They felt the air abroad might improve their health. In William's passport of 1861, when he was thirty-eight years old, he is described as being five feet eight inches tall, with blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, and a long face. He was spoken of as a great traveler and a reader who possessed a remarkably retentive memory, and was a most interesting companion and conversationalist.

William and Libby lived the rest of their lives in England, although they did visit the States now and then. There were no descendants, but they did have one child, Elizabeth, who died at the age of six. William died on April 24, 1901, at Surrey, outside of London.

James Mulford (born January 20, 1825), already having had a stint as a clerk in New York in his uncle's company of Hook & Townsend, importers, had returned to New Haven in 1846 to become a member of the firm of Knevals, Hull & Townsend in his father's building at College and Chapel Streets and later a partner in Townsend & Maltby. A sample of this store's advertisements tells of a fine stock of goods: "French and English cloths of the most desirable styles and colors. Customers may depend upon having their garments made in good taste and in the best manner." In 1855 he left the business to become treasurer of the City Savings Bank. James later rose to estimable heights in the community, about which more will be said later, particularly in regard to James's investment in the incipient oil industry and that whole fascinating story.

Frederick Atwater (born March 23, 1829) is to be remembered mostly for his colorful rambling tales about the Quinnipiac Indians and "of the days that are olden and of the years that have rolled away." Where truth stopped and fiction started it would be hard to tell, because Fred was a spinner of yarns. But his stories are colorful and fun to read. Many of his articles appeared in the *Saturday Chronicle*, *New Haven Times-Leader*, and the *Journal and Courier* in the first decade of the twentieth century under the name of "Old Mortality, Jr."

One amusing tale, told on himself, is this. In the Cove near the beautiful bluffs, known as the Palisades of Solitary Cove, is a "fair vale shut out by Arcadian hills, woods, and sea from the rude world." This was dubbed "Pirates' Vale" because Captain Kidd was supposed to have buried chests of gold there in the twilight gloom of the spreading chestnut trees.

Fred and his chums decided one Saturday afternoon to dig for these treasures, so the gang gathered with all the shovels, hoes,

and picks that were handy. They had even collected washbasins, fire-buckets, and pails to be filled with the unearthed Spanish gold. All afternoon they dug and picked and shoveled until dusk began to settle. All of a sudden, an ungodly bellow rent the air. In terror, the boys dropped everything and scattered like a covey of quail, as if the pirate captain himself were charging behind them.

"The truth of the matter was a farmer came to the brow of the hill for his cows and gave the cow call for them to come to the bars, which we mistook for the blasphemous rage of Kidd's ghost; no doubt we were getting near the chest of gold, covered with gore." An addendum to the incident was a warning notice put up by the farmer, who had to work a week filling up the "treasure" holes, so his cows would not break a leg. He also kept all the tools, dropped by the terrified diggers.

(This same infamous vale was also known as "Smugglers' Cove," which name has some basis in fact, for many a load of contraband goods was put ashore here to avoid the U. S. customs officers waiting on Long Wharf. After dark, along the Cove road, could be heard the wagons of the anti-custom men, as they headed for the smugglers' rendezvous.)

Apparently "old Fred" was quite a character. At age thirty he decided he was going to die, so he spent all his money. As can be guessed, he did not succumb. In fact he lived to the venerable age of ninety-two, finally finishing his lifespan on October 12, 1921. The year previous he had written to Murray Upson with his usual play of puns: "When your good Up-Son gets to be a Down-Son, you will know to your dole how it feels to live too long and be glad to go into cold storage with your good old forebears, whom I remember with so much pleasure. They were first class, A number one, salts of this now Satanized earth."

Picture an elderly gentleman with white hair and flowing beard pushing a wheelchair down Chapel Street. When he gets to the Green, he seats himself in the chair and proceeds to scatter crumbs among the pigeon congregation, first tidily fastening his long beard with a rubber band. Frederick must have been a familiar sight on

the Green feeding the pigeons; even postcards were made of him. They say he was quite popular with the Yale boys and had a wide circle of acquaintances because of his geniality.

Frederick's early career was in the mercantile trade, in the Johnson, Welles & Townsend Co. He was a major in the Second Connecticut Regiment. Married to Jane (Prescott), he had no children. They lived much of the time in downtown hotels until they moved to Minneapolis. They were both buried in the Townsend plot in the Grove Street Cemetery with all the other brothers except for William, who was interred in London.

Their father's death in 1849 came during the feverish year of the gold rush to California. Gold had been discovered there in 1847, but it was not until the following year that the electric news, trickling back east, generated a storm of excitement. Eighteen-year-old Robert Raikes (born December 22, 1831), without his father's stern guidance, was caught up in the excitement and set off for California, much to his mother's and brothers' consternation. Perhaps this is why Robert has always been referred to as the black sheep of the family. An indication of the young rebel's contrariness might be inferred from the likeness of him hanging over the mantle in the living room. All of his brothers are pictured in full beards and moustaches, while Robert alone is clean-shaven.

Charles sent a word of caution from London on November 9, 1851: "Please tell Robert if he has not gone to California that the best place for him is at home in the ice business with George. Tell him that after he has seen as much of the world as I, he will find that there is no place like HOME."

Whether Robert's sojourn in California lived up to his youthful dreams is not known, but a couple of years later he returned to his home grounds and married Almira Tuttle from Fair Haven. His business address is listed in the City Directory in the years 1853–57 at the Townsend Block on College and Chapel Streets. Robert's death, from a persistent fever contracted while in California, came on June 30, 1857, after only four years of marriage. The young couple had no children.

James wrote to Charles on April 7, 1857:

> Robert is perfectly willing to go whenever the Lord sees fit to take him. He feels his sins are forgiven, he talks beautifully in prospect of death, and it is a great comfort to us all, after the wicked young man he has been, to know that he now feels that those sins are forgiven and feels prepared to die.

Charles Hervey missed his father's funeral in September of 1849 by two months. He had shipped aboard the barque *Hyperion* as an ordinary seaman in the spring of '49 and did not return until November.

At the green age of fifteen he had chosen a life on the sea, determined that through his efforts alone he would "be somebody or nobody" and resolved, if he failed, to leave the country rather than remain to disgrace the family name.

That Charles would not have to carry out this dramatic resolve was obvious from the start because of this very pluckiness. His full and constructive life of seventy-one years bears witness to the honor he brought the family. The book *Captain Charles Hervey Townshend, Self-Portrait of an American Packet Ship Sailor*, published by the Marine Historical Association in Mystic, Connecticut (1940), tells of his adventurous and hazardous voyages in the merchant marine through the medium of his letters home. It is not possible to improve upon the Captain's own words; therefore, a brief recounting of his life and accomplishments will suffice in this book, to be dealt with in subsequent pages.

Timothy Beers Townsend (born November 21, 1835), seventh child of Eliza and William, attended the Farmington English and Classical School for Boys in 1847–48 along with his older brother Charles. Later he went to the General Russell Collegiate and Commercial Institute at Wooster Square and graduated from the Yale Medical School in 1858 as a physician and surgeon. "Beers" studied medicine further in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Paris.

When the young physician opened his practice in New Haven, he was well received and much sought after. In a letter of 1860, James wrote to peripatetic Charles:

> Dr. T. B. T. is doing splendidly. He has about all the practice he can attend to. His name has been in the newspapers a number of

North gate, front, and south gate of Townshend home.

View of farm and harbor from house, about 1870.

> times in connection with accidents etc. Ellen Gibbie has been very sick. Beers attends her & has done well, both Thomas & Ellen think he is the greatest doctor in the world. Beers introduced some new treatment which worked admirably. She had neuralgia in the head, had not slept for a number of days and nights. Beers introduced some instrument under the scalp, injected some narcotic which relieved her almost immediately whereupon she went to sleep & awoke refreshed.

Dr. Townsend was appointed by the State to visit Connecticut troops after the battle of Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862. In 1867 he was selected by a council of physicians in New Haven to perform the Caesarian operation on a young Negro woman, on account of his great surgical skill and his carefulness and rapidity in operating. This was one of the first successful operations of this character in the country, and the first in Connecticut. The sixteen-year-old girl was delivered of an eight-pound three-ounce healthy male child. (A sad postcript to this famed event: Mrs. R. A. Dudley died fifteen years later of the same operation by another doctor.)

The *Journal & Courier*, April 1, 1893, in writing Dr. Townsend's obituary stated:

> The case excited interest and extensive attention among the medical fraternity . . . . Dr. Townsend was a very rapid as well as exact operator, a fact which contributed, no doubt, to the success of the operation especially in those days when the use and efficacy of antiseptics were unknown, not having been discovered and rapidity of operation being an important factor.

Mortality rate was estimated at 40–80 percent. Dr. Townsend performed this dangerous operation when he was but thirty years old and immediately became famous. To illustrate his large surgical practice, during one year there was not a single case of amputation executed in New Haven county by any other surgeon. He was for many years an instructor at the Yale Medical School.

Owing to overwork and to a sunstroke suffered while attending an accident case on the Canal railroad, Dr. Townsend's health failed him, necessitating his giving up his practice when he was still a comparatively young man. With Death his constant companion in

the operating room, waiting to joggle his elbow, Beers' mind occasionally dwelled on the dismalness of that spectre. He composed this poem:

Death and the Devil hand in hand
Are scouring through our joyous land
Satan prepares our minds for hell
And Death bears where no tongue can tell.

And as we one by one
Shall quit this tenement of clay
And leave this blissful world
Upon our unseen way
Hope, the best bounty of our God, shall flee
But Memory our final judge shall be.

Beers remained a bachelor in "this blissful world," living in the family home in East Haven. He died March 31, 1893, at the age of fifty-eight. The funeral took place in the Townsend homestead.

Edward Howard, the youngest son (born April 8, 1840), began his career as a clerk in the City Savings Bank at the age of seventeen. In time he became the manager of several large business operations. During the Civil War, he received the commission of major and was attached to the staff of Major-General William Russell, who was in charge of the Connecticut militia. General Russell trained many young men for military duty at his Collegiate and Commercial Institute on Wooster Square. Edward married Alice Maltby and became the father of a baby girl who died within the year. He passed away November 8, 1903.

Eliza Mulford, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kneeland Townsend, married Charles Lindsley and removed to New York, where she lived to the age of eighty-five. She died July 27, 1927, the last survivor of her family, and was buried in the family plot. The Lindsleys had no issue.

The fact that only two of this Townsend generation of nine children produced descendants is most astonishing. Charles and James alone kept the family going. At present, two great grandsons,

Charles Hervey II and Timothy Kneeland, now living in the ancestral home, are the farthest reaches of Charles' line that bear the family name. In the James Townsend branch the progeny is much more prolific. None of the latter, however, is located in New Haven.

CHAPTER XV

YEARS OF YANKEE INGENUITY

RETURNING now to George and the farm operations, we find him taking up where his father had left off so suddenly. The fields were still plowed and planted and the crops harvested, the fruit was picked and marketed in town, the milk route was maintained as usual.

In the springtime, before the year 1849, young George would board a train for the west with his money belt strapped firmly around his waist, one suit of clothes in his carpet bag, and a saddle slung over his shoulder. When he got to Ohio, he would buy cattle and, astride a horse, he would drive the herd along the Erie Canal, fording the Hudson River at Albany. The cattle would be fattened up on the farm during the summer, then driven down to the Fulton Market in New York to be sold. According to family lore, George camped out where the Flatiron Building is now.

But George displayed more Yankee qualities than perseverance and pluck. He possessed also that proverbial Yankee trait, ingenuity. He was interested in any enterprise which could, with some improvement, be turned into profit. The field was wide open, in those days, for any man with half an ounce of gumption, and wiry, bright-eyed little George fairly crackled with energy and ideas.

In 1855 the young entrepreneur acquired the land at Lake Saltonstall on which stood a couple of grist mills and a paper mill. When George became owner of this mill property on the south shore of the lake, he was also entitled to all the buildings, machinery, and dam and water rights. All of his life he had been attached to this particular area. When he was just twenty-one years old, he

had procured the right to cut ice on the lake. His first business card read:

SALTONSTALL LAKE ICE

George H. Townsend will supply families with the above article the coming season for $5. —— quantity from ten to fifteen pounds per day, or by the week if preferred.

NAME NO. OF STREET

N.B. Please send this card, *as soon as convenient*, to Messrs. Townsend & Maltby, corner of Chapel and College streets, Austin & Gilbert's, corner of Elm and Church streets, Eben N. Thompson & Co.'s, No. 73 State street or through the Post Office.

In a more detailed circular a few years later, the virtues of the Saltonstall Lake Ice Co. were extolled:

> It may be proper to remark to those who are not already acquainted with this Lake, that it is supplied by springs from its bed, and is at all times discharging a sheet of pure spring water. All the Ice that we have secured this season, is free from snow, perfectly transparent, and superior in every respect to any other Ice procured in this vicinity.

A true jack-of-all-trades, George was involved also in the Saltonstall Fish Co., which stocked the lake with landlocked salmon, bass, and other fish. No one could fish in these waters without a permit from the company.

Lovely Lake Saltonstall, located on the boundary between East Haven and Branford (Totoket), has had a history of activity and industry about which it is well to pause and digress a bit, since George was for half a century so closely connected with it.

Statistically speaking, the lake is four miles long, about one half mile wide, one hundred twelve feet deep, and contains about five billion gallons of water. Rising to the height of two hundred fifty feet on the west side is a ridge covered with pine, birch, hemlock,

beech, and cedar. Woods edge the northern lake shore while meadows or plains formerly extended from the eastern shore. At the southern end of the lake the water flows out to join the Farm River (variously called Stoney, East Haven, Foxon, and "Deborah's" River), and it was here that a dam was built in 1655 by the colonists for the purpose of conducting an ironworks.

The Indians had called the lake Lonotonoquet or "Tear of the Great Spirit." The colonists referred to it as Furnace Pond because of the blast furnace and foundry, the first in Connecticut. Iron ore was carted from a bog in North Haven (near Sackett Point Road) to the smelting furnace, then the molten metal was transferred to the bloomery a short distance downstream, where it was shaped into blocks ready for the blacksmith. These ironworks were in operation for twenty-five years with many workers employed. Their houses around the site made up quite a boisterous little settlement. Then either the iron ore ran out or the principal workmen died because the industry was discontinued and the land sold.

William Rosewell subsequently became the owner, and it was his only daughter, Elizabeth, who married the Reverend Gurdon Saltonstall, Colonial Governor of Connecticut 1707–1724, and after whom the lake was renamed. Governor Saltonstall built his fine large house on a little knoll that jutted out from the east side of the lake near the highway to East Haven.

The Governor lived in this house when the legislature was in session in New Haven, then co-capital with Hartford, but he maintained his principal residence in New London. This was probably to the liking of the East Haveners, who had no great love for this eminent official because of his treatment of some local geese owned by a woman, Deborah by name, who lived near the Saltonstall farm. The geese, unfortunately, had the habit of wandering into the Governor's yard, upsetting him with their ungodly honking and complete disregard for property rights.

One day, so the story goes, the exasperated gentleman reached the limits of his endurance and charged into the feathered army, wreaking havoc upon them. Deborah was outraged. Deborah let this injustice be known to the sympathetic townspeople but held

her peace with the Governor. She bided her time until one day the Governor came out of his house, dressed resplendently for some state occasion, and asked her to ferry him across the little river. Deborah obliged, but halfway across she got the boat wedged between two rocks.

The Governor irritably demanded: "Well, what's to be done now?"

Deborah replied: "Do as I do, Governor, or wait until the tide goes out!" Whereupon she took off her shoes, hoisted up her skirts, and waded to shore, cackling like a goose all the way. Needless to say, the Governor got the point!

The eminent Governor Saltonstall had a lake named for him, but the saucy lass gained recognition too with a street, Deborah Lane, named in her honor.

In 1706 a grist mill was erected on the old furnace site for the grinding of the villagers' wheat, corn, and oats. This mill was in continuous operation for one hundred fifty years until it burned down. In the same year a fulling mill was built on the old bloomery site. After thirty-five years of service it also became a grist mill. In 1839 a paper mill was started in the area. All of these mills became the property of George Townsend in 1855. He carried on the paper business for ten years, supplying the New Haven newspaper companies during the Civil War but halting the operation shortly after.

> The greatest difficulty confronting the paper manufacture in the '50s and '60s was the sad lack of rags to be converted into paper pulp. Every known method was employed from offering cash bounty to the passing of strict laws forcing people to save their rags for use in the paper-mill. However, rags remained scarce and the only remaining resort was to import rags from foreign lands. This was done in this particular case. Bales of old rags weighing five or six hundred pounds a piece were imported from Egypt. They were transported across the broad Atlantic in square-rigged ships which docked in New Haven at Belle Dock.

wrote Donald V. Chidsey of East Haven. (Old Capt. William Chidsey, a relative, had worked in the Townsend paper mill.) After a laborious and lengthy process of shredding the rags, cooking them

in a mixture of lime, soda, and live steam, washing, draining and matting the pulp, pressing and drying the sheets, they were coated with a gelatin layer so they would absorb the ink. The finished product was fine writing paper about twelve inches square and double. When more modern machinery was added to the plant, long sheets of paper could be run off, which were hung on poles in the second floor of the paper mill. This was about the time of the Civil War.

Speaking of that tragic conflict, it was fortunate that George did not have to serve in the Union Army. It was the custom at that time to furnish a substitute if one were subject to the draft, an Act of Congress "for enrolling and calling out the National Forces." On July 19, 1864, George paid John Wetherall the sum of $675 to act as his substitute, thus exempting himself officially from all military service for three years. He was thirty-eight in that year.

Incidentally, few references were made to the Civil War in the family letters—at least in those letters that have been preserved. In a letter from Charles Hervey in Havre to James, January 12, 1861, he refers to the secession of South Carolina, which

> forever will be a stain on hers and our country's history. I expect to hear when I arrive in New York of our country being involved in a Civil War. Tell William I own up that I am a very poor prophet and I still say at the time I left, I did not think that the people of South Carolina could be so foolish as to take the steps thay have already taken. Steps that I am sure they will be sorry for and steps they would never have taken if that miserable, treacherous, old scoundrel James Buchanan had not been our President.

And a letter from James to his son, Willie, in England on September 5, 1862:

> Gen. McClellan is once more at the head of our Army so the Liars' mouths are stopped. They have told awful lies about him, but he is O.K. now and before you get home you see if we have not beaten them and taken Richmond for we shall have a million of men soon in the field and then we will give them fits. *You see if we don't.*

During the year 1864 Charles refers in a letter to the new fort being built on the site of old Fort Hale: "Well, it is time New Ha-

ven had some protection. But where will Townsend house stand if an enemy ever fires onto it [the fort] and the ball misses . . . . I hope Grant will be successful, but have fears."

A newspaper's historical account of those dreadful days of the War Between the States or the "Brothers War," as it was sometimes called, gives a picture of what was happening in New Haven and of the mood of its citizens:

> There was hardly a day that some grand step was not taken, by common consent, to sustain the Government of the United States in its struggle against the efforts of the Southern States to secede from the Union. The times were hard, New Haven industries, especially carriage making, had for some time been languishing in correspondence with the great depression in general business, and skilled mechanics, heads of families, were stalking about the streets, gaunt with anxiety, and even actual hunger on account of the decline of all kinds of work . . . . The young men belonging to the voluntary military companies were wont to gather in their respective armories and discuss the situation and pledge each other to do all that lay in their power to sustain the Government, and men went about the city all day tearfully telling each other of the grandeur and glory of the Union, now in imminent danger of dismemberment.
>
> In all households where there was a father, brother or son capable of bearing arms the women sadly discussed the awful possibilities, and yet it is to the credit of the New Haven ladies that they lent their influence generally on the side of patriotism. But while this was so, there were many merchants and other citizens who could not fully sympathize with the general spirit. Very respectable citizens felt it no disgrace to be denominated "Copperheads" by the Republican newspapers and went so far as to attach to the breast of their coats badges made from the large copper cents in circulation, thus bearing witness to their political sympathy with the South.
>
> It was very soon discovered that opinions as to the merits of the great controversy were divided and most lugubrious predictions were made as to the results of the contest, the magnitude of which was not anticipated. But the time soon came for decisive action.
>
> On a certain memorable Sunday, the people as by common impulse met together, animated by feelings such as only such a conjunction of affairs could have produced. Men of naturally conservative views and feelings displayed as much patriotic ardor as though they had been reared amid the din of arms. At this gathering of cit-

izens, a few from their recognized ability as leaders, made brief and burning speeches and called upon all present to take a firm stand in the fight.

(Shades of Moratorium Day—October 15, 1969! The echoes of distant wars sound strangely like the present noise, with the difference that the militant voices today are raised for peace—at any price.) To continue:

Each day and hour brought some new excitement. The ministers, with one or two exceptions, preached their most eloquent sermons in favor of active hostilities. Flags were displayed from the church buildings and from the large manufactories. Recruiting for the military was the business of the hour . . . by the time that the first regiment of Green Mountain Boys from New Hampshire marched through New York to the front there had been a great change in the minds of most of those citizens, who until then had felt that the North had been to blame in allowing irritation sentiments to prevail against our brethren below Mason and Dixon's line.

(William I. Townsend was apparently one of the latter.)

Plans went forward for the recruitment of volunteers. Liberal bounties were offered, but the troops were not forthcoming as rapidly as hoped. A committee from New Haven went to Washington to request the Secretary of War to cause the arrest and confinement of all persons discouraging enlistments for the war . . . .

Mayor Tyler, on a day when reports of riotous conduct had been more startling than ever before, caused to be brought to the police lock-up a quantity of arms and ammunition, which were placed in cells, and were ready for instant use against rioters, should they make any demonstration. The knowledge that city authorities were prepared, at all hazards, to maintain law and order in the city did much to quell the turbulent spirit among the disloyal. Soon public opinion began to get into better balance. Citizens suspected of disloyalty were notified in language which they could not misunderstand, that they had better manifest a change of heart by hanging out American flags. This was generally done, and almost every house had its flag displayed.

This recounting of events in New Haven has been included at some length to illustrate the oft-said maxim: history repeats itself. Actions and reactions of people caught up in a cause do not change

much through the years, but often sentiments do. Many of the scenes of the Civil War conflict have been repeated in New Haven during the present controversy over the war in Vietnam but from the opposite point of view.

But G. H. Townsend is waiting for his story to be told, so let us continue with it.

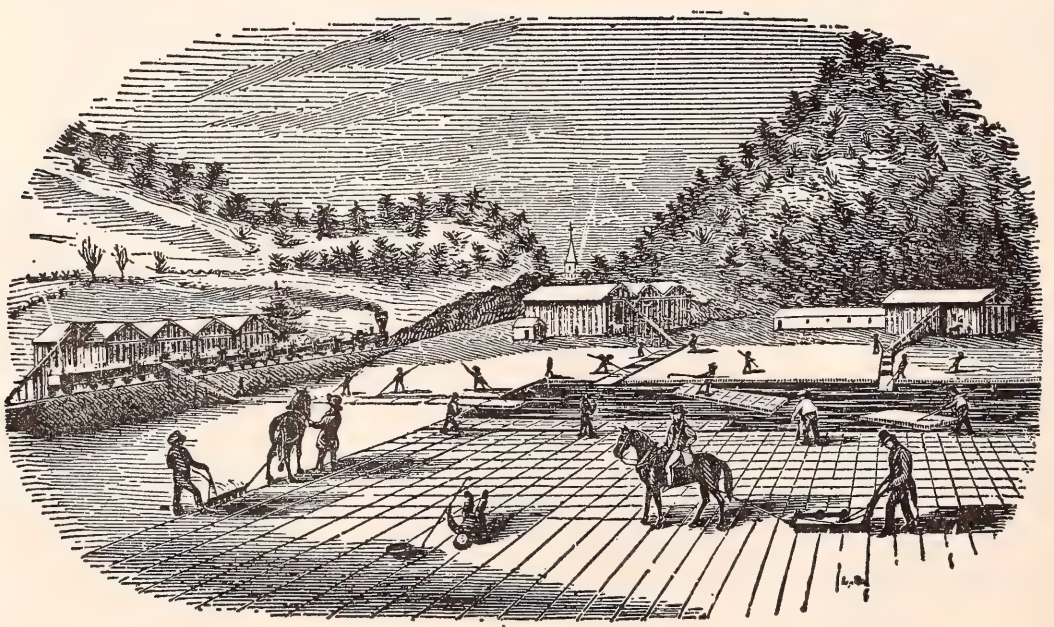
In 1866 George's paper mill and grist mills were sold and consolidated into the Saltonstall Milling Co., which had a capital stock of $40,000 and was subscribed to by his brothers James and Edward as well as by himself. Its purpose was the grinding, buying, and selling of grain, dealing in "flour, meal, feed hay, grass seed and all other farm products and of preparing the same for market; also the business of purchasing, sawing and dealing in all kinds of timber and lumber and of manufacturing the same into wagons and carriages." Only eight years later the stockholders voted to discontinue the company, and the property was put up for auction. It consisted of the main building, foundry, double dwelling house, barn, storehouse, and grist mill (powered by a waterfall of thirty to

forty horsepower), machinery (including five blacksmith forges), and stock. After various ownerships, the property ended up in the possession of the New Haven Water Co. about 1880.

Beside his manufacturing, milling, and fish projects, George continued his interest in the retail ice business, expanding it to include local hotels, markets, and saloons as well as private residences. Small wooden boxes for ice orders were placed throughout New Haven for the convenience of customers during the ice season from May to October. In 1861, after several moves, the Saltonstall Lake Ice Co. located at 220 State Street. Its name changed six years later to the New Haven Ice Co. when Lake Whitney ice was included, but it stayed on State Street until 1888, whereupon the office was relocated at 191 Orange Street. George was now going into the wholesale export business in a big way, sending the crystal-clear lake harvest, packed in hay in the holds of ships, as far south as Virginia. On one day seven schooners were anchored in New Haven harbor awaiting loading of the ice stored in the Townsend warehouses on the Quinnipiac River, just north of the Ferry Street bridge.

Competition from the denser Maine ice finally induced George

New Haven Ice Company harvesting ice at Saltonstall lake.



to close down the business, but he reserved the right to cut ice on the lake for nine hundred ninety-nine years—so the family had always heard.

The saga of Lake Saltonstall continues with its biggest role yet to be played.

Shrewd Yankee that he was, George had been buying up land around the lake for many years. By 1890 he had acquired about seven hundred acres. It was his lifelong ambition to turn this land and the lake into a beautiful, privately owned recreation area for the public. With typical zeal, even though he was then sixty-four, he plunged into the exciting task of making his dream come true.

The first thing built was a boarding dock at the foot of the lake, then a refreshment house with a waiting room named "Lakeview." Small fishing boats were soon lined up at the shore and a little steamer, *Cygnet*, captained by G. Herbert Baldwin, rocked gently by the new dock, waiting to take passengers at twenty-five cents per ticket up the lake and back. Let's slip back in time for a moment . . . .

It is a hot summer morning in New Haven in the year 1890. Throngs of city families, seeking relief from the heat and in pursuit of woodland pleasures, climb on the Shoreline Railroad for the fifteen-minute ride to the East Haven depot. From there they take the short walk to Lake Saltonstall and board the gaily-decked *Cygnet* for a cool ride to the head of the lake, to Glen Grove, where Mr. Andrew Granniss, concessionaire, greets them and invites them to partake of his confections and bottled temperance drinks.

The picnickers spread the contents of their lunch baskets on the tables provided in the rustic pavilion and settle down to enjoy "the beauty and quiet of the incomparable Lake Saltonstall." After lunch the groups separate, each according to his or her inclination. Some stroll along the shady woodland walks up to Eagle's Nest Point on the west ridge, where a magnificent view of the surrounding country can be had. Others engage themselves more actively in sports—baseball, tennis, croquet, etc., on the nearby playing fields.

For man and boy alike, the biggest attraction is the fishing. With a little luck and patience, one can hook perch, pickerel, bullheads,

roach, crappies, or black bass. It is said that George Townsend brought the black bass from Winsted many years ago and that every year he stocks the lake with an average of two thousand fish. He puts trout fry in the streams also and makes deep little pools for them by damming the streams at frequent intervals. It is "to Mr. Townsend's enterprise and public spirit the improvements at the lake are due. He has been indefatigable in beautifying and adding to the attractions of this spot so alluring to the lover of nature and the beautiful, and in his own modest way goes on in the good work which is a great public benefit."

When the shadows begin to grow long and cool, the tired picnickers collect their belongings and board the steamer again for home. Everyone agrees that Saltonstall is a much more delightful retreat than the better known Savin Rock . . . .

In the summer of 1894 James Townsend was instrumental in getting the electric trolley line extended from Granniss Corner to the East Haven Green and thence to Lake Saltonstall. The initial run was taken on Friday, June 29, with a great number of invited guests filling the flag-bedecked cars. They left the New Haven Green at one-thirty and arrived in the center of East Haven a short time later amid the ringing of church bells and the applause of well-wishers who had gathered to witness the event. Like a gracious host, George Townsend greeted the distinguished company at Lake Saltonstall whereupon he gave them a personally conducted tour of the lake via the little steamer *Cygnet* and of the scenic places of interest on the park-like grounds—Chestnut Grove, Wigwam Grove, Stillwater Bay and the lily pond. With the advent of the electric trolley the rush of excursionists was on in earnest.

"A GREAT DAY AT LAKE SALTONSTALL!" headlined *The Daily Palladium* on May 31, 1895. "BEAT ALL RECORDS!" The newspaper continued: "A moderate estimate of those who spent a part of the day at Saltonstall would be 3,000." Extra excursion boats were added: the steamer *Susie Saltonstall*, the barge *Governor Saltonstall*, and the handsome launch *Electra*, straight from the Chicago's World Fair of 1893 (or World's Columbian Exhibition,

as it was called to commemorate the fourth century of the discovery of America by Columbus).

Such was the great upsurge in popularity of the new resort that many talked of building vacation cottages and a big summer hotel on the lake's edge. One bedazzled writer in the *Evening Leader* of June 14, 1894, oozed compliments and vowed that "the heart of the Adirondacks furnishes no wilder or more enchanting resting places for tourists." To think "this wonderfully delightful spot can be reached from New York in about two hours and is within easy walking distance from New Haven!" The writer lavished on:

> I predict that within the very near future the dense and romantic woods will be dotted at frequent intervals with delightful little cottages, the occupants of which will be families of New Haven who will have the opportunity to thus enjoy all the delights of the temporary residence in the forest primeval, the altitude being high enough to ensure the most deliciously pure air and the surroundings being such as to prevent the appearance of mosquitoes or other insects which are frequently the pest of the sojourner of the woods. Old residents in the vicinity of the lake assert that a mosquito in these woods has never been seen.

And it was not only in the summer that the recreation area drew the public. In winter, many skaters, young and old, flocked to the frozen lake for a day of sliding and gliding. On January 6, 1895, two thousand skaters were reported out on the ice with the railroad running a special train to accommodate the crowds.

Lake Saltonstall was also the scene of rowing contests between the Yale and Harvard crews. A popular ditty included the lines:

> And if it's a girl, sir, I'll dress her up in blue
> And send her out to Saltonstall to coach the freshman crew.

George put out an attractive booklet, complete with pictures, depicting the charms of Lake Saltonstall and its facilities: "Fishing, Fowling, Foresting, Fox-hunting, Foot-ball, Base-ball, Boating and Bowling, also Picturesque Parks for Picnic Purposes, Private Parties and Pedestrians." A masterpiece of alliteration!

All of this public enjoyment came to an abrupt halt on June 24,

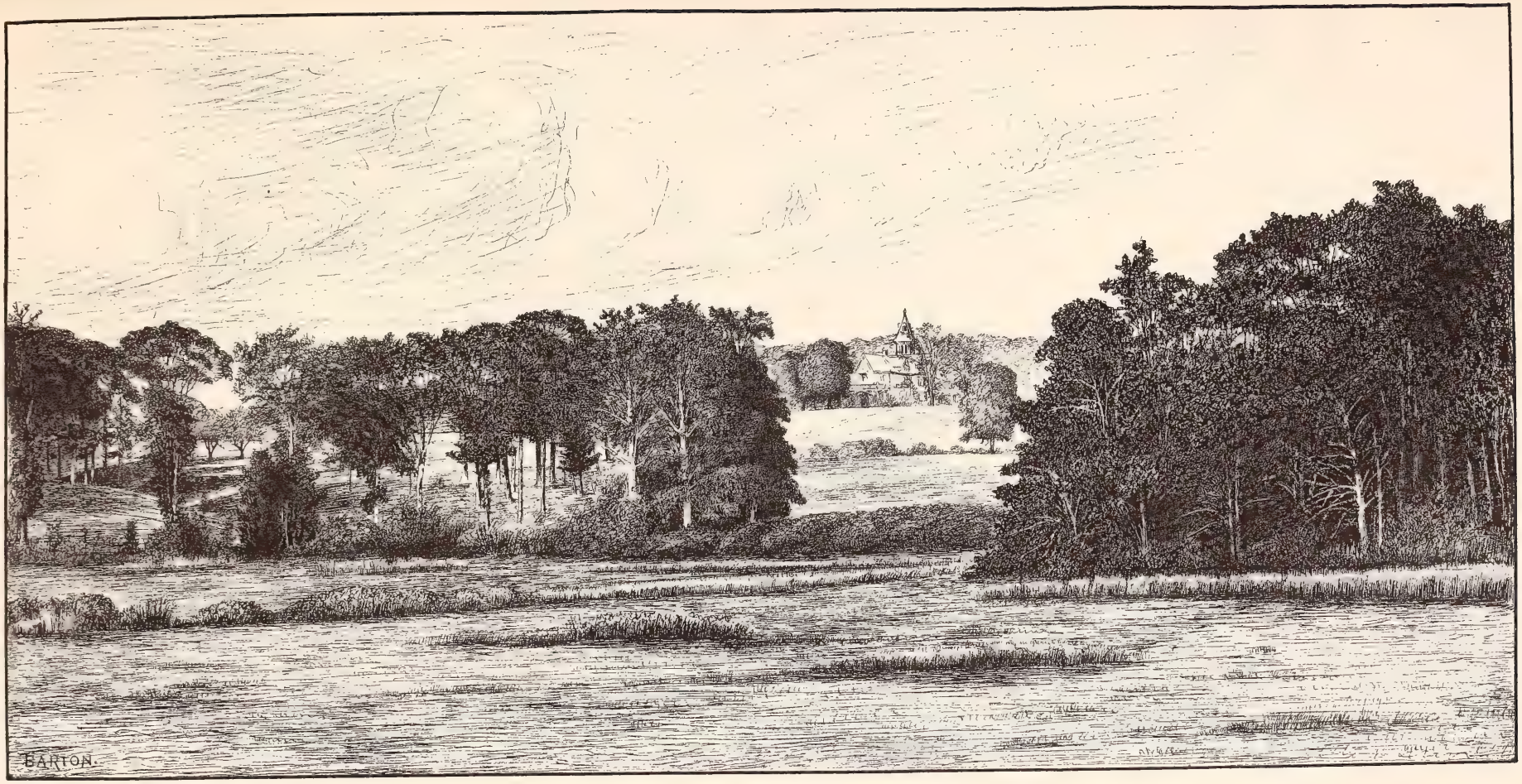
1895. The New Haven Water Co., which had already been piping the water to the city for domestic and industrial use, bought the land from Mr. Townsend for $50,000 in order "to keep the water in a pure condition and prevent its contamination by being used for pleasure purposes." Actually George sold the twelve tracts of land around Lake Saltonstall to Samuel R. Blatchley, who in turn sold these same tracts of approximately seven hundred sixteen acres to the water company three days later.

For many years latter-day family members indeed had the impression that Uncle George had reserved the right to cut ice on the lake for years—wouldn't it be fun one freezing winter day to drive onto Lake Saltonstall in a jeep, take a sharp saw, and cut out a few ice cubes just for the heck of it? But no, when the records were really delved into, George's warranty deed renounced forever "all franchises, water rights and privileges, fishing rights and privileges connected with or relating to Saltonstall Lake and Foxon River."

Furthermore, by signing the gloomy document, Uncle George agreed: "therefrom I and they [heirs] are by these presents forever barred and secluded." Doomsday! How final it sounds, like being cast out from the Garden of Eden. However, with the kind permission of the water company's president, some of the heirs in the summer of 1967 took a pleasant hike around the Lake, imagining its former attractions and breathing in its unchanged natural beauty.

But that particular June of 1895 there was a great outcry, especially from General Manager Dodge of the New Haven Street Railway Co., who said: "I do not know what the water company intends to do, but I hope it will not shut the public off from one of New Haven's finest summer resorts."

But shut off it was. The holiday crowds stopped coming and the trolley tracks were taken up. George took his fifty-foot electric boat and ran it for a while from Lighthouse Point to Savin Rock as an excursion boat. The batteries were taken out and a gasoline engine installed, but the enterprise failed. The *Electra* was finally sold for a private launch. Only the fishermen continued to visit the lake



"Raynham" from the harbor.

"Raynham" trolley station on Woodward Avenue.

Uncle George and
great-nephew Raynham, Jr.

until even this right was taken away by the New Haven Water Co. in 1966.

This closing of the lake to pleasure-seekers was a blow to George too after all his efforts, but not a disaster. All those years when he was supervising the Saltonstall venture, he had other irons in the fire.

A list of George's remunerative projects included selling salt hay to the Sargent Hardware Co. in which to pack their wares, contracting with the horse-car companies to provide sweet hay for their horses, buying shore land at Cosey Beach, which he then improved for profitable resale by putting up jetties to increase the sand deposit. He also owned several pieces of real estate: a boat yard and wharf by the Quinnipiac River, land on Chatham Street, and land on Foxon Road.

Although George concentrated mostly on business enterprises in the immediate area of New Haven, he became connected in 1868 with a fertilizer company in New Jersey through his father-in-law, James Buckelew. He was an investor in the Squankum and Freehold Marl Co. and acted as its New England agent.

Marl was a cheap and valuable fertilizer, a rich earth of lime and clay, like green sand in appearance. The seventy-five-acre farm owned by the company produced marl high in phosphoric acid, making it exceptionally rich. George shipped cargoes of this marl to his wharf on the Quinnipiac River and advertised its sale for use on the light soils of New England.

George was well-known and respected in the New Haven area and for many years it was his pride that he knew every man, woman and child that he met daily in his activities. Many present-day old-timers have remembered incidents about him. The late Archie Quick told that one night, when he was a boy living at South End, a man's face appeared in the kitchen window. It was George Townsend in need of a ride home. His carriage had overturned in Momauguin and was too damaged to use. Archie drove him home in the family buckboard, earning the worthy sum of one dollar.

Walter Ames of Morris Cove said that as a boy in 1900 he worked

for the dairy owned by George Bradley in East Haven. He used to mow the hay for Mr. Townsend and take it to the dairy for the cows. Old Yankee Townsend, being very particular about how the fields were cut, would call to young Walter:

"Boy, you left a patch over there." So back Walter would go for a handful of hay. (At that time, fields from Upson Street to Fort Hale Road and down to the harbor were cut.)

Mrs. Irving Newton told the story of how George was always in such a hurry to beat the Chapel Street drawbridge across the Mill River. One day the bridgekeeper treated himself to some amusement at George's expense. He managed to catch George just right, as he quickened his horse to beat the bridge. There was George, horse and carriage, right in the middle of the bridge span, which was then swung out to let a boat through!

Just say the words "Chinese water lilies" or "pink pond lilies" and the immediate response was "George Townsend." He was famous for these rare lilies, which he grew in a small spring-fed pond off Woodward Avenue. Every year for half a century he would pick clusters of them and journey to City Hall, where they were presented to the Mayor and to the Park Superintendent. City officials were not the only ones to enjoy this specialty. One year, early in the new century, some roving deer appeared on the Townsend farm. Meandering through the fields down to the pond, the browsers sampled the Chinese delicacies, raising havoc with George's carefully tended, floating garden.

Some descriptive notes about the neighborhood to the north of the Townsend Farm might be in order here.

The William Newtons lived at 809 Townsend Avenue in the old Fabrique house. "Bill" Newton, who died at the age of ninety-one, served the Peck Bros. for fifty-three years, inventing numerous devices for that plumbing firm. Active in the Republican Party for many years, Mr. Newton was alderman for the 32nd Ward and was chairman of the State Harbor Commission for twenty-five years. At the time of the breaking up of Newton's property, the Townshends were given the old weathervane off the barn. This gilded horse now spins with the wind on top of the barn at 709 Townsend Avenue.

Back in the late 1800s many of the people in the neighborhood were related to one another in some way or other. Asa Fabrique, farmer, was the husband of Emma Upson, Julius Upson's daughter (the same Julius who was featured in William Kneeland Townsend's diary). Another daughter, Eliza Upson Street, had her house at 853 Townsend Avenue, designed almost like her sister's at 809. Henry Lancraft was the builder. Husband William R. Street transported mules to New England from St. Louis. One night, while unloading, a cussed, ornery mule balked and unfortunately kicked Mr. Street to Kingdom Come.

Eliza Street was the mother of Mary Street Peck, who as a child befriended the old Indian Asa when he came in the summer to help the Upsons with the farm work. In a 1959 interview, ninety-four-year-old Mrs. Peck recalled that Mrs. James Townsend used to come to call on the Street family in a beautiful carriage lined and tufted with silk and pulled by two horses with a coachman up front. Mrs. Townsend jokingly named the Streets "the pony family" because of their small stature. Other memories of old Mrs. Peck were that Dr. T. B. Townsend once set a broken arm of a member of her family and that her grandmother Upson used to sew for Mrs. William K. Townsend.

About 1891 Caroline Street Roberts and her husband, the Reverend William Roberts, came to live with her widowed mother. After Mrs. Street's death in 1914, the Robertses stayed on in the house. The present owner of the Street-Roberts house is Shirley Kondo, and the Fabrique-Newton house is owned by Mrs. John Toth. The Upson farm stayed in the family until 1928 with son following son as residents: Julius to Edward to Chauncey to brothers Warren and Murray. Then with building going on all around the farm, shrinking the breathing room, the family sold their land and moved to a Branford farm. At present the old Upson house, at 875 Townsend Avenue, is occupied by the Armand D'Urso family. Incidentally, after 1902 the numbers on Townsend Avenue were changed. The address of George Townsend's house and farm was changed from 300 to 709 Townsend Avenue.

Another of George's many lucrative endeavors was oyster grow-

ing. The oyster industry had always been a thriving one in New Haven, with much attention given to the preservation of oysters and clams in the harbor and rivers. In 1766 a regulation was passed prohibiting anyone from collecting oysters in the summer months during their time of propagation.

The charming village of Fair Haven was the center of the oyster business in the nineteenth century and there were few, if any, houses not used for opening the oysters, which were then put into kegs and sold to inland towns at a good profit. Families stored away their own winter supply under blankets in a cool cellar. Even real estate was advertised with an eye to the lucrative oyster business. In 1793 a single-story dwelling house, "not so far distant from the New Bridge" (over the Quinnipiac River at Grand Street), was advertised as having "two large rooms in the lower floor and two chambers; also an underground room suitable for opening oysters."

Some people took rather a dim view of the oyster crowd down by the river. "With the exception of a few worthy families, the adult population engaged in the oyster business were grossly intemperate, and fell an early prey to the degrading device," so stated a newspaper of 1847.

A Frenchman, Captain Philippe de Broca, wrote an account in 1862 of the oyster business in New Haven harbor: "The spectacle presented on entering the harbor is most curious. As far as the eye can see, the bay is covered with myriads of branches, waving in the wind or swayed by the force of the currents. It looks as if a forest were submerged, the tops of trees only rising above the surface of the water." These branches served, of course, as markers for the various owners' oyster beds.

Captain de Broca had been directed in 1859 by Emperor Napoleon III to visit the United States to make a thorough study of the shellfish industry. Napoleon wanted to introduce American shellfish culture on the coast of France. Two years before, Captain Townsend had made the acquaintance of Captain de Broca when he was docking his ship *Germania* in Havre. Captain de Broca was the director of the port and when he found out that Captain Townsend came from New Haven, he asked:

"Do you know Fair Haven?" The answer was affirmative.

Tell me," he continued, "about your prolific oysters, the soft clam and the round clam. Tell me of the cultivation and the multiplication of shellfish and the progress of your shellfish industry."

This was the beginning of a lasting friendship based on an interest in shellfish. Numerous visits and oysters were exchanged. Captain Townsend also presented his European friend with a model sharpie or shoal water craft used for tonging oysters, made by Orin Shute of South Quinnipiac Street. Through their collateral experimentation it was discovered that the best method to collect the oysters' spawn (two million eggs per adult oyster) was to cover the bottom of shallow waters with clean shells, tiles, or brush so that the spawn when it matured and got heavy enough to sink would attach itself to the debris and thus start to develop at a rapid rate.

Each season the bottom of the Quinnipiac River and the harbor were scraped barren of oysters by the growing demand for this succulent delicacy. It became necessary to import oysters from the bays along the coast to the south and finally to go into the business of cultivation. Henry C. Rowe was one of the pioneers in the building up of the great deepwater oyster cultivation in Long Island Sound and served as the leading representative of the State Oyster-Growers' Association formed in 1881. His large building of operations was located at the east end of the Ferry Street bridge, where mountains of empty oyster shells were a common sight. The Landcraft family also owned an oyster business nearby.

Passing by an oyster house, one could see long benches filled with older foreign women and boys who were opening oysters with knives quick as a wink. They had to work fast because the fee per gallon was small. The raw oysters were packed into small wooden barrels or kegs, fresh water was added, and the bungs placed and driven home. The kegs were then ready to be shipped inland, to the west coast or to Europe, under refrigeration.

The Townsend brothers owned five hundred fifty-seven acres of oyster grounds in the Sound and oyster beds from the shore in front of the house to the middle of the channel. Oyster lands within

the harbor limits were owned by seventy-five or a hundred small growers in 1886.

Charles Hervey was tremendously interested in the cultivation of native oysters, and his experiments in oyster seeding made him too one of the early pioneers in this industry. In the booklet *An Essay on the Oyster Industry of the United States*, published in 1885, there is an article entitled "Experiences in Oyster Planting," which liberally quotes from a diary kept by Captain Townsend: "The first memorandum of this interesting book informs us, under the date 1867 that the author commenced stocking the ditch [old moat] at Fort Hale with native oysters of two years' growth in September and October of 1867 for the purpose of experiment."

While Captain Townsend was in Europe on his ocean voyages, he took special pains to study the experimental methods of oyster cultivation in France and applied this knowledge to his experiments here. He employed Anson Moulthrop at $75 per month for one year to help in the cultivation work but also hired other men for the heavy jobs:

> *June 29, 1870*—Employed all day with two carts, three men and Sergeant Maxwell, at the fort, carting oyster-shells preparatory to shelling the ditch. We have dumped 27 loads of 25 bushels each in piles 60 feet apart. Will spread the shells at the rate of 12½ bushels to a space of 30 feet square.
>
> *July 2*—Maxwell finished spreading shells in the ditch for the present. For the past week I have kept the ditch with about 4 feet of water in it in order to let the sun heat the water and make the oysters all spawn about the same time. I have also shut out the tide and let flow in as much fresh water as possible, as an abundant supply is supposed to benefit the oysters while spawning.

Many elements, both natural and human, contrived to deprive the oyster grower of the just returns of his labor. Starfish, drills, and periwinkles consumed the tender young bivalves, mud often buried them, cold weather and ice destroyed them, or storms washed them out to sea:

> *October 23, 1870*—This afternoon went out with Moulthrop to examine the oysters laid down as an experiment on Black Rock Bar

[just off Fort Hale]. We find that the tidal wave, occasioned by the shock of an earthquake last Thursday, has done considerable havoc among the oyster-beds. For the last two Summers the growth of sea-weed on the flats has been very abundant, and as there was no ice last Winter to clean it off, this year's growth with the old growth made the quantity double, the hot sun this Summer having killed it all and left it to decay. When the tidal wave came up the harbor from south-southwest to north-northeast, it is reported to have combed up 2 feet, by captains of vessels lying at anchor, and it swept before it all the mass of loose decayed sea-weed and piled in windrows all the way from Townsend creek to Crane's bar, completely smothering 500 bushels of oysters laid down at the mouth of the creek. It also altered the whole south and west side of the Black Rock bar and has destroyed hundreds of bushels of fine Virginia oysters, the sand in some places being 2 feet high. It has also tossed the oysters about in every direction, and our loss cannot be counted up at present, but we found oysters half a mile from their beds which shows the strength of the tidal wave to have been great . . . . I write this in haste as I leave for New York to take command of steamer *Ontario* tonight and expect to make a voyage to Europe.

When Captain Townsend returned, he again took up his interest in oyster growing. On July 20, 1871, he reported in his diary:

It is my opinion, from careful observation during the last four years, that oyster-spawn, after leaving the oyster, remains floating about, say a day or a week, until it matures when it adheres to any clean, hard substance which has been thrown into the water and is free from slime. After this the coating breaks and the spat takes the shape and form of an oyster. Clean bits of wood, leather, bones, glass, iron and stone have been picked up covered with young oysters, which proves that almost any substance thrown into the water, when impregnated with spat, will catch it.

Calm and hot weather were also necessary to make the spawn adhere to the shells and mature properly.

In 1878 George Townsend received an award for his oysters at the New Haven County Agricultural Society exhibit on the Green. In 1880 he was a partner in the Hoyt Bros. Co., which successfully carried out steam-dredging for oysters.

It has often been told that a barrel of oysters, alongside of a barrel of apples, was kept on the back porch of the homestead for anyone who wished to partake of them. After reading about the hardships encountered in raising these mollusks, one should certainly appreciate eating them! It is amazing to learn that even thunder can kill them with the shock. No pounding or woodchopping was done on the schooners transporting oysters, nor were steamers with jarring machinery used.

Speaking of enemies of oysters, one must mention the two-legged variety. Because public opinion was then against private ownership of oyster bottoms (most people claiming the oysters to be as free as blueberries on the hills), many oyster growers had to erect little oyster "watch houses," which stood on stilts in the shoal waters of the Sound or were perched on boats anchored there.

At an East Haven town meeting in 1859 it was voted that "no person be permitted to take, gather or collect any oyster or oyster shells within the limits of East Haven in New Haven harbor or Morris Cove so-called, southerly of Fort Hale, with drays, dredges or rakes on penalty of seventeen dollars for each and every such offense."

Good use was made of the Townsend telescope to scan the harbor in watch for poachers. George also employed a retired sailor by the name of Norton to keep an eye on his oyster beds. George Norton, his wife Mary, and child Lucy lived in a small frame house on the shore next to George's boathouse and wharves.

Norton was a tall, rugged man, strong as an ox, and could turn over a forty-foot sharpie all alone. He was a Godfearing man who read the Bible once through every year but would not let his daughter read it as there were things in it "not fit for Lucy to read." Rumor had it that when Norton was seafaring in his youth he had found a chest full of money, floating in the ocean. This was supposed to be the source of his liberal contributions to St. Andrew's Church. It seems more likely that the Nortons' extreme thriftiness accounted for this beneficence.

Mary Norton, a spirited Cockney girl, was particularly close with money. She would take the long walk into town rather than pay the

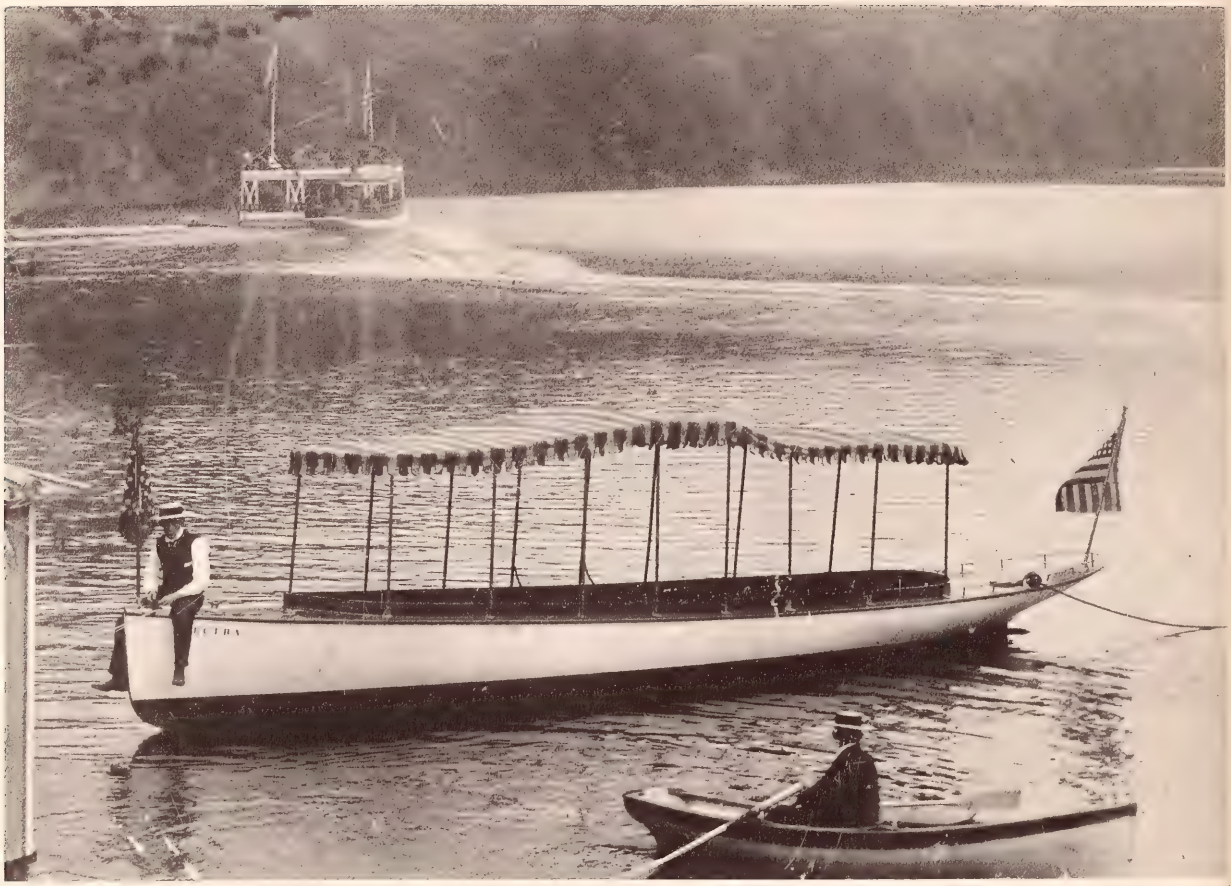
Lake Saltonstall from water tower hill.

View from terminus of Electric Railway, Lake Saltonstall.

Lake Saltonstall, south end.

Glen Cove, north end of Lake Saltonstall.

The *Governor Saltonstall.*



The *Electra* and barge *Governor Saltonstall.*

View on Loop Road, Lake Saltonstall.

twenty cents to ride the daily Douglas stage. Her rooms were illuminated with old oil lamps because she would not pay for the more expensive electric service. In her old age, she would sit on the stoop of her house at 548 Woodward Avenue and plead poverty to the passing neighbors, in hopes of a sympathetic handout. Everyone treated her kindly and occasionally invited her to dinner, so at least the poor old soul would have a square meal.

When Mary died in 1941 at the age of one hundred (lacking one week), it is said she left to St. Andrew's Church the interest on $40,000. Quite a tidy sum for a poverty-stricken old lady!

Several more tales could be told about this lively old woman—even when she was over ninety Mary was the life of the party, dancing and telling jokes. When her doctor told her to take it easy, that her heart was weak, she responded by walking rapidly up and down Upson Street hill just to prove the doctor wrong.

Mary worked for Mrs. W. K. Townsend as a cook and later for "Mrs. George." Lucy Norton was the childhood chum of Miss Emily Slocombe, whose family lived on the southeast corner of Munn Road (Fort Hale) and Townsend Avenue, where they were engaged in growing flowers. It is from Miss Slocombe that the information concerning the Norton family has come. She and Lucy would walk to the four-room Woodward School together. Miss Slocombe, well into her eighties, still remembered her grammar school teachers: Miss Reene Price, Miss Bessie Loveland, Miss Etta Lancraft, and Miss Caroline Hughes; Miss Hughes's house at 314 Forbes Avenue is now the Seamen's House. Emily died in 1967, a fragile shadow from a different era; still, in her way, she had kept up with the times.

But this is somewhat off the main story.

The year 1856 was an especially significant one for the Townsends. This was the date they decided to remodel their Federal-style house into the more romantic fashion of the day, American Gothic.

(Queen Victoria's reign from 1837 to 1901 encompassed a variety of styles—Greek, Roman, Gothic, Egyptian, Islamic—each with its particular collection of associated ideas and each symbolically

suggesting certain ideals. There is no one particular style that can be labeled Victorian exclusively, but in America the name has most often come to be applied to the "gingerbread" Gothic type of house.)

Musing upon this major family decision, one could piece together a conjecture like this:

Left to her own opinion, widow Eliza Townsend would have been content to keep things as they were, as her husband had left them, but the growing family of young adults was full of energy and enterprise. William was in New York City and Charles Hervey was often at sea, but the rest of the family was around. Robert had come home from California and had gotten married, and James was home with his wife and two little sons. George and Fred were still bachelors, and Beers was a medical student at Yale. The other children, Edward and Eliza, were yet in their teens. All in all the house was beginning to "burst at the seams"—not to be taken literally since it was only fifty years old, practically new according to the standards of those days.

So the idea of enlarging the house to comply with the need for comfort and perhaps the wish to keep up with the times became a definite decision, arrived at during many family councils. James was particularly persuasive in urging his mother to accept the remodeling as his gift. Now plans had to be made as to technical execution of that decision.

Gothic Revival architecture was sweeping the country. It was an architecture born of a tremendously creative era, an era that took up mass production tools for the first time and, like a child with a new toy, delighted in the infinite variety and intricacy of work that these tools produced. Since the skillful masonry work of European buildings was too expensive to reproduce, local builders turned to the plentiful supply of wood. Individual imagination and dexterity reigned and gained the name "Carpenter Gothic." While the romantic turrets and towers, the fanciful gables and balconies, the ornate cornices and moldings might give present-day people the impression of frothy impermanence, nothing could be further from the truth. As John Maass says in his book *The Gingerbread Age*:

"Victorian architecture was founded on the rock of superb confidence."

Alexander Jackson Davis, the popular New York architect, helped educate the public into enthusiastic approval of this romantic style, so in keeping with the sentiments of the time. Whether the Townsends hired Davis to draw up a specific plan or whether they obtained a design from a so-called pattern book is unknown, but certainly the style of the house was very similar to the work done by Davis.

The renovation or conversion was extensive. A whole new section was added in the back, like the top of the letter "T." The conventional A-shaped roof was transformed into a central gable with deep-eaved gable roofs on the sides. A Gothic tower, with little pointed windows in it and surrounded by a "widow's walk," perched on the back roof.

This romantic-looking tower was probably just as fascinating to the children in those days as it is today—and not to children alone! One has to climb two stories, then the steep banistered stairs to the first platform of the tower. Gazing far down on the gardens and buildings is like looking at a colored map—you can see everything at one glance!

The next and last climb is up a wooden ladder, through a trap door to the very top. Far and wide the view can be seen in every direction through the narrow, dusty windows. Over the red rooftops, over the chimney-pots with their toadstool hats, over the crinkled green of tree foliage, is another world of space and infinite perspective. To the north is the jagged skyline of New Haven's familiar towers bracketed by the red cliffs of East and West Rocks, a mop of greenery on their crests. Across the way can be seen the white buildings and steeples of West Haven and the wharves and docks of City Point jutting into the water. Southward the sandy shore curves and tapers into a long, flat spit that fingers into the harbor. Past the red and black buoys, past the breakwater with its squat, little lighthouse, the harbor stretches until it becomes the Sound. On a clear day the long, low coil of Long Island shimmers on the distant horizon.

Inside the tower, various members of the family have carved their initials on the walls for posterity: FAT 1860, GHT 1862, TBT '69 Aug.—and even the painters have left their mark: "painted this house J. W. Kellog April 29, 1896, 41 Winchester Ave."

Down on ground level, the Townsends had the front porch changed from one whose classic columns extended past the second floor to a one-story veranda supported by clusters of half-round posts. Bay windows swelled out on either side of the façade with elaborate balustrades topping them. There were "gingerbread" decorations over the windows and brackets and scrolls ornamenting the eaves. But in spite of all these embellishments the house would be considered of relatively simple design compared to the lavish later Victorian.

Near the house, on the south side, had been the old woodyard and coachhouse. These buildings were removed completely. A fine, big carriage-house was built to the rear of the house with six stables and a harness room attached. Sleighs were stored in the upper space of the new building.

The carriage drive, which entered between massive red stone pillars from sandy Townsend Avenue, curved past the house on the south side under a grape arbor and on to the big, rounded doors of the carriage-house. The driveway and the paths were covered with the native rose-red sandstone gravel, making a colorful picture in contrast to the border of clipped evergreens and white picket fence.

Small houses, in keeping with the general design, were also built for a coachman and a gardener, the former close by the piggery and the latter to the rear of the north orchard. All of the buildings were painted a muddy tan with the roofs composed of red tile.

The Townsends were so proud of their splendid new house, they had a photograph taken of it. To look at the water-color painting of the original house, done about 1855 by Elizabeth Durand Townsend, and the photograph of the remodeled house, taken in August of 1860, one would never guess they were one and the same house! All the family was present, posed in typical Victorian stances, except for Charles and Edward and, of course, for Robert, who had

died during the remodeling. His wife, Almira, was there though. Even a favorite horse was brought into the picture, held by the Negro groom, who had trouble keeping the nervous creature still. James commented on this picture in a letter to his brother Charles, dated August 16, 1860: "I suppose you have been told all the news at home by the others, all about having a photograph taken of the Home, which I don't think much of (tho I should not say so, I suppose, for I have not seen it since finished) for I fear it is stiff."

Inside, the house was handsomely furnished. The most elegant room, the north parlor, was reserved for state occasions and worship and so came to be known as the "Glory Parlor." Heavy, gold floral wallpaper decorated the walls, which complimented the vivid copies of old Italian masters set in gilded Florentine frames brought by the James Townsends from Europe. In a corner cabinet, Mrs. Townsend put the treasured tea set brought from China in 1799 by cousin Eben Townsend. The family was especially pleased with the beautiful set of rosewood furniture, handmade by the famous cabinetmaker John Henry Belter of New York. It was in the rococo revival style, which was so fashionable at that time.

In the back room where George kept his cubby-hole desk and did his paperwork the furniture was less elegant. Along one wall in George's "office" was a long, low cabinet filled with volumes of bound *Century*, *Scribners* and *Harper's* magazines. The colorful pictures of *Godey's Lady's Book* particularly engrossed any visiting children. Some of the pages could be extended into beautiful panoramas of ladies dressed in elegant, hoop-skirted gowns, the very last word in fashion for the 1860s. In this same room over the fireplace were oval photographs of each of the eight Townsend boys, arranged in a circle with daughter Eliza's picture in the middle.

In the other rooms were typical Victorian marble-topped tables, wax or feather flowers under glass domes, heavy cornices encrusted with wooden grapes over the windows, French clocks, Rogers groups of homey plaster figures. The dining room was furnished in the rich, ornate style of Louis Quatorze, with massive walnut sideboards displaying carved game birds on the doors, marble counters, and shelves framed in powerful consoles.

Although gaslight was being used more and more by city dwellers the Townsends had to be content with kerosene lamps and candles to light their evening meal and the way to bed. But fireplaces in every room, plus a Franklin stove in the sitting room, brightened the atmosphere during the long, dark hours of winter as well as bringing the temperature up. Every room had doors to close in the warmth too, leaving the halls an "outer space" of cheerless cold. Later the family installed one of the most modern inventions, steam heat. Stephen J. Gold of New Haven had invented a new and useful apparatus for warming houses by steam, patented October 3, 1854. These radiators were made of thin metallic sheets, riveted in many depressions that gave the large iron rectangles a dimpled look. They could be painted or grained decorously to suit the room but were inconspicuous because of their flatness against the wall. (The house still boasts six of them, in good working order!) "The radiators can be suited to almost an endless variety of adaptations. Clusters of them of any desired dimension may be hid within an ornamental framework of iron, with a handsome marble top," the advertisement read, and the Townsends chose the fancy iron screens for the radiators in the front parlor and hall. Many New Haveners endorsed this method of heating: Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., Prof. F. Shepherd, Rev. J. M. Garfield, James M. Townsend, and the Hon. Jas. F. Babcock, editor of the *New Haven Palladium*, who enthusiastically wrote that "we are not aware that any member of our family had a cold during the whole of last winter, which, as we believe, was a fact without precedent."

Incidentally, modern plumbing, that most marvelous of inventions, was still in the future. The outhouse with its discomfort and inconvenience was still a familiar part of the daily routine. It stood as unobtrusively as possible behind the house near the clothes-drying yard. An underground brick pipe ran from the outhouse to the chicken yard, and sometimes inquisitive chickens sauntered up the pipe, not to be seen again until a heavy rain washed them out.

The heart of the house was the kitchen, as is so often the case in old houses. It was a big room located in the new south wing. Probably the new kitchen was built in the same place as the old one

(which apparently was separated from the main house, Southern-style), around the huge brick fireplace that formerly served as the center of cooking for the family. In the cellar directly below, within the same chimney, is another fireplace and an ancient beehive oven. Could this have been used for baking during the hot summer months when temperatures were cooler in the basement?

Cooking became considerably easier when, with the 1858 modernization, a coal stove was installed inside the kitchen chimney with the stovepipe connected to the flue. What a blessing these inventions and improvements were! No longer did anyone have to go out to the well and carry in the heavy buckets. Now the Townsends had a pump conveniently placed in the kitchen next to the tin-lined sink. An extra supply of water was stored in a tin-lined cistern in the tower. This was pumped from the spring across the road. Cupboards and counters, table and chairs, ice chest (filled with Saltonstall ice, compliments of George Townsend)—it was all there to make an up-to-date kitchen. A Dutch door led to the pantry which opened on to the back stoop. Off the kitchen was a little room to which the lamps were brought each morning, the glass chimneys to be washed and the burnt wicks to be cut off, ready for evening use.

While the transformation of the house was being accomplished, the family took up residence in a house on the corner of Whitney Avenue and Bradley Street, owned by their friend Ezra Read. The Townsends stayed here for three winters, 1856–1859. It is said that some of the architectural details of this "cottage" were used in the design of the renovated Townsend house. James wrote to brother Charles on November 7, 1857: "Mother and all have left the Farm and are with me at the Cottage. When you come, there is room for you."

A few years later, after the family had reinstated itself in the lovely new house, George married Mary Buckelew of Jamesburg, New Jersey, and brought his bride home. George often told about how, on the way home from one of his trips west, he had met a girl who had just been kicked in the stomach by a horse. The girl was Mary. Throughout the fifty-seven years of their married life, they were a very devoted couple who made up for the lack of their own

children by kindliness and interest in their nieces and nephews and in the neighborhood children.

Whenever George headed in his wagon for Wooster Street on some errand or other, he always brought along a basket of apples to give to the Italian youngsters. "Mrs. George," as she was called, often stopped her carriage to give little Emily Slocombe a lift home from Woodward School to Fort Hale Road. Sometimes Emily would be invited into the house for a brief visit while Mrs. George chatted to her as if she were an adult on a proper social call. They would stroll along the garden paths talking of this and that the way women do—of household problems, the idiosyncrasies of men, or the frustrations of travel.

"Some afternoons," Mrs. Townsend would confide, "when I think the maids have left the kitchen, I go quietly so they won't hear me and replace the old worn dishcloth with a new one. You know, the threads and lint from the old one will clog up the sink, and I will have to pay the plumber." She went on to complain mildly of how Mr. George kept nails of all descriptions in old tin boxes and that she wanted to throw them all out but did not dare.

With an owl-eyed solemnity that befitted these confidences, Emily listened and dutifully murmured appropriate comments. She sympathized when the tale was told about an early morning train to New York that had to be caught, only to be missed because the bridge was up. It *was* such a nuisance when one had to wait for the bridge!

After twenty minutes, the prescribed time for a social call, Emily was ushered to the door and bade goodbye.

Tuesday was Mrs. Townsend's "at home" day when friends came to call and gossip over the tea things. On this day Emily would deliver flowers from her father's greenhouse, seventy-five cents being the standard order. A bright new penny went into Emily's pocket for her trouble. Sometimes Emily would accompany Mrs. Townsend to Center Church in the carriage where the order of things, the propriety, was explained in careful detail. "An usher will take us to my pew, which is on the left, tenth pew from the front in the center aisle. I will go first and follow the usher. You

follow me. Remember, no whispering! You can sing but no whispering."

Sometimes, while heading for school, Emily would meet Captain Hervey Townshend, now retired from his life at sea. He would stop his horse and buggy, get out with a box of old nails and a hammer, and go over to the fence along Townsend Avenue, saying: "This fence is going to pieces and there is no one to fix it up but me. I have palpitations of the heart, and I shouldn't do it, but it's got to be done."

In later years, other young visitors to the farm were James's grandchildren. Harriet Townsend Bottomley remembers with delight the days spent there when Uncle George would pack his grandnieces and nephews into the roomy phaeton, cluck to the big black horse, and off they would go to exciting adventures. A favorite trip was to the dock where the fishing boats came in from the oyster beds loaded with shellfish and other fish too. "One memorable day," Harriet recalled:

> Uncle George suggested that I pick up a shiny black eel that was wriggling on the dock at my feet. I leaned over and grasped him. I can still feel the powerful spring of his slippery body as he flipped out of my hand into the water. Uncle George and the sailors laughed heartily—very humiliating for me.

Ever mindful of healthy young appetites, Uncle George supplied each child with a head of lettuce to munch on as they drove along. "Much better for you than candy," the vigorous little man would say, "and it tastes better too."

Haying time provided a wonderful experience for James's city-bred children. Harriet, Jim, John, Edward, and the twins, Virginia and Donald, "helped" rake the sweet-smelling windrows of grass into piles ready for pitching into the big hay wagon. Uncle George supervised the operation in his long black Prince Albert coat, checking to see that the men got every last forkful into the wagon. When he gave the word to haul the towering load away into the barn, the children clambered aboard, shouting and bouncing in the prickly hay.

Donald remembers particularly the stables and their wonderful

horsy smell. It was his highest ambition to own old Ben, one of the horses used for haying. Then there were Dewey and Dollie, bought from the trolley line, and old Prince and Dick and Harry, bought from the Coal Co. In the stables next to the carriage-house, they chaffed impatiently, jingling their harnesses and stamping their iron-shod hoofs on the wooden floor.

The stables offered a retreat from the quiet, formal life of the adults, especially on Sunday. "Sundays were our horror," Donald related:

> we could smell the "holiness" of the day as the front parlor, kept closed all week, was opened and Sunday dresses, kept locked in lavendar-scented closets were brought out.
>
> Most of the morning was spent on our knees, our heads buried in our hands and resting on the seats of our chairs, while one of the Elders ad libbed prayers which had an end only because they had a beginning. The prayer terminated, we all sat upright and as solemn as corpses, while endless passages of Scripture, which meant nothing to us, were read in a monotonous voice imitated from the Divines of church. Bored children became restless and eyes which were supposed to be staring straight ahead, if not closed in meditation, wandered from solemn face to mournful countenance until the ludicrous side of the whole thing brought forth giggles first from one, then from another of the children.

The moment for dismissal to the stables followed soon with a stern-eyed reprimand.

Trips with Uncle George and his horse and buggy made a deep impression on Donald also, exciting journeys to Cosey Beach where Uncle George had

> some business with the sand and the clams.
>
> Arriving at the shore, out we would tumble and Uncle George would dive in [the buggy] as he talked half to himself but always including us in his "meditations," bringing out all kinds of tools, sacks of grain, small bales of hay, boxes of nails and mysterious instruments, the use of which concerned only himself. He always found his work finished and time to return long before we were ready.

Uncle George continued to use a horse and buggy all his life, even

when the horseless carriages rattled and chugged down the roads. Those newfangled contraptions were a menace to life and limb, according to the old man, whose light wagon had twice been hit by automobiles.

Another treat for Donald was to be allowed to look through the great telescope that Uncle George kept in the front room. It was used to watch for oyster poachers in the harbor but could also be focused on the men at work in the fields. Thrifty George wanted a day's work for a day's pay! When Donald stood on tiptoe to peer through the lens, he saw only a foggy mist instead of the magnificent view he had imagined, but he never lost his childish awe of the instrument.

It was a diverse world of both freedom and formality for the children in those days. Off on their own, they could do as they pleased —scavenge in the attic for ancient toys, swing on the rope in the barn, or hunt for turtles in the woods. Down the hill a ways was the old Indian spring, sheltered by locust and wild cherry trees. Near this spot was a peculiar semicircle of rocks where, if one sat quietly within the charmed ring, a vision of Indians could be conjured up. According to Uncle Fred, it was here he often met the old Quinnipiac squaw Quinnetoket, who told him long-ago tales of her tribe. (Mrs. Harold Kniffin of Kneeland Road said that in 1946 when her house was built she noticed this semicircle of rocks. She said that in the winter quite a few snakes would sun themselves on the rocks near the unfrozen spring. The spring itself was given a clean bill of health in 1934 by New Haven authorities and, at that time, identified still as "Indian Spring." It has now been covered over, and runs quietly underground to the harbor.)

Departure time was always a little sad and rather formal when the James Townsends would have to leave. Solemnly the coachman, Stanton, in his high unpolished hat, would drive the large landau (four-wheeled carriage) drawn by a pair of glistening horses up to the door. With an air of gravity, equally befitting a funeral, Stanton would open the landau door. To the slowpokes Grandfather James would call: "Come! Come! We must allow time for the coachman's hat to blow off." Once the family was inside, the

goodbyes said, Uncle George and Aunt Mary, hands folded across her stomach, would stand on the steps, smiling graciously, and watch until the carriage disappeared through the gateway.

Harriet Bottomley, granddaughter of James Townsend, used to visit her grandfather at "Raynham" in the summers. A widower, James lived with his brother George until he died in 1901. After that Harriet and her family continued to visit Uncle George and Aunt Mary. "They always made us feel more than welcome, and I remember long walks and rides in what was then real country." She remembered the place looking more like a farm, except for her grandmother's rose garden. In later years Mrs. Henry Townshend, Sr., changed the aspect by introducing formal garden arrangements, which transformed the old farm into an "estate."

As his father did before him, George had many faithful helpers on the farm. At various times there were Herbert Chapin, Harry Weith, Charles Stanton the coachman, George Redman, Allen Tucker, and Andrew Holford, gardeners, as well as seasonal helpers such as the Andrews family from East Haven who came at haying time.

Herbert Chapin could have been cast as a tintype member of an old barbershop quartet with his handlebar mustache, shirtsleeves securely held with armbands, and small, wiry build; but there the resemblance ends, for Herbert was a quiet, serious Yankee, his gnarled hands and sinewy arms accustomed to hard work, not frivolity. He and his first wife lived down in the meadow at the foot of Raynham Road in the former Rogers schoolhouse, which George Townsend had removed from Fort Hale Road. This eighteenth-century house (Joseph Tuttle's old home) was later burned down by the Park Department when the salt meadows were bought by the City from the Townshends in 1923. Another house was also located here close to the rocky knoll, which was rented by a one-eyed man named Henry Hall. A narrow dirt road went by the houses to the shore where Captain Norton, the oyster watchman, lived. Another primitive road ran in back of the sandstone knoll and around the pond to Woodward Avenue.

When Herbert's wife died, he married Jenny Munson, step-

daughter of Henry Hall, and they moved up to the gardener's house (now listed as 757 Townsend Avenue). Still later they moved into the caretaker's house. I can remember they kept the little house as hot as Hades inside with many green, sprawling plants lining the windowsills, huge tomcats curled up on the chairs, and tiny "hairless" Chihuahuas yipping nervously and catapulting around. I can still see Jenny, a frail, little woman, come out of the house and call to Herbert in the barnyard, "Lovey, supper's ready!"

Harry Weith started work on the place in 1906 when he was only fifteen and, aside from a brief stint in the Army overseas in World War I and a briefer period in a factory, Harry worked for forty-seven years on the farm.

Much of what he can recall of the old days is associated with personal danger, such as the time when lightning struck a tree he was standing under while waiting for the rain to stop so he could bring the hay in; how a horse kicked out its stall just after Harry had passed by; how he was fixing the water pipes in the Chapin's cellar when Jenny turned on the water upstairs and got him full in the face; how he got stuck with a wagonload of gas lamp-posts on Whitney Avenue and squashed his toe.

One early, vivid recollection was from 1906, when a miniature tornado suddenly whirled in from across the harbor, cut a swath through the mulberry trees on the hillside, lifted the roof off the woodshed, and tore a path through the woods in the back.

In the early 1900s Harry remembered Townsend Avenue in an unpaved state, the road being composed of crushed stones, sand, and oil. It had a picket fence on both sides from Upson Street to Fort Hale Road, as did Raynham Road, then little more than a cart path down through the fields and really not even named yet. Hitching posts were placed at convenient spots along the avenue and gas lamps at intervals.

By this time, gas had been piped into the house in almost every room. In the dining room the gas chandelier still hangs with its bronze storks tirelessly grasping the rigid coils of the bronze serpents.

Time passes. The scene changes. Who among us has not asked, "Do you remember . . . ?"

So I asked Harry Weith about the wreck of a stone house on the hill in back, overlooking the airport. Many neighborhood children have explored its "haunted" interior, braving broken glass, rotten timbers, and crumbling stones. My first good look at it was in 1946 when I took a walk up the hill to see the marvelous view of Long Island Sound. People were living in the house then. But shortly after that year, it became vacant. During another hill tour, I went in and looked around the empty rooms. Climbing the stairs to the third floor, I discovered the glass roof.

Harry said the stone house had been built by Walter Swayne about 1900. The glass roof was put in to create a hothouse for the growing of African violets, a popular horticultural hobby at that time. In 1920 Mr. Swayne sold the house to a Mr. Ferguson, an eccentric who wore diamond stickpins but mixed coffee grounds with his pipe tobacco. When the Fergusons left, the unoccupied house quickly deteriorated, aided by a demolition crew of time, weather, and devilish youngsters. Finally only the massive, granite walls were left standing, and these were demolished by the present owners about 1962. An airport beacon towers alone on the hill now.

Harry Weith spoke of the woods too, saying how many chestnut trees there used to be. Then the deadly blight came and killed them all. Paths were wide and smooth enough in the old days for carriage travel. On Sundays the elderly Townsends liked to take a turn about the woods.

"What did you do for fun, Harry, back in those old days?" I questioned further.

"Well, there was the opera house on Crown Street where you could watch a melodrama for ten cents in the balcony. We walked in town from Woodward Avenue and back," Harry reminisced. "Then there were picnics at Scanlon's Grove in Morris Cove. Used to be a ferry boat that would run from Lighthouse to Savin Rock and from the Pequot Hotel in the Cove. I ran it for a while evenings and Saturdays. Lighthouse was another place to go. Had a ferris wheel and roller coaster like Savin Rock and an animal zoo." He

smiled impishly. "Oh, we managed to have a good time back in those old days."

But time was passing. The simple delights of those days were fading into memories. The war came and changed a lot of things. People changed with the new ideas and technology. For Uncle George it did not much matter anymore. He was old and sick. His time had come.

On September 7, 1919, George Townsend died, having lived to the venerable age of ninety-three. The funeral was held in his home and burial was in the family plot at the Grove Street Cemetery. The newspaper account of his death listed the usual items: Harbor commissioner, member of the New Haven Colony Historical Society, member of Center Church, lifelong Republican, director of New Haven National Bank and Jamesburg National Bank (New Jersey), etc., etc., but a better tribute to him is contained in the following letter written by his brother Fred on the occasion of George's eighty-fifth birthday:

Dec. 28th, 1911

Dear "Old Gold,"

. . . Well, you have a good deal to be proud and thankful for. Thankful that you was not made a *cussed fool* and always doing some *foolish* act to be sorry for when you have grown old enough to see what a *fool* you have been. Proud to think what a success your life has been from first to last always *kind*, *obliging* and *loving*, a *good* soul and a *good Brother*, ready and willing to lend a hand in season or out of season.

The Raynham Homestead would not be in the name of Townsend but for your level head and working as you did night and day. We are all so glad that you have lived to see and enjoy the results of your efforts and feel as you ride through the streets of the town the people will and can say—there goes a *good*, *square* man who paid *every time 100* cents on the $ and has enough left to buy a good dinner.

Well, dear old boy, all I can do is wish you and dear Mary a very happy New Year, one of *fifteen more* to come to both of you . . . . Ever believe me, dear Brother George

Most affectionately,
Fred

George had outlived all of his brothers except Fred, by then in Minnesota. Sister Eliza was still alive, aged seventy-seven, and residing in New York. When George's will was probated, the outcome of those many years of hard work, thriftiness, and Yankee ingenuity became known—over a million dollars plus two hundred fifteen acres of land! No striking it rich with an oil well or a gold mine, no sudden windfall from a wealthy relative, just patient toil and shrewd dealing over the years had brought old George Townsend his well-deserved rewards. He bequeathed his portion of the farmlands to his nephews, Henry and Raynham, sons of Captain Charles Hervey Townshend. The Homestead was included in his portion, since nephew James Townsend, Jr. of New York had in 1912 quitclaimed the house and eight and a half acres around it. Aunt Mary had life use of the home, however. Henry and Raynham bought the remaining portions of land (one hundred thirty-one acres for $85,000) from the other members of the family, each of whom had a one thirty-sixth interest in the property. Eventually the two brothers owned the whole farm. After Aunt Mary's death, on February 11,1925, Henry bought Raynham's share of the house and lot of eight and a half acres, but the rest of the land they continued to own jointly.

Before we embark too hastily into the twentieth century, into the modern era of residential development when the old farm began to be divided up for sale as building lots, there are two important persons to write of: James and Charles Hervey. They have been mentioned but scantily up to this point, and there is a wealth of story to James's oil well and Captain Townshend's exciting exploits at sea.

CHAPTER XVI

BROTHER JAMES AND THE OIL WELL

IN the curio cabinet in the living room of the Townshends' house is a little bottle of black, oily liquid. Therein lies the story of the beginning of the great oil industry in the United States.

It all began in the year 1854 at the Tontine Hotel on Church Street, a gathering place for those who wanted to learn the latest news. James Townsend was boarding winters in town at the hotel, as the businessmen in his family were wont to do.

One day in the fall of '54 two young men, George H. Bissell and Jonathan G. Eveleth, who were also staying at the hotel, talked enthusiastically to Mr. Townsend about some land they owned in western Pennsylvania where oil bubbled up out of the ground like a fresh-water spring. The place was Oil Creek near Titusville.

"Seneca oil" they called it after the Indians in the region, who used it for medicinal purposes. The Indians' method of collecting it was to spread woolen blankets on the oily scum of the pools and then wring them out into containers. A Pittsburgh druggist, Samuel Kier, sold the stuff as "Nature's Remedy," claiming it would cure Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Piles, Deafness, Indigestion, Cholera, Dysentery, Palsy, Asthma, Bronchitis, Fever, Toothache, Croup, Worms, and a host of other afflictions of mankind.

Now James Townsend was an ambitious, energetic young man of twenty-nine, willing and eager to try something new. "Of all the Townsends of that generation," his nephew Henry remarked of him, "he was the most energetic in new undertakings, and in spite of his willingness to ally himself with enterprises that were some-

times regarded as visionary, his business judgment was usually sound." But before he would invest any capital in this visionary scheme, he wanted to know more about Seneca oil and its properties. Consequently he employed Professor Benjamin Silliman, a renowned chemist at Yale, to make an analysis.

Professor Silliman's "Report on the Rock Oil or Petroleum from Venango, Ct., Pennsylvania, with special reference to its uses for illumination and other purposes" concluded that this was a raw material from which many very valuable products could be manufactured simply and inexpensively. This was encouraging news. The country was in need of better and cheaper lighting, and with more heavy industrial machinery in the nation a good lubricant was needed also.

So New York and New Haven capitalists formed the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Co. on September 18, 1855, with James subscribing to five hundred shares of stock. He interested others in New Haven to join in: Asahel Pierpont, Benjamin Silliman, the Reverend Anson Sheldon, Samuel Brackett, E. B. Bowditch, and John Hannah.

The next five years of the company's existence were filled with bickerings, dissension, complications, and just plain headaches for both the New Haven and the New York speculators. The New Haven men considered the New Yorkers outsiders. After a time the company's land in Pennsylvania was leased in order that the lessees right on the scene could "bore, dig, mine, search for and obtain oil, salt, water, coal and all other minerals." But this project was doomed to failure.

The year 1857 spelled disaster for many financial enterprises, as well as hard times for the country in general. It was a bad depression year. James wrote to his seafaring brother Charles on November 7, 1857:

> . . . We have had awful times here, a perfect "panic," and I have been worried and troubled almost to death, I did not know which way to turn, or what to do but thanks to a kind Providence he has delivered me thus far, and I think the worst is over. Our depositors acted like crazy people, we had a tremendous rush for deposits [City Savings Bank], and it was more than I could do to stem the tide run-

ning against us . . . . This Country never saw such times before, many who were immensely rich are now miserably poor . . . . When the end of these hard times will be I know not, hundreds of emigrants are returning to the old country. All factories have stopped and thousands are thrown out of employ. They fear mobs in the larger cities, in fact large processions have been in New York and other cities parading the streets with "work or fight" on the banners. It is troublesome times here I assure you, but I think the times look better, and some say business will resume.

The affairs of the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Co. were in a precarious state. The New Yorkers were anxious to unload their shares. Something had to be done. The New Haven stockholders decided someone ought to go out to Pennsylvania to take a look at the property and see what it really consisted of and whether it was worth keeping.

During the time that James was at the Tontine Hotel, he met a jovial, pleasant man by the name of Edwin L. Drake. Drake was from Vermont, had had a number of jobs ranging from captain of a line of packets on the Erie Canal to conductor on the New York-New Haven Railroad, and now was staying at the hotel to convalesce from an attack of malaria. He was quite interested in the oil company, having already subscribed to two hundred fifty shares, and he was available for the mission. James considered him "the right kind of a man for the undertaking, perfectly upright and honorable in all his dealings." Moreover, being a railroad man he could travel on passes, thus saving the company that expense. Drake agreed to James's proposal.

So Edwin L. Drake prepared to depart for Titusville, Pennsylvania, knowing nothing about oil, neither how it was procured nor anything else about it, but ready for the gambit. But before he left, James asked him if he had any title. He was going into a frontier country and titles were important. Drake replied in the negative. Mr. Townsend then concocted the idea of sending letters ahead addressed to him as "Col. E. L. Drake." So when the former railroad conductor alighted from the stage at Titusville, he was immediately and henceforth addressed as "Colonel Drake."

The Colonel's report on the oil property was favorable; thereupon he was leased the land by the company and given the go-ahead to get the oil out of the ground. Meanwhile the company's name was changed to the Seneca Oil Co. of New Haven, formed under the laws of the State of Connecticut, with offices at 77 State Street (brother George's hangout). The capital of $300,000 was divided into twelve thousand shares at $25 each. James Townsend, then president of the City Savings Bank, became a director of the new company, and Drake was appointed as manager-in-the-field or General Agent for one year with a salary of $1,000. Another $1,000 was raised to be put at Drake's disposal for development of the property. This was in the spring of 1858.

The idea of drilling or boring for salt, principally around Syracuse, was not a new one; however, this process had not yet been used to procure oil. Drake may have seen the salt-boring operation on his various trips west, but in any case he acquired a steam engine, hired a salt-well driller, and commenced boring the first oil well in America.

Great difficulties were encountered, the least being that he was called a Crazy Yankee. For a long time no oil was struck; the money sent by the company was exhausted, the stockholders discouraged. But Colonel Drake persisted in spite of the jeers of a disbelieving frontier community, in spite of slow and uncertain financial assistance from the disheartened New Haven sponsors. Mrs. Drake, a stable and optimistic woman, encouraged her husband to stay and develop the petroleum. James Townsend himself went out to Titusville:

> the most Godforsaken place I was ever in & the mode of getting there most crude. I went a good many times & in the spring the mud was perfectly awful. The nearest place to get any supplies was Erie, 30 miles away, & everything had to be drawn through mud & a corduroy road. The suffering & anxiety I experienced I would not repeat for a fortune.

The time came when the Seneca Oil Co. refused to send any more money. They had finally decided to abandon the whole pro-

ject. In late August of '59, James sent Drake $500 out of his own pocket and said, in effect: pay all the bills and come home.

On August 27, 1859, oil was struck! The Crazy Yankee had been successful!

The drill had bored down sixty-nine and a half feet and hit a pocket or seam of oil. Titusville went wild with excitement. Oil was selling at 80c a gallon at the well and $1 transported and the well pumped five hundred gallons per day. Speculators began to gather like flies around a jam pot.

There was joy in New Haven too for the stockholders. The general public did not learn the news at once, because James wanted to be sure the bonanza would continue. On November 16, 1859, a local newspaper reported the successful operation and went on to state:

"To New Haven, and citizens of New Haven belongs the credit of the discovery and development of this, one of the greatest wonders of the nineteenth century."

The company increased its shares with James Townsend now owning three thousand eighty-three shares. One would think the troubles were over. Unfortunately not. One night in October the engineer went inside the pump-house with a lighted candle. Wham! An explosion and fire followed that wrecked the derrick and engine. The outfit was unable to be repaired until spring and the many new competitive wells around them cornered the market for a while.

Another big problem was storage of the oil. It seeped out of every container the men could devise; there was much water, ice, and dirt in it, and the smell was offensive. Some manufacturing concerns found it superior to sperm oil as a lubricator; others found it unsuitable. The price fell to 50c a gallon, to 30c a gallon, while the price of barrels rose to $1.60 apiece. As if these problems were not enough, new irritations erupted in the company, of which James was now president and his brother, Fred, secretary and treasurer. In his own words, written to brother Charles on August 13, 1860:

. . . Oil looks better, *no dividends* yet, but by miserable management we had become deeply involved with a prospect of great loss but we have sold enough [oil] *to pay all that*, & now after a little time what we get will be dead gain. Ives bothered us you know (but never mention his name for he hates me like "all possessed") but we have got rid of him. I got a most excellent man in his place (Truman French, Stiles French's brother) who has straightened all out things & he now has the entire management of the whole thing, goes out to Penn. & about & looks after the affairs generally, but as I have always said "*I do not count one dollar upon it*," & "*if I get anything I shall consider it dead gain.*" We have connected with us a lot of New York men, who have *always bothered* us. We hope to consumate ere long a long talked of and contemplated division of the lands, giving *them* their share of the lands & *we* taking our share. If we do make this arrangement, without any further trouble, then my interest in that oil business I should consider worth not less than fifty and probably one hundred thousand dollars *but say nothing of it* for, Charlie, *I don't count one cent of it*, it may all fizzle even now, *but the yield of the oil continues unabated.* Our old well *flows beautifully*, & one thing which is very remarkable is: *no other* well (though hundreds have been bored from nearly all of which no oil is found & those from which no oil is found are abandoned) produces the same quality of oil, ours is *far superior* as a *Lubricator* or *Illuminator,* even so much as five to one, i.e. one gallon of *our* "Crude Oil" will make more illuminating oil than five gallons of other "Crude Oil" taken from wells in that vicinity. We have another well already sunk to the depth of some 200 feet which promises well, but not having got the Pipe & Pump in yet we cannot tell what the yield will be. There, I've given you quite a dissertation on oil. I have written *more* about oil than I've talked about it for months: don't think I'm elated *for I'm not*, quite otherwise. I'm expecting all the while some bad luck *but I trust to Providence.*

Charles responded with encouragement. He had a sample of the crude oil analyzed by an eminent French chemist, A. Geles of Havre, who said that he "did not think you knew the value of the oil, that it could be made to take the place of Linseed oil," and further, "if that oil can be gathered in quantity enough its illuminating and lubricating qualities are such that for those purposes it will revolutionize the world." (Little did these men realize what other revolutionary potentials were secreted in this black gold.) Brother

William in New York did his part by trying to introduce the barreled oil to foreign markets.

But the financial status of the Seneca Oil Co. skidded downward. Apparently Drake had been no kind of a business manager. The surplus diminished and then a growing deficit appeared on the books. Finally on March 7, 1864, it was voted to sell for $10,000 the company's equitable interest in all the Pennsylvania real estate, pay all debts, settle all liabilities of the company, and close out its affairs. The property was sold to George W. Steele of Brooklyn, New York.

In James' own words: "I was glad of the opportunity to sell the whole thing for enough to get my advance returned, which I did, and wiped my hands of petroleum." About $500,000 had been expended from first to last in this venture and about an equal amount received. James was relieved to get out of it. Bankruptcy and ruin had stared him in the face more than once over those trying years, but the cost to him had been more than money what with the disappointment, aggravation, and anxiety. Let Drake with his colorful exaggerations get any credit or notoriety from the whole business!

Unfortunately, other than being feted and idolized for a while by the public, Colonel Drake received very little in the way of financial reward for his part in the birth of the oil industry. In ill health and poverty-stricken in later years, Drake was granted a small pension from the Pennsylvania legislature in recognition of his role in the beginnings of the petroleum business. Perhaps his real reward, and the one men most desire, was to go down in history. His dogged persistence in the face of obstacles, which so often spells the difference between success and failure, made a dent in history and deservedly so. A state park and museum at the site of his original well, complete with a full-size replica, commemorate his discovery. His grave is marked with a handsome memorial. The history books and encyclopedias give him full credit. In popularly written books, such as *The Great Oildorado* by Hildegarde Dolson, Edwin Drake comes out the aforementioned hero.

Not so poor James, who provided much of the necessary financial impetus for the project. He is called a "pinch-mouth banker"

who wore "high, stiff collars and kept his lips tight in public." However, any scholarly work on the subject puts James Townsend in the right perspective, giving him proper credit for his ambition, energy, and enthusiasm. Not that banker Townsend expected any public acclaim. He gained satisfaction from his own efforts. "The raising of the money and sending it out was done by me. I don't say it egotistically but I do say if I had not done what I did, the development of petroleum would not have occurred at that time." *The Venango Spectator* said of James: "Drake was in fact his foreman. It is no more than right that Mr. Townsend should have at least a full share of the honors of a pioneer in developing the great product which has revolutionized the world. If General Grant captured Vicksburg, Mr. Townsend bored the first successful oil well in Venango County."

No, the little bottle of crude oil on the shelf in the cabinet, like a captive genie, reserved its powerful riches for men other than James Townsend. It took the Rockefeller family to unleash the giant oil industry. In 1860 John D. Rockefeller entered the oil-refining business, in which he was very successful. Ten years later he consolidated his various holdings, others joining him, to form the Standard Oil Company of Ohio. At age thirty-one John D. was president of a company that had a capitalization of a cool million. He soon became the world's only billionaire of that era.

"If our foresight was as good as our hindsight, how rich we could be," said James ruefully.

A postscript, over half a century later: Henry Townshend gave the Drake Museum his uncle's important collection of papers, letters, and records relating to the organization of the Seneca Oil Company and the drilling of the Drake well. During the festive Diamond Jubilee on August 27, 1934, celebrating the day Colonel Drake midwifed the birth of the petroleum industry, Henry Townshend was an honored guest as representative of his late uncle.

Notwithstanding the dismal outcome of the petroleum business, James was a highly successful and respected businessman in New Haven. Mention has already been made of his presidency of the

City Savings Bank. This bank evolved into the Townsend Savings Bank, incorporated in 1860, and in a short time grew to be one of the largest in the state, with twelve thousand depositors and deposits and surplus totaling $3,871,964. At one time or another during its existence James Townsend was president, Edward Townsend vice-president, William K. Townsend secretary, John Townsend cashier, and George Townsend a trustee—that is what you call keeping it in the family.

But there were problems here too. It seems that a certain clerk, Jeremiah Townsend (a relative, no doubt), made off with a large amount of U.S. bonds and some gold. A $3,000 reward was posted for his capture, eventually increased to $5,000, then to $8,000. Jeremiah was advertised as being "about 22 years of Age—5 ft. 9 or 10 inches high—slim—blue eyes—stoops a little—is nervous—dark brown hair . . . . (He proposes removing his whiskers, wearing a false moustache and carrying his arm in a sling, as a means of avoiding detection)."

Later a panic and run on the Townsend Savings Bank occurred, due to complicated financial conditions that created doubt in the depositors' minds.

"Several . . . large loans, unlawfully made, had been made with stocks and bonds as collateral which later were found to be nearly worthless." The public panicked and began to seek withdrawals. The officers, beside themselves with worry, tried to meet the demands, but finally the Bank Commissioner closed the doors of the Chapel Street bank on September 14, 1874.

The original bank was in the ornate, brownstone Sheffield building at 795 Chapel on the second story. It still stands at this writing with the word BANK chiseled in the front wall. After three years at this site, the Townsend Savings Bank moved to new quarters on the southwest corner of Orange & Chapel, in a building remodeled by architect Sidney M. Stone. The front of white marble was thought to be a "pretty effect" because "it relieves and lights up Chapel Street."

The bank had two departments; one was the General Depart-

ment for deposits of $5 up and the other was the Six-Penny Department, where deposits were received from five cents to five dollars, the latter service designed especially for children.

James also became a director of the New Haven Bank, serving for fourteen years, and of the Quinnipiac Bank. He was on the board of directors of the New Haven Street Railway Co., the Shore Line Railway, the New Haven & Derby Railroad, and the Gettysburg Railroad. From this line-up of railways, one might say that James had an over-riding interest in this marvelous new adult "toy."

The wheels of progress, running on electricity, were first set in motion in New Haven by this energetic, ambitious man, according to an article in *The Evening Leader*, April 9, 1894, beginning in 1874 with an application to the legislature for the authority to build an electric railroad (trolley-car line to us modernites) from Tomlinson's bridge in New Haven to Southend in East Haven, to be called the East Haven Railroad Co., with branches to the new bridge near Red Rock and to the East Haven Green. James Townsend pursued the project to its successful completion twenty years later.

There were those who ridiculed him: "Where will you find fools who will put any money into that enterprise?"

Financial backers were hard to find, local businessmen and property owners along the proposed line being of the unanimous opinion that the road would never pay. Still the stubborn, confident Yankee persisted until he located the venturesome but reputable firm of Messrs. George Fernald & Co. of Boston, which was desirous of investing in New Haven street railway projects. These gentlemen were already negotiating for the State Street and Whitney Avenue lines, in which James and Beers Townsend were large stockholders.

Woodward Avenue, open only one third of the way to the new city park at Fort Hale, was extended all the way. Then the work of laying rails began in earnest. If it had not been for some troublesome delays, the electric cars on the Morris Cove road would have

been the first in operation, but the West Haven cars won that honor by a few days.

This was the start of modern transportation. The horse-and-buggy era was on its way out. The Fair Haven & Westville Horse Railroad put its horses out to pasture and converted to electricity. Soon there were shiny steel tracks and humming wires all over the city, connecting the most important parts. These different roads were consolidated into the New Haven Street Railway, providing a cheap (ten-cent) ride to the outskirts of town.

Now the strident scoffers changed their tune to melodious paeans:

> We people down here [Morris Cove area] are extremely thankful to the ones who, by perseverance and pluck, have carried through the Morris Cove Road. The man who accomplished the feat is Captain James M. Townsend. He virtually shouldered the whole responsibility and it has been a great one, as everybody knows, and he should receive the credit for it.

Property values went up. People looked forward to the time "when New Haven will be surrounded with little colonies of businessmen who are able to enjoy the country air and a quiet secluded house through the push and enterprise of rapid transit enthusiasts."

And so they did for a while enjoy these advantages until one more turn of the wheel of progress clouded the air with industrial soot and brought so many "quiet seclusion-hunters" that houses crowded the area. Yet in the early years of the twentieth century the rapid transit enthusiasts in the Townsend household enjoyed this convenience, even though it meant hoofing it down the steep hill on the boardwalk to Raynham Station at Woodward Avenue. The view of the harbor was lovely, as always, and the invigorating walk back up was positively breathtaking.

Other directorships that James held were with the New Haven Clock Co., the New Haven Colony Historical Society, and the New Haven Hospital. He was vice-president of the Joseph Parker & Son

Co., first manufacturers of blotting paper, and also a member of the Board of Park Commissioners in 1900.

Politically James Townsend was a Whig and was secretary at the Whig Convention that nominated Zachary Taylor for president and Millard Fillmore for vice-president in 1848.

Often we are inclined to think of Victorians as sedate, proper gentlemen, but tempers flared just as easily in those days as today. Fights were proposed with ugly words and seconded with violent action. In like manner these news articles of 1857 lead one to read between the lines:

> Sixth Ward, UNION TICKET, for Mayor— James Brewster . . . for Common Council—James M. Townsend (Republican Party)
>
> First city election under a new law of the legislature, dividing the city into 6 wards. Votes for Mayor—Phillip S. Galpin, 2383; James Brewster, 1924. The Republicans carried the 1st, 2d and 6th Wards and the Democrats the 3d, 4th and 5th
>
> J. M. Townsend knocked down senseless by Kelley E. Clark.

In 1860–61 Mr. Townsend signed the Crittenden Resolutions sent to Congress urging compromise between North and South. Running for senator in the State Legislature of 1864, Townsend won by a substantial majority. Three times he refused nominations for higher offices—state treasurer, lieutenant-governor, and governor. He did accept chairmanship of the Military Committee though, and introduced the first bill formulating the military law of the state of Connecticut.

For many years James was interested in the New Haven Grays, having signed up as a member when he was sixteen. Captain Townsend, even after he resigned, remained an ardent and influential supporter of the Grays. During the Civil War, when the company was going to the front, he supplied out of his own pocket necessities and comforts to those members unable to afford them. A musical piece, "New Haven Grays' Grand March," was composed by J. M. Hubbard and dedicated to Capt. J. M. Townsend.

The Townsend Rifles, a new company recruited from former

Grays, was named for him. The "boys in blue" always considered him their friend and patron because of the concern he showed, not only for them but for their families left behind in the tedious war years. This company, Co. G, 7th Regt. Conn. Vol., was the first to land troops on South Carolina soil, in November, 1861. Capt. Townsend later presented to them a United States flag, the first one raised in Georgia since the start of the Civil War. It flew on the top of the Tybee Lighthouse on Tybee Island, Georgia.

On still another front—education—James, a member of the board of education, was honored for his efforts when the residents of the school district embracing the school on Townsend Avenue (forerunner of the present Woodward School) presented him with a petition in 1882 requesting his permission to name the school Townsend Public School. Mr. Townsend declined, much to the disappointment of his descendants!

The Woodwardtown school served as a Sunday School from 1868–1874 when it was opened by Mr. James Townsend on Sunday afternoons "for young children and those living too remote from church and its privileges." In the *United Workers of the New Church at East Side* (now St. Andrew's) the Townsend family was referred to as having "always been noted for their pleasing address, urbanity of style, and sympathetic expression." Maria (Clark), James' wife, labored beside him in this Christian pursuit and was known as "a lady of eminent piety, missionary proclivities and very fascinating manners."

It is difficult to imagine that a person with as busy and varied a life as James led would have time for intimate and tender family relationships. Yet he did.

When James was a young man of nineteen, abroad in Spain, he wrote to his parents with a burst of feeling: ". . . *the loved mansion on the hill,—Oh how I long to hear from there, much more to see the dear friends that inhabit that beautiful and much thought of place*!"

As a father, James' exuberant tenderness can be read between these lines to his son Willie, age fourteen, who was visiting his uncle in England: "I suppose soon you will start for home. Oh take hold of the New York rope and pull hard so as to get over quickly!"

Family tradition says that it was James who modernized the old homestead in the vogue current in 1858 as a present to his mother. Maria brightened and beautified the house with elegant furnishings brought back from Europe. James was devoted to his lovely, artistic wife and after her death in 1884 kept the "Glory Parlor," which was her harmonious creation, just as she had planned it.

She died at the family home. In her funeral eulogy, Maria was depicted as "a most estimable lady of rare beauty of disposition, bright, spirited, hopeful, of much innate refinement and artistic taste, and of a rarely sweet and sensitive nature. Though surrounded by every advantage which can be found in external circumstances, she was most thoughtfully considerate of others, always active in good works, a most devoted wife and mother."

James died seventeen years after his cherished wife, on November 19, 1901, and was buried with her in the Townsend plot in Grove Street Cemetery.

Mention was made earlier in this book of the fact that descendants of James Townsend were much more numerous than those of the only other brother, Charles Hervey, who continued the line. The James Townsend branch is outlined briefly here:

Both of his sons, William Kneeland II (1848–1907) and James Mulford, Jr., (1852–1913) were a credit to the family.

William Kneeland was in the class of '74 at Yale and '80 at the Yale Law School, engaged as Professor of Pleading at Yale in 1881, senior partner of Townsend & Watrous law firm, served as corporation counsel for New Haven in 1889, and 1892 was appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court by President Harrison. Ten years later President Theodore Roosevelt advanced him to the U. S. Circuit Court. In 1900 Townsend was Phelps Professor of Contracts and Admiralty Jurisprudence at Yale. He also had the distinction of being the first president of the New Haven Young Republican Men's Club.

In the news account of Judge William Kneeland Townsend's death on June 2, 1907, were these accolades:

Judge Townsend was one of the most distinguished sons of Con-

necticut, and he had for a quarter of a century been regarded as one of Yale's most brilliant leaders.

For many years Judge Townsend was elected the most popular professor in the Yale Law School, and it was tradition that no student ever cut one of "Billy" Townsend's classes.

He was a born teacher . . . his uniform courtesy and consideration toward all endeared him to his classes as they did to his associates.

The flag on the Green flew at half-mast for Judge Townsend at his death. By his wife, Mary Leavenworth Trowbridge, he had three children: Winston Trowbridge, Mary, and George Henry.

Winston died at the age of twenty and Mary (Molly) also died young, at age twenty-three. She was married to Dwight Huntington Day and bore a son, Huntington Townsend Day. A senior partner in Wiggin & Dana law firm, Huntington Day lives in New Haven with his wife, Cornelia (Campbell). Their three daughters have grown up and moved away: Molly Townsend (Mrs. Molly Day Scott—son Light), Cornelia Huntington (Mrs. William Bloomer—children: Lianne, William, Jr., twins Charles and Robert), and Anne Campbell (Mrs. Abraham Schalet—daughter Amy).

The second son of Judge Townsend was George Henry (1884–1957). His first marriage, to Caroline Dederer, produced seven children:

Mary or Molly (Mrs. John Gibbons. Daughters: Wendy—Mrs. Ted Old, granddaughter Hilary; Lee—Mrs. Ted Jeffery; Linda—Mrs. Charles Berry);

William Kneeland, III (1912–) of Milford, Conn. (daughters: Anne—Mrs. Raymond Spry, granddaughter Mary Anne; and Carlene—Mrs. Andrew McClintick, grandchildren Katherine and Harold);

Caroline or Kay (Mrs. Robert Gill—sons: Jack Chapman and Peter Gill; grandchildren: John, David and Steven Chapman);

Anne (Mrs. G. Gunther Wallen—children: George, G. Gunther, Jr., and Anne, Mrs. C. B. Adair);

Joan (Mrs. Grant B. Hill—daughter: Maureen, Mrs. Leslie Aspin);

Patricia (Mrs. Patricia Gesner);

George Henry, Jr. (1930–) of Jacksonville, North Carolina (children: George (1954–), Michael (1956–) and Jeanne).

Out of this healthy group of offspring, only George, Jr.'s sons George Henry Townsend III and Michael Bryan Townsend carry on the family name for the younger generation. The second marriage of George, Sr., produced no further sprouts on the family tree.

Now we skip back to James Townsend's second son, who was named after him—James Mulford Townsend, Jr. After completing his education at Hopkins Grammar School and Yale, he went to New York to study law in the offices of Chittenden & Hubbard. At the same time he was a student at the Columbia Law School, graduating in 1876. From that year on, he practiced law in New York City in the Chittenden, Townsend & Chittenden firm and was also a lecturer of Yale Law School, his particular field being monetary securities.

In 1882 Mr. Townsend married Harriet Campbell of Lexington, Virginia. The six children born to them were: Harriet Campbell, James Mulford III, John Campbell, Edward Henry, and twins Donald Campbell and Virginia Campbell.

Harriet's (Mrs. William Lawrence Bottomley) first daughter is: Harriet, married to Shepherd F. Smith, by whom she had Harriet, Elsie (now Mrs. William C. Utter), Isabel, and William Lawrence. After her husband's death, Harriet Bottomley Smith ("Happy") married Edward Everett Post. The other two Bottomley daughters are: Susan (Mrs. William N. Chambers—children: Elizabeth and Virginia, now Mrs. Stephen L. Day, who has a son Frederic L. Day, III) and Virginia (Mrs. Ralph Colier).

James Mulford Townsend III (1886–1950) married Cynthia Sherwood and had Elizabeth, James Mulford IV, and Julia (Mrs. Charles Shipway). Son James IV (1912–1941) by his wife, Hope, had a daughter, Harriet, who became Mrs. Frederick Olds, Jr.

John Campbell Townsend (1889–1934) and his wife, Violet, had C. Chouteau and Campbell, both of whom died without issue.

Edward Henry Townsend (1891–1968) by his first wife, Yvonne Terlinck, had Edward Henry, Jr. (1916–1965) whose children are James Terlinck (1944–), Margot, George Randolph (1950–), Stephen Edward (1953–) and Virginia; Richard Terlinck

Judge William Kneeland Townsend, II.

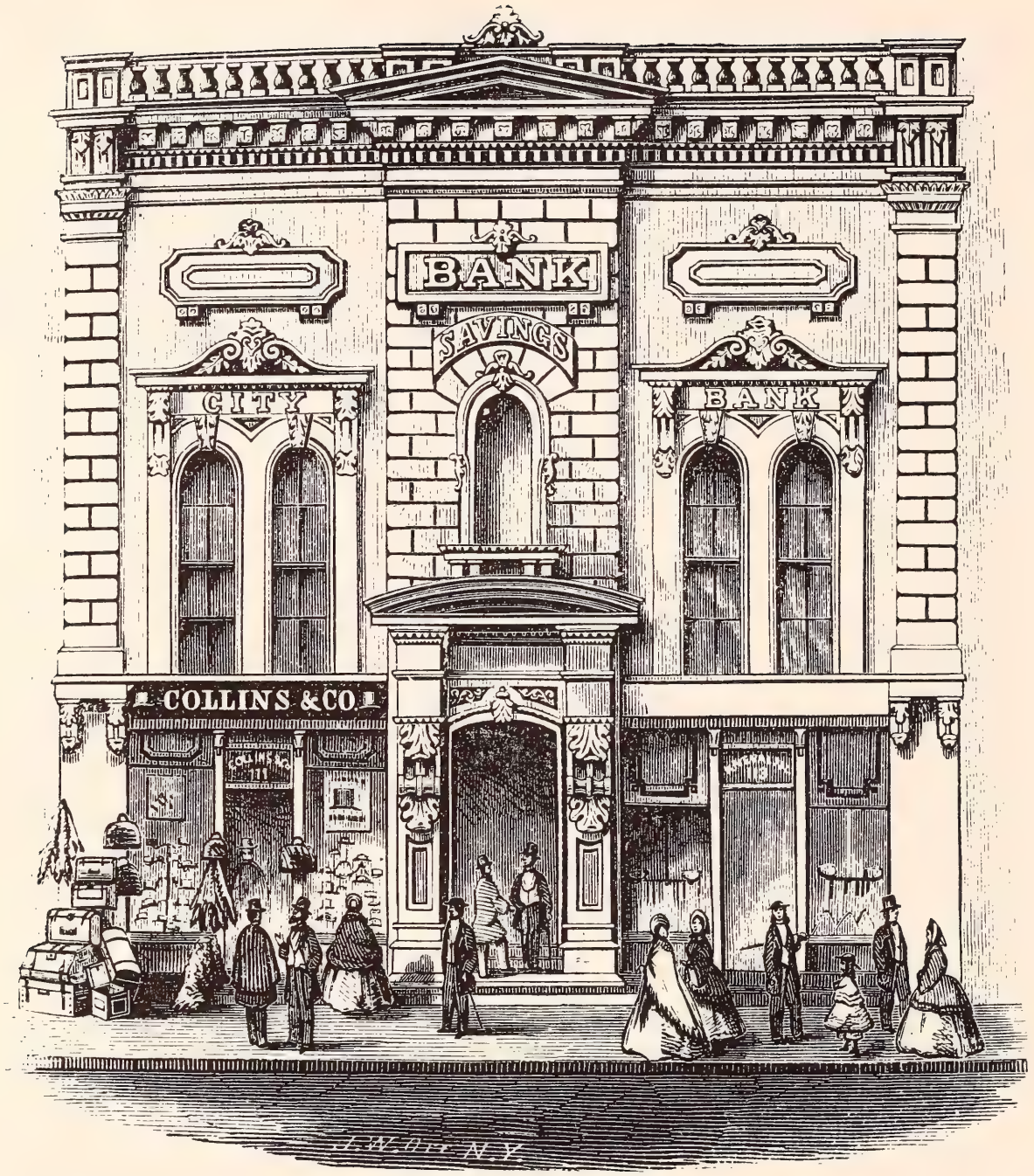
Capt. James Mulford Townsend.

James M. Townsend, Jr.

Mrs. James M. Townsend (Maria Clark).

Colonel Edwin L. Drake and the first oil well, Titusville, Pennsylvania.

Stock certificate of Seneca Oil Company.



City Savings Bank.

(1918–), who had Dolores, Timothy Edward (1949–) and Tracy; and Yvonne (Mrs. Arthur Wyker—children: Arthur, Barbara, Robert, Elizabeth, William and Kenneth).

By E. H. Townsend Sr.'s second wife, Armine, he had Robert Campbell (1935–), whose children are: Haig Campbell (1962–), Roger Mulford (1968–) and Mary Lane.

Donald Campbell Townsend (1891–) and his wife, Suzette, have a daughter, Suzette (Mrs. Jeffory Morshead—children: James, Elliot, Donald and Mireille).

Virginia's (Mrs. Ronald Ferry) children are: Virginia (Mrs. John Synder—children: Virginia, Donald, Gordon); Ronald (children: Charles, Sylvia, Elizabeth); and Emily (Mrs. Wendell Anderson).

So in James Townsend, Jr.'s line it is through his son Edward that the family name is continued, with eight living male members. The "begats" read like the Bible! In all, the tribe (may it increase) of James Mulford Townsend descendants come to a grand total of ninety-seven at this date. In the same span of time Charles Hervey Townshend's descendants number sixteen.

CHAPTER XVII

CAPT. CHARLES HERVEY TOWNSHEND, SAILOR AND HISTORIAN

CHARLES Hervey Townsend was born November 16, 1833, on his mother's birthday at the homestead in East Haven. His childhood must have been a pleasant one, roaming through the fields and woods of the family farm, swimming and sailing in the clear waters of the harbor, and exploring the nearby ancient forts or digging for Indian relics. His seven brothers provided all the company he needed for youthful adventures. The boys were remarkable in their unity. In spite of the customary austerity and severity of those times, his parents gave him and the others abiding love and affection, which is particularly evident in Mrs. Townsend's letters to Charles.

Schooling at Mr. Rogers's on the corner of Fort Hale Road was a necessary evil, endurable only because of the thoughts of afternoon freedom. Perhaps Charlie played hookey with Fred on balmy spring days when there was a chance to meet old Quinnie or Mog, the talkative Indians. Or they might escape to the cliff in back of the house where on a calm day in the winter, when the trees were bare, wonderful echoes could be made—"echo cliff," they dubbed it. And there was always glorious fishing when the whitefish came up the harbor in schools or excellent shooting when the wild pigeons shadowed the sky in great flocks.

Later Charlie and brother Beers went away to Deacon Hart's school in Farmington during the year 1847–48. Charles was growing up.

Many were the bumps and knocks sustained in childhood, starting with Charles Hervey's day of baptism, April 24, 1834. His

mother took him by carriage to Fair Haven East in order to cross the Grand Avenue bridge, and "as the bridge was off, on account of discontinuing the draw, a plank had been laid across." The tide was high and swift. Mrs Townsend, her infant son in her arms, started across the precarious plank. "As she looked down, the water made her dizzy and just as she was keeling over, Mr. Rowe held out one hand which was caught by my mother and he guided both across safely."

When Charles was a grown man, he made these notes about himself:

> When CHT was 3 years of age, he fell off the back step and was taken up for dead. He also fell into the old barn cellar striking on his head. He had all his life much trouble with his head and often been blamed which if the real source of trouble had been known, it was on account of his injured head or brain when a boy.

Perhaps if the real truth were known, young Charles did not have a mind for book-learning. In any case he chose life on the bounding main. That summer, after his brief Farmington education, was spent as a "boy" on a coaster in Long Island Sound. Relatively sheltered as the waters of the sound were, the new sailor had cause to complain in a plaintive little poem:

Beat and bang all day long,
Sick and tired of the same old song,
Up all night, no sleep by day
I wish this wind would die away.

But his long career on the sea had begun. The following spring at age fifteen he shipped as a cabin boy aboard the bark *Hyperion* bound for Trinidad, West Indies. The *Hyperion* had been built that year in East Haven for the Dwights.

Many exciting experiences, many dull passages, many moments of disappointment and triumph followed in the twenty years that Charles spent at sea. His informative letters home have been beautifully compiled in the book *Captain Charles Hervey Townshend, Self-Portrait of an American Packet Ship Sailor*, published by the Marine Historical Association of Mystic, Connecticut. It is advisable to read it from start to finish to get the full flavor of the sailor

and the sea in those days of sailing ships; still, it is hard to resist including in this book a few of the most impressive adventures.

My fourth voyage (1850)

. . . In the neighborhood of Sable Island we encountered much foggy weather—was not able to get an observation for a number of days. On the afternoon of the 8th of June we judged ourselves on soundings, cast the lead 90 fathoms, sand black specks, at 8 P.M. tacked to S.S.W. The port watch was sent below—starboard watch on deck. Myself and second mate was walking the deck when the fog suddenly cleared up. It was a beautiful night, he remarked to me how smooth the sea was. We were going at the rate of three knots per hour when suddenly the ship struck, everybody rushed on deck, passengers and crew, and it was a scene of the wildest confusion. May I never behold another such time. Passengers running fore and aft begging to have you save their lives—others on their knees in prayer—sailors cursing—some engaged clearing away boats—others sounding the pumps and the good ship raising her bow in the surf and pounding in the most terrific manner. Truly it was a dreadful sight to see 400 human beings calling upon their God to save them. Those heavy masts and yards springing forward at every roll of the sea threatening death and destruction if they fell.

Captain Tinker was the first on deck, he ordered the helm put hard up after yards squared in but to no avail, she was a stranded ship no one could deny it. His next order was to get the hand lead out, sounded only three fathoms (18 feet), the ship drawing 20 feet. She must move soon or she would stick or bilge. The order was given to clear away the starboard quarter boat to sound, but the moment it was given a general rush was made for the boat and if it had not been for the fire arms that were shown, the loss of life would have been great—but as good fortune would have it, it was not necessary to lower a boat. The wind suddenly veered to the N.W. and with the assistance of the tide drove the ship over the bar and we were once more in deep water.

The next harrowing episode was on First Mate Townsend's fifteenth voyage, on board the ship *Germania* in 1855:

. . . On the 25th [February] we fell in with ice but were able to proceed through it in a south west course until the evening of the 27th when it commenced to snow. Ice being in sight at sundown and the temperature of the atmosphere indicating great quantities of ice near at hand we took in light sails, hauled course up, close reefed

the topsails and laid the main topsail to the mast, Capt. Wood thinking it not safe to keep on, it being thick, and snow and ice making fast about the deck.

Three days later,

About 2 P.M. the 2nd mate came and said he was forward with some men rebending the outer jib, and thought that he saw a boat ahead with a signal of distress flying. I took my glass, went on the deck and went into the weather fore rigging, and made out a ship's boat with a man sitting in it, and to all appearance frozen stiff.

Townsend ordered a boat lowered and with four other men went to the castaway's relief. Aside from difficulties in rowing over the immense mountains and valleys of the seas, the intense cold was almost unbearable.

Every drop of spray which touched the boat seemed to turn to ice. I think that I never suffered so much with cold.

From the time we first saw the boat until we were within three rods of her the man in her did not move, and I made up my mind that he was dead, but it proved to the contrary. Previous to our reaching the boat I had an opportunity to judge for myself the condition that I would find her frozen crew as every roll of the sea added horror to the scene. There sat a man in her stern with his pea jacket buttoned tight to his chin and on his head was his southwester slouched over his eyes, with both legs in water up to his knees, bare footed and frozen white. In the bow was an oar lashed to the stem—blade up, and to that a stick about four feet long, with the back of a shirt lashed to it, and a spring stay running from the top of the oar blades to the boat's stern on which hung two shirts, a red and white one. He had raised them that morning hoping some passing ship might be attracted and rescue him from the jaws of death.

In the bows lay a man with his hat off, eyes wide open staring you in the face, and from the expression of his countenance showed he must have died a dreadful death. In the stern lay another stiff and cold in death, and about midship lay two women with their long hair washing from side to side with every roll of the boat, eyes and mouths wide open, firmly clasped in each others arms so firm that it was with difficulty that they were separated . . . .

When we had approached within four rods of the boat, I called to him, he looked up and showed his care worn face and crawled on

his knees to the bow of the boat. I called to him, telling him that I could not board him bow on, but to give me a rope so that we could tow the boat. He caught hold of the boat rope or painter and tried to clear it. It being foul in the middle of the boat (the women that lay in the midship of the boat lay on it). He gave it a feeble jerk and made the following expression which was the first words I heard him utter—"God damn the rope, I can't clear it, for Christ sake let me get into that boat." By the time he had finished what he had to say our boats came together, he sprang head first into the boat (striking on his head) and said, "O damn the boat, let her go, she is good for nothing."

As soon as he got into the boat he commenced to tell me his name, which was Thomas W. Nye [age twenty-one] of Fairhaven, Mass. He said he belonged to the ship *John Rutledge*, which was lost in the ice on the evening of the 19th of February. Five boats left the ship, and about forty or fifty passengers went down with the ship the mate and carpenter being among the number. Said the dead bodies in the boat (there being four) were Mrs. Atkinson, the first mate's wife, a woman passenger and two men, one of them a passenger and the other a sailor. Said there were thirteen in the boat when she left the ship, and all had starved to death excepting himself. Eight he had buried with his own hands and the others he had not the strength to do so. It was a horrid sight all laying with their mouths and eyes open, frozen stiff. He had no boots on. He said when his feet froze, they pained him so much he cut them [boots] off and put them in one of the passengers coats. Said he expected to lose the use of them. After he had been in the boat ten minutes a stupor came over him and he became insensible. Got to the ship about 5 P.M. Passed a rope around Nye and took him aboard and put him in one of the cabin state rooms. Captain and Mrs. Wood commenced staying with him and with the greatest difficulty brought him to. The dead we consigned to the deep. . . .

That night after rescuing Nye a fine breeze sprung up from the eastward. Captain Wood instead of embracing the opportunity of getting clear of the ice by running the ship, shortened sail and lay all night in hopes of rescuing others, a thing which hundreds of others would not have done. . . .

Arrived at New York on the evening of the 23rd of March, all well. Nye better but unable to walk. His friends were telegraphed and ten days after he was taken home.

Nye had been nine days without food or water.

Years later Captain Townsend added an interesting account of the method by which Captain Wood was able to bring about Nye's complete recovery without the amputation of his frozen limbs—a cure which, in view of his condition, seems almost unparalleled in medical science.

> Nye progressed slowly with his frost bitten legs, and I believe if he had arrived at New York two weeks afterwards any surgeon would thought amputating necessary.
>
> Captain Wood knew nothing about cutting legs off, but he knew how to save them. He commenced applying bran poultices which drew the frost from the limbs, and then he used a simple cerate to heal the sores. His legs were the most disgusting sight I ever witnessed, it seemed that they were mortifying at one time, but after a few days you could see the frosted flesh separate from the good and signs of improvement.

Four months later Nye was able to walk again and survived this experience many years. He became a well-known character in New Bedford, his home town.

All of Charles' voyages were not as eventful as this one; however, on one voyage Townsend was faced with a possible mutiny.

It was June of 1854 and the place was Havre, France. The *Germania* was ready to make port when word came that the cargo of cotton would probably have to go to Liverpool. For some reason or other this change of plans did not sit well with the sailors, who showed a mutinuous disposition. They grumbled menacingly that if they had to go to Liverpool, they would go in irons.

This was Charles' first trip as chief officer and he was only twenty-one years old at that. The way he told the story later was that the gang of angry sailors pressed forward, crowding him against the cabin wall. Feeling a marlinspike against his back, he gathered confidence. He pulled it from its holder and made a threatening gesture at the surly crew. This display of courage and command was enough to turn the men aside.

Although Charles was a short man, he was very broad of shoulder and thick of chest. His deep-set blue eyes were steadfast and resolute; he was not a person to be deterred from his duty as he saw it!

Ship routine was most often quite lacking in thrills, but the young man worked hard to fulfil his responsibilities. Starting out as an ordinary seaman, by age eighteen he had moved up to able seaman on the ship *Southampton.* By nineteen, his position was third mate; the following year he became second mate aboard the packet ship *Helvetia* of the New York and Havre Union Line of packet ships. Ever onward his progress, by age twenty-one Charles had attained the rank of first mate on the *Germania.* The ultimate height, captain, was reached at the remarkably young age of twenty-three, when Charles received the appointment as master of the packet ship *Bavaria.* He had clearly created for himself a reputation of dependability and mature judgment. At last—his own ship! What were his thoughts upon this rewarding moment?

New York, April 10th, 1857

My dear Mother,

. . . . You know I said when I commenced going to Sea that I would be somebody or nobody. I have always made it my motto "Onward and Upward." I have tried and feel that with the help of the Almighty that I have succeeded beyond my expectations. Now I wish one thing to be remembered if fortune should take a turn. No one can say up to the present time I ever did anything to disgrace myself or make my friends trouble. I have always tried to do right and have tried to use fellow men as I would like to be used. My love to all and believe me to be,

Your affectionate son,
Charles H. Townsend

This was the same year, 1867, that the new captain of the *Bavaria* had a brief dockside adventure. It seems that Charles Hervey was *always* having little exciting events happen to him.

I came home on a visit and on my return took the New Haven steamer for New York, leaving the dock about 11 p. m. At the gangway of the steamer I met William, Byron & Theodore Tuttle who were *quite happy* and just then an Irishman half drunk came to the gang plank and walked overboard. It was high water and when he came to the surface the last time, I called to persons standing by to hold on to my collar, and I lowered myself over the stringpiece of

the dock holding with my hand to it and others holding me by the collar and placing my feet in the man's hands as he went down. He caught hold with a dying grip and held on until taken out of the water. It is a wonder he did not pull me in as it was all two men could do to hold me while he struggled.

Stormy passages around treacherous Cape Horn by the doughty captain make good reading too, for he wrote in great detail to his mother.

"Cape Horn I cannot describe very well, only that at a distance it looks like a short-horned Durham Calf. When you get close to it, it looks very bare, the south side as steep as East Rock and running up perpendicular to its top."

Captain Townsend spent ten more years in the *Bavaria* and then the *Germania*, sailing back and forth from New York to Havre, delivering passengers and cargoes safely. Then he made the decision to leave sailing ships and go into steam, for "I am sick and tired of long voyages in a slow ship." In 1867 he took command of the steamship *Fulton*, which he called "the best sea boat I have ever commanded. She sails like a duck on the water and I do not believe it possible to drown her."

Crew and passengers alike shared in this endorsement. One *Fulton* fan wrote: "The *Fulton* I consider the strongest, easiest, most graceful steamer I ever made a passage on. The table was all that we could wish, the attention good, everything clean. Capt. Townsend is a tiptop sailor, very gentlemanly and attentive to his passengers, and in fact everything was fully equal to or ahead of our expectations."

In a lighter vein, perhaps to the tune of champagne bubbles, another enthusiastic passenger, George Alfred Townsend, composed "A Song of the March Voyage," complete with nineteen coupleted verses. The first verse honored the Captain:

Oh speed the good ship Fulton
  May she prove to be our friend
Shouting the cheery cry of "Land Ho!"
  And give her a God-send to Lands-end with Towns-end.

Interspersed with the lusty chorus, the verses surge on with rather

silly references to other sea-borne comrades, the kind of poem you write when a group is completely relaxed and absurdity keeps boredom at bay.

> The Captain is a bachelor and ought to take a rib
> And if his craft don't steady well, then he spanker jib.

A few days later on that particular voyage, the good ship *Fulton* must have hit some foul weather, for Mr. George Townsend's merry song changed to a prayerful hymn:

> Far from our homes in the hearts of the sea,
> Father, our help and deliverance be,
> Smooth from the waters the furrows of storm,
> Smooth from our bosom the thoughts of alarm.
> Save the good ship in the hurricane sports.
> Bring us to port, Father! Bring us to Port!

The winds subsided, the seas calmed, the tempest was over. Grateful passengers, seasick and weary, complimented Captain Townsend on his first trip in command of the *Fulton*. An elaborately written affadavit was presented to him with the passengers' signatures. This was apparently the customary thank-you for a safe passage, but there was nothing perfunctory about the fervent feeling of the happily landed people. One time, when the *Fulton's* safe arrival at Havre had not yet been known, someone offered the encouragement that "if anybody could take her safely across the ocean, *he* [Captain Townsend] could."

The New York and Havre Steamship Co. was the only American line to Europe and the foreign lines were constantly trying to deprecate its ships, saying they were too slow. The U. S. Government was somehow persuaded to take the mail from the *Fulton* and to put it on an English line. Ironically, on that particular run, the *Fulton* beat its competitor across the Atlantic.

Many Americans were quite irate at this unpatriotic act of the government and wrote stinging letters, published in the newspapers, stating bluntly "that sound policy dictates that the United States Post Office department, in despatching the mails for Europe, should give the preference to American over foreign steamship

lines." The American line of first-class U. S. mail steamers consisted of the *Fulton*, the *Arago*, the *Mississippi*, and the *Merrimac*. The *Fulton* made the trip across the Atlantic in ten days and two hours. The price of a first cabin, payable in gold, was $120, second cabin was $70.

Because of a bank panic in the financial center of New York and general unstable monetary conditions, the owners of the *Fulton* put her in dry dock for three years. During this time Captain Townsend was in "dry dock" too. But he was not idle. This was the period in which he experimented with the culture of oysters in the harbor waters in front of the family farm.

He and brother James and several others embarked on another project too and incorporated as the American Navigation Company in May, 1869, for the business of general freighting and transportation and carrying the U. S. mail. The company was authorized by a bill in Congress in 1870 to contract for and build iron steamships with special reference to their adaptability to the naval service of the United States. What the outcome of this ambitious enterprise was, Charles' scrapbook does not reveal.

One more voyage, in 1870, was in store for "the old salt" of thirty-seven years, after which he would retire permanently from the perils of the sea. But this one more voyage was a lulu, a cloak-and-dagger story complete with sealed sailing orders, threats of capture and wily agents ready to take advantage of the unwary!

On October 23, 1870 (as told by Mrs. William Dunham, a cousin on the Hotchkiss side), Charles was in the harbor in a rowboat working on his oyster beds when he got word that he had been tapped for the command of the *Ontario*. He rushed home and in his blustery fashion shouted for his valise, saying: "I'm off to sea to run a blockade."

The Franco-Prussian War, which had broken out July 19, 1870, was going badly for France. French agents contracted for two and a half million dollars worth of American arms and ammunition, and the fast, new steamship *Ontario* was selected to transport the weapons. Captain Townsend was offered command of the vessel. He could not resist accepting command of this "largest and finest

screw steamer owned in the United States" and undertook the dangerous responsibility.

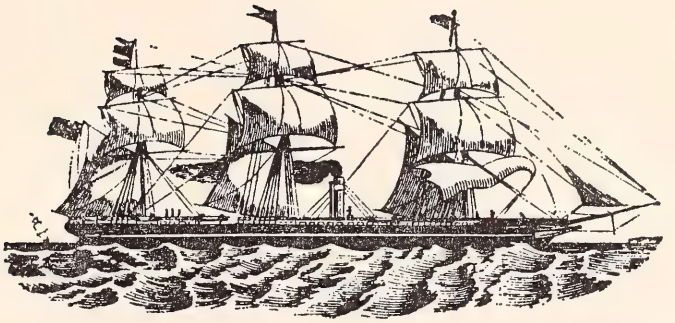
Ostensibly the ship was bound for Cowes, England, but Captain Townsend's sealed orders read the port of Havre. When he arrived at Cowes, he immediately cleared for Antwerp to allay any suspicions of German agents or British officials who favored Prussia.

The Army of the Loire, with the Prussians pressing hard toward Havre, the port of Paris at the mouth of the Seine, welcomed with enormous relief the arrival of the *Ontario* and her cargo of 73,620 muskets, 20,950 carbines, 500 rifles, 500 army revolvers, 17,785, 352 cartridges, 1 case moulds, and 55 pieces of artillery.

Captain Townsend knew and faced the danger of capture by the Germans, but what he did not count on was the deviousness of the French. French armament agents attempted to confiscate the arms and ammunition without payment; Charles commented in a letter to his mother that he was

> . . . laying in a port of France with a cargo of arms enough to equip an army of 150,000 men, and the eyes of all Havre are now on me as one who has brought them in time of great need what they require more than bread—powder, shot, muskets, cannon etc.—but they have not the money to pay me and I cannot pass them the arms. They have millions at their disposal, but for one reason or another keep me back. I shall not give up anything unless forced and then do it under protest. I think they are trying to come a dodge [bluff] on me and I shall remain firm, let circumstances be what they will . . . .
>
> The people are very blue, down on the Emperor and all alive for the Republic, and it is expected before many days that there will be a great battle and if decided in favor of France, all right. If not, I don't see but that the Prussians will have all France. The people here are divided and an house against itself cannot stand.

The captain held firm, the French eventually paid for the freight, and the affairs were settled. The tense, excited people of Havre then felt secure and feted the Yankee captain with many gala affairs. His name was proposed for the awarding of the Legion of Honor Medal. On the battlefront, the Germans were defeated at Boville and forced to retire, taking the pressure off of Havre. Charles



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FENWICK STREET.

LIVERPOOL. *December* 13, 1870.

Hervey came home to stay. Captain Townsend retired from the perils of the sea.

In Atwater's *History of New Haven*, his biographer praised him deservedly for those long years spent mastering wind and wave and men.

> There is probably no position of responsibility known among men requiring for its successful discharge so wide a range of practical knowledge as that of the captain of a ship. There is certainly none so full of exigencies, demanding courage, quick perception, fertile invention of expedients, and prompt and resolute action. It is also the most dangerous of callings. Captain Townshend has filled this position many years, crossing the Atlantic Ocean more than one hundred times without any serious mishap to himself, and, a most grateful and comforting reflection to him, without losing a single life; but accredited to him having laded on several occasions more souls than he sailed with from his last port of departure. Nor has he lost a dollar's worth of property intrusted to his care. He has enjoyed the full gratitude of his passengers; the confidence and esteem of his employers; and good-will, he believes, of every one.

Not a little was his decision to leave the sea influenced by the fact that he had met a talented, attractive young lady, Mary Ann Hotchkiss, age thirty-two. (The seafarer had had doubts seven years before that he would ever get married, saying "I can't see how it will benefit me," meaning he was away so much.) The bride and groom were married on April 26, 1871, in the parlor of the beautiful Hotchkiss home on the corner of Chapel and Brewery Streets (now the modernized funeral home of Lupoli Bros.)

The wedding dinner, a buffet, was printed on a strip of white silk to be kept as a souvenir by the wedding guests. It is copied here as a matter of interest for twentieth-century gourmets:

MENU

Stewed Oysters — Pickled Oysters
Salmon Salad — Chicken Salad — Lobster Salad
Boned Turkey with Truffles
Boned Capons, with Truffles — Jellied Tongue
Truffle Pie — Chicken Croquettes

Salmon, au curée de Montpelier
Fillet of Beef, in Jelly
Larded Fillet of Beef, with Truffles
Larded Spring Chicken
Stewed Terrapin
English Snipe Plover Woodcock
Pâté de Foie-gras, in Jelly Blanc Manger
Sandwiches Bread and Butter Rolls
Basket Meringues Ice Creams Biscuit glacé
Pudding glacé Napolitaine
Loyalina and Fancy Ices
Charlotte Russe Wine and Fruit Jelly
Green Fruit Bonbons and Candied Fruits
Lemonade and Claret Punch Cake
French and German Mottoes

If anyone went away hungry from this groaning board, it was his or her own fault! Speaking of oysters, this delicacy was far more prominent in the menus of those days than today, and many a man lamented a cut finger from opening oyster shells for the evening meal.

A little anecdote about the wedding: it seems that the rather vinegary spinster sister of the bride, Susan Virtue Hotchkiss, was so incensed that her younger and favorite sister was marrying and leaving the fold that she bit Mary Ann on the arm! This must have caused considerable consternation in the family, particularly because the bride's wedding gown had short sleeves. Some time later when her brother Henry was preparing for his wedding, Susan locked him out of his room so he would not be able to get dressed. What a corker she was!

As Sue Hotchkiss grew older and more and more set in her ways, she was looked upon as an eccentric. Newfangled devices such as the automobile were not to her liking. Since she would not set foot in a car, her brother Henry had to send a carriage around for her when there were necessary occasions to attend. When Susan died and the household was broken up, the beautiful black iron fountain with its petal-like tiers that had stood in the front yard and de-

lighted the children of Wooster Square was taken to the Townshend home on the east shore and planted on the back lawn.

Charles' father-in-law, Henry Hotchkiss, was a very prominent and wealthy man in town. He was president of the highly successful L. Candee Co., the first firm to manufacture rubber goods under the Goodyear patent, and he was the first president of the newly formed Union & New Haven Trust Co. Mrs. Hotchkiss was the former Elizabeth Daggett Prescott. The Hotchkiss family had been very active in town since the first settlers arrived at the Indian village of Quinnipiac. Samuel Hotchkiss, one of the original planters, was the forefather of all the subsequent inhabitants of that name. Well-known in the area for their prosperous lumber business and commerce on Long Wharf, many of the men built elegant houses around fashionable Wooster Square in the mid-nineteenth century —Lucius, Nelson, Henry O., Justus, Russell, and Henry Hotchkiss. "Henry was one of the parties who combined many years ago to buy out all of the low tenements near and below Wooster Square which in its day was considered one of the greatest public improvements in the city."

The newlyweds set up housekeeping in various rented houses on Crown, Wall, Chapel, and Grove Streets, until finally they established themselves in 1885 in their own home at 234 Church Street on the corner of Wall. Two sons were born to them, Henry Hotchkiss on September 30, 1874, and Raynham on July 10, 1878. But before they started settling into domesticity and raising a family, Captain and Mrs. Townsend made a grand tour of Europe of fifteen months' duration in 1872–73, stopping at the Exposition in Vienna and visiting the British Isles. Brother Edward and his wife Alice joined them at different times, as did Beers and William and his wife Libby. It must have been a big year for Americans abroad. Can you picture the trunk-loads of voluminous dresses the ladies packed? Lucky thing that hooped skirts were out and bustles were in fashion so some space was conserved, but the costumes still involved yards and yards of material. Mary Ann's silks and velvets have long since deteriorated, but her sturdy trunk still goes places with her great-grandchildren—to camp and to college.

The highlight of their trip was the call they made upon the English Townshends at Raynham, the ancestral home and principal seat of all the Townshends. At the time, the chief of the family was Sir John Villiers Stuart Townshend, fifth Marquis.

The two men struck up a friendship based more on mutual admiration and respect than on the tenuous bond of a common name. The American tourists were not only most hospitably entertained by the Dowager Marchioness at Raynham Hall but also by the Marquis at his town house in London. They met again in Rome at the same hotel and became better acquainted during a two-week sojourn.

"The Marquis is a plain, unassuming man of 42, looks, acts and is exactly like our American Townsends," Charles was thrilled to comment. "He is not a large man but has broad shoulders much like Uncle Kneeland, greyish-blue eyes, large nose, fair complexion and like all the family—very decided and strong-minded." Incidentally, over and over again in the diaries and letters of many Townsend generations is mentioned this characteristic family appearance. How remarkable it is that these same physical aspects, these vigorous genes, have made their way down through the years.

Charles was also excited to tell the folks back home that the Marquis recognized him as "cousin" and "told me in London he felt complimented at my calling on him, that I was the first of the American family that had honored him with a call." Full of effusive praise, he added: "His good deeds the whole world knows, having given more than $100,000 to the poor of London."

Poor Marquis, however. His philanthropy and innate goodness were no bastions against trouble in his own castle. His young wife, Lady Anne-Elizabeth-Clementina Duff, oldest daughter of the Earl of Fife, eschewing the life of Lady Bountiful, ran off to Paris with Lord Edward Thynne. After some painfully awkward scenes, the erring wife was brought back to England and to duty.

This high-life scandal undoubtedly provided titillating gossip in the salons of England and Europe but produced shock and dismay among the American cousins. Charles was particularly appalled at the Marchioness' desertion of her two lovely children, Lady Agnes

and Lord John. Little blame was attached to Lady Townshend, however. The sudden impulse to elope was put down to her naiveté, to neglect by her benevolence-occupied husband, and to the despicable character of her silver-haired seducer, a sexagenarian at that.

A moralistic newspaper of the time described Lord Thynne as "one of those born Lotharios who cannot cease to dazzle until they cease to live . . . . They do not alone tempt women from the path of honor but men from the path of duty. Their activities alternate between amorous intrigue and the gaming table, and they are forever moving in a vicious circle of debauchery." Whew! Quite an indictment!

Lord Townshend, ill and confined to bed at the time of elopement, had his revenge a number of years later. When traveling on the road from Salisbury one day, he chanced to overtake Lord Edward Thynne, now in his seventy-fourth year. The Marquis pulled him bodily from the carriage and attacked him with his riding whip, shouting: "Is that enough?! Is that enough?!"

But even righteous anger must pay its price, for Lord Townshend had to appear in court to answer charges of assault and battery. But let's get back to more pleasant pursuits.

The first visit to Raynham was graphically recorded in a letter from Charles to his mother on Sunday, October 13, 1872:

> We arrived at the church [St. Mary's in East Raynham] about half an hour before church commenced, went in and found the children of the Parish receiting their Sunday School lesson. They were all beautiful, fresh rosy children, very neatly dressed and remarkably well behaved . . . . About five minutes before Service commenced [which was the Church of England], the bells commenced a fine chime of three bells. We passed out the vestibule and took a look at the tenants coming across the Park from all directions, and in the porch was collected the old, the Blind and the Lame, all well dressed and very respectful.
>
> Then the Sexton showed us into the strangers' seat but shortly afterwards an old farmer came down the aisle and asked us to sit with him as none of his family were coming, being detained home on account of illness. We, of course, accepted his kind offer.

The service began after Lady Audrey took her seat in the Townshend pew.

"The singing was most enchanting. The Lady, clergyman, rich, poor, old & young, lame & blind all joined in. *Mamie with the rest*, and my mouth fairly watered with delight. It was all new to me and religion seemed to me more beautiful than ever." After the sermon, which was carefully attended to, the congregation went home quietly. "There was no laughing, chattering or jabbering as you see at our New England churches."

When the hospitable old farmer found out the strangers were Townsends from America, he introduced them to the Reverend Mr. Phayre. Mr. Phayre in turn welcomed Captain and Mrs. Townsend most heartily. One thing led to another and before they knew it, Charles and Mary Ann found themselves in Raynham Hall being introduced to the Lady Dowager Marchioness. (The Marquis and his Lady were in their town house in London.)

Overwhelmed by the unexpected and gracious reception, the American cousins were agog as they were shown the beautiful rooms and magnificent paintings. Charles, considerably impressed, wrote his mother that the hall was built of stone and brick and "covers about twice as much ground as the New Haven State House."

At the simple Sunday lunch—yes, the strangers were proffered this delicious hospitality too—four courses were served: soup, mutton chops with fried potatoes, fillet of beef with peas and beans, and hare, ending with salad, fruit, and nuts.

Two and a half hours later, a dazed and happy couple issued forth from the front door of Raynham Hall into the brilliant autumn sunlight with kind goodbyes and invitations to call again tingling in their ears.

A few days after this memorable visit, Charles decided to call on the Marquis while in London. Again he was received most cordially and invited to lunch with Mamie, which again they accepted with pleasure. Lady Townshend was ill and confined to bed, so they never did get to meet her. The luncheon went well with much of interest said on both sides. "One cannot help feeling complimented when any gentleman (to say nothing about a nobleman)

receives and treats a stranger with more than marked politeness," confessed Charles.

Captain Townsend wanted to share the excitement and delight of these happenings with his family back home and also wanted to show them the beauty of the ancestral seat of the Townshends. He returned that fall to select the best views of the place in order to have pictures taken.

At that time having left his calling card, he was invited in to lunch with the Dowager Marchioness. Young Lord Raynham, age seven, and Lady Agnes, a golden-haired, blue-eyed child of three, were brought in to say hello. Charles was told that the boy "has too much of a mind for one his age. He has never been to school because he learns too fast and has already learned himself to read."

While at luncheon, Lady Townshend entertained a fascinated Charles with much historical information and stories of bygone Townshends. She directed his attention to a portrait of Sir Roger Townshend, dressed in full armor, with a long, red beard and with an outstretched finger from which blood was dropping on to his armor. The anecdote of the bleeding finger was an amusing one.

"In olden times the Lords of Manors lived in moated halls and the old one at Raynham had its moat filled with water and a drawbridge to pull up and let down." Roger Townshend of Raynham was a captain in the English fleet and had been given orders to join the fleet, which was making ready for an engagement with the Spanish Armada. This was in 1588.

> About this time, when the minds of the people of the north and east counties were occupied in the direction of the south coast of England, roving bands of Scotch, Swedes and Danes landed and committed robberies to a great extent. When Roger left home he gave orders to have the drawbridge pulled up every night at sunset and not let down for anyone until sunrise.
>
> The destruction of the Spanish fleet took place sooner than expected. Sir Roger returned to Norfolk with his followers and reached his castle about dark and finding the drawbridge up, his squire called out to the people in the Hall to let down the bridge for their Lord to pass in. So the people called Lady Townshend to look and see if she could recognize her Lord and when told the Knight on

horseback with the long, red beard was Sir Roger, she said no, it was not he as he had no such long, red beard.

When Sir Roger heard this, he sent word to his Lady asking her if she would believe if he sent her Sir Roger's ring. And she said yes, as she well knew Sir Roger's ring. So he tried to take the ring from his finger and it being swollen, he could not take it off. Being a fractious man, like many other members of the Townshend family, he tore it off taking the flesh with it and sent it to his Lady who at once recognized the ring. She then called out: "Let down the bridge for my Lord to pass in."

After such a graphic story as this, the American visitor took an even keener interest in seeing "the old turreted hall, now a picturesque ivy ruin built of Roman brick and its moat sided with the same material and approached by a drawbridge through a gatehouse." An inveterate and enthusiastic correspondent, Charles had to write his mother a complete, detailed description of everything. He told her of the many elegant rooms, the valuable paintings, the ornate furniture, the well-constructed servants' quarters of brick, the roomy stables and above all about the beautiful grounds:

I stood on the front steps and looked down the lawn, half a mile to the lake, then across the park for miles . . . the splendid old trees were bright and green and you would have thought all the birds in England had met to sing that morning around the Hall. I never heard such a racket . . . . From the front steps you look across the Park to the pretty village of Raynham, population about 300. It is half hid among majestic oaks. To the left, about ¼ of a mile under the hill on which the mansion stands, is the beautiful Church of St. Mary's surrounded by old oaks which were there when the 1st of the family took possession. In the Church and in the vault are the remains of about 22 generations of the family . . . . The old Baptismal fount is still in the Church that was used in the days of William 1st of England.

So the letter goes on for twelve rhapsodic pages and is concluded with: "I suppose the family will laugh at the interest I have taken in genealogy, but I am amused and have been shown attention often on account of it."

Charles arranged to have the photographer take five views of Raynham Hall. A watercolor painted from one such picture hangs

in state today on the wall of the old homestead in New Haven. But Captain Townsend's true love for his own native haunts had its tangible proof too when he ordered, while in Paris in 1873, hand-painted service porcelain of New Haven scenes: "old Townsend house, new Townsend house, Fort Hale, New Haven Lighthouse, Judges' Cave, Yale College, Churches on New Haven Green, East Rock, West Rock, Hotchkiss house, Wintergreen Falls, S.S. Ontario, Packet Ship Germania, S.S. Fulton." These plates are now the priceless possessions of his grandsons Raynham and Harry.

Several important things came of this memorable visit to England. Charles decided that the family name was more properly spelled with an "h" in it and so made the correction for himself and his posterity; he renamed the American homestead "Raynham," and he christened his second-born "Raynham." Even the postal district was marked Raynham, at Captain Townshend's suggestion, and appeared as such in the City Directory Map of 1882. It was kept as the name of the area for several years. This was when the Morris Cove section was annexed to New Haven and labeled the 15th Ward. Some of the impetus for the name change came from Lord Townshend himself, who expressed the wish that all who claimed relationship to the old Norfolk family would adopt the "h" in the spelling.

Charles ordered his personal stationery embossed with the Townshend coat-of-arms, which he now felt entitled to use. In reference to the ubiquitous "h," he wrote the marquis: "You will notice we have added the "h" to our name and *take pleasure* in so doing as it will be hereafter a pleasant souvenir of our delightful visit to Raynham." The important event of his firstborn son in 1874 gave him the opportunity to record the name officially: Henry Hotchkiss Towns*h*end. However, it was not until 1890 that the City Directory recorded the change in spelling.

James grudgingly went along with Charles' wish to call the homestead "Raynham" but would not go so far as to put the "h" back in Townsend, nor would the rest of the family, except for William, who resided in England. Perhaps they thought it poppycock. What was good enough for their grandfather was good

enough for them. Maybe they felt Charles had highfalutin' ideas. But then again, one might give the captain credit for being a purist of the *nth* degree. After all, what was right ten generations ago should be fitting and proper today.

Little did Charles Hervey Townshend realize what a distinguished nuisance that "h" would prove to his charge-account descendants!

That a patriotic native son such as Captain Townshend could go so "English" might be hard to understand. Blustering, impulsive, with a voracious appetite for the world around him, but sensible and practical in business, a steady man when the going was rough, one would not think of him as a dreamer. Yet behind those deep-set eyes raced some pretty wild speculations. On a carefully preserved brown envelope containing the lengthy family tree he scrawled:

"*Save these*! Should the male heirs of the Marquis Townshend die without issue the heir of the title will probably be found in the United States or Nova Scotia. I have filled out one for myself." (Some sort of lineage form, apparently.)

The number of eligible heirs between the present Marquess of Raynham Hall, England, and the present Townshends of Raynham, U.S.A., would probably populate a city the size of Chicago. Still—it *is* fun to dream.

While in England on this trip and subsequent ones, Charles did much research into his ancestry, verifying family traditions by meticulous searching of old wills, deeds, and church registries and by visiting the parishes of Raynham and Bracon-Ash. The culmination of these studies appeared in his book *The Townshend Family of Lynn in Old and New England* of 1875, followed by three more revised editions in succeeding years.

Charles spent many years in preparation of the family genealogy; the most important and significant part of it, to his way of thinking, was the connection of his ancestor, Thomas Townsend of Lynn, Massachusetts, with the Thomas Townsend of Bracon-Ash, Norfolk, England. He found them to be one and the same. In Captain Townshend's words:

"This summer while staying in Ridgefield, Conn., with my family the editor of a local weekly there, not having use for his type three days in the week, printed for me a part of the material I have taken 30 years to collect." (Author's note: *My* long, dusty hours in our attic and in the Historical Society's library and basement over a period of ten years seem short compared to his travail!)

A still later memorandum states:

> For the past forty years I have been at my leisure slowly but surely forging the links in a chain of evidence; and have them now sufficiently strong enough to prove in my opinion all I have ever claimed that Thomas Townshend, second son of Henry Townshend who died at Gedding Co. Suffolk and who was once Lord of Bracon-Ash, Norfolk, is the Thomas Townshend who settled at Lynn, Mass in 1637–8.

In all likelihood the point of departure for this genealogical odyssey was his great-uncle Kneeland's investigations while in London between the years of 1800–1805, when he met the first Marquis Townshend and his son George, Earl of Leicester, the latter being president of the Society of Antiquaries.

In Captain Townshend's slow and painstaking work, he did secure help and encouragement from friends as well as professional researchers, Dr. Joseph Chester and Robert Chambers in England and the Reverend E. B. Huntington in America, and even from the Marquis himself, and his mother, the Dowager Lady Townshend, the latter engaging in a sprightly correspondence from across the ocean. She called his project most praiseworthy, "which coming from the wife of the late Marquis is not a bad recommendation," said Charles in a glow of gratification. The Dowager Marchioness was seventy then, living a rather lonely life. Her daughters were married and away, and her son, the Marquis, was absent for long periods from Raynham. She seemed to relish this new-found friendship with the American sea captain who wrote so warmly, sent photographs of his family, and had preserved fruits shipped to her.

In sending her the picture of his home, Charles complained:

> The photographer has not done the place justice. It is situated on the East Side of New Haven Harbor. The house is distant from the

Capt. Charles Hervey Townsend
of U.S.S. *Fulton*.

Packet ship *Bavaria*, Charles H. Townsend's first command.

Mary Ann Hotchkiss Townshend
with Henry and Raynham.

Capt. Charles H. Townshend's house at Church & Wall Streets.

beach as far as Raynham Hall is from the Lake. From the west front the view is very fine, facing as it does a city of 60,000 inhabitance with mountains in the back-ground and the broad bay 2 miles across between, on which floats almost every description of vessels.

Lord John James Dudley Stuart, Viscount Townshend, visited with Charles Hervey and his family in New Haven as a young man. He became the sixth Marquis when his father died.

Upon completing the genealogical study of his family in 1875, Charles Hervey sent circulars out to more than seven hundred fifty people bearing the name of Townsend here in America, hoping they would subscribe to a more serious undertaking: a memorial volume tracing all the American descendants of the Townsends of Lynn, Massachusetts. Response was poor. At this point, a note of bitterness crept into Charles' letters:

"All this has cost me no little time, labor and expense and what thanks do I get for it. I have received abuse and insult from several quarters . . . . I shall not however give up but will wait if necessary five years longer for the spirit to move the family." The years went by and the family budged very little. Only seventy-five subscribers sent money to underwrite the project—not enough to finance a memorial of the scope the Captain had envisioned. Meanwhile he had gone ahead and accepted the offer made by the New England Genealogical Register to print *his* line as he had drawn it up.

Charles Hervey was extremely diligent in his correspondence with any and all persons who might supply a shred of evidence or a string of a clue that could lead him to a treasure cache of facts. His journeys, both in person and via the mail, brought him in contact with remote relatives who soon became habitual pen-pals, if not "kissin' cousins."

For all Captain Townshend's sanguine impetuousness and irresistible drive, he could be a most charming gentleman, a master of florid words and gracious manners if he so desired.

His new-found cousins, Miss Lucretia Townsend and Mrs. Mary T. Derby of Medfield, Massachusetts, were flattered by his kind attention and interest in their family branch, which stemmed from the common ancestor, Samuel Townsend of Chelsea, second son of

Thomas of Lynn. Aside from his solicitous concern for these two elderly ladies, Charles, the relentless sleuth of kin and connections, also cherished the collecting of memorabilia, which would give concrete substance to his suppositions.

The Townsend "girls" possessed a number of old sermons by the Reverend Jonathan Townsend, and also an ancient ring of guinea gold of which Mrs. Derby admitted: "I have not the least knowledge of its history." Charles quickly traced its inscribed initials and date "A.D. 1669" to Abigail Davis, wife of Samuel Townsend; it was their wedding date. (Something is wrong about that wedding date, however, since the good woman had borne five children before 1669! Let's just say the ring was a token of love and appreciation. Or perhaps the impatient researcher was in error and "A.D." really stands for *anno Domini.*)

"I think I have cleared up quite a mystery," Charles related, "and should you want to part with the ring I would be glad to pay for it any reasonable price. I hope you will excuse my making this suggestion and not feel annoyed at it. The ring would be interesting to me as an heirloom."

The answer showed reluctance but promise: "I shall probably keep it during my life and when I have done with it and all earthly things, hope someone will have it to whom it will be valuable. It has been handed down a long way with great care."

Then came a pause in the flow of the sympathetic letters. The dear old lady penned somewhat querulously: "So long since I had heard from you, begun to think *perhaps* you had forgotten us and the old sermons! But *we* are so old, it is about time to be forgotten, as we have stayed long over the time appointed . . . . When you come to Boston, I hope you will not fail to give us a call, it always seems pleasant to look upon your face, if but for a moment."

Two months later Miss Lucretia Townsend upon her deathbed instructed that the much-discussed antique ring be given to her cousin Charles Hervey Townshend as an heirloom to be kept in the Townshend family.

Thus the Story of the Ring ends, at least a chapter in its immor-

tal life. One wonders about the other deathbed bequests down through the hundreds of years and what the future holds for this inanimate keepsake that has outkept generations of the animate. However, philosophizing is not the purpose of this little tale, this peek into the life and times of an heirloom. It was done more to illustrate what pains Charles Hervey took to cultivate contacts for the sake of his historical research.

From seaman to historian, ebullient Charles was now embarking upon another course in his life, that of an author. The next writing venture was the *British Invasion of New Haven*, which he wrote for the centennial of that event in 1879. Diligent research in the British Museum archives had turned up many interesting facts about the invading troops. Human bones, two brass buttons, and a copper coin known as a stiver found while widening Townsend Avenue in June, 1870, were confirmed as having belonged to the Hessian contingent accompanying General Tryon's forces.

Now he turned his inquiring mind to other subjects near at hand: *The Commercial Interests of Long Island Sound*, 1883; *The Quinnipiack Indians and their Reservation*, 1893; *The Early History of Long Island Sound and its Approaches*, 1894; and "*Raynham*", *New Haven*, 1900. The main purpose of his writing the pamphlet about Long Island Sound, accompanied by copies of the U. S. Coast Survey diagrams, was to show the advantages that New Haven possessed as a port of entry and a port of refuge.

His thoughts often turned seaward and it occurred to him that the port of New Haven would benefit from having breakwaters in the outer harbor, such as those in Cherbourg, France, and Plymouth, England.

In the year 1874 he had generated enough interest in the idea so that, with the backing of Mayor Henry Lewis and other prominent citizens, a petition was presented to the United States government through the Honorable Stephen Kellogg, then representing the Second Congressional District. Mr. Kellogg ably advocated the measure to secure the necessary appropriations and received a favorable report from the Congressional committee, who recom-

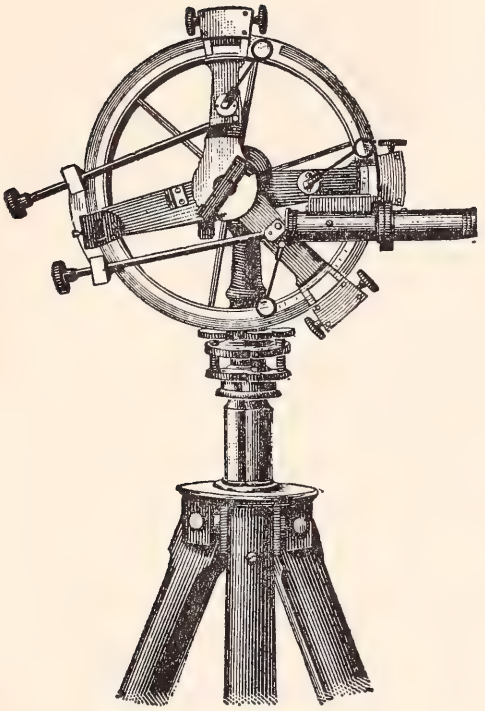
mended $100,000 to commence a breakwater in Long Island Sound. Nothing was done in its behalf until the year 1879, when the measure was revived.

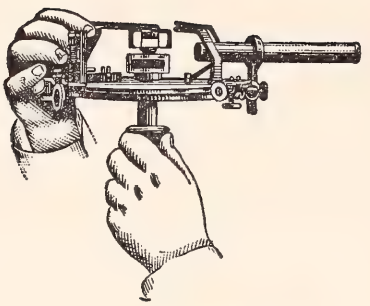
By the joint action of the city government and the Chamber of Commerce a committee was appointed to go to Washington and appear before the Congressional Committee on Commerce. Captain Townshend was among the men representing the Chamber. Again the report was favorable and $30,000 was recommended to commence the work and to defray the expense of the surveying engineers. Investigation of the harbor, after long and intensive study, produced a recommendation that two breakwaters be constructed off the lower bay at New Haven—the easterly one at the Lighthouse on Southwest Ledge and the westerly one from Ludington's Rock. "In making this selection there was taken into consideration the benefit which might be attained both of a local and national character, not only the commercial advantages to be reaped but the value of a port of refuge as a rendezvous for deep draft ocean steamers and iron-clad ships in time of peace or war."

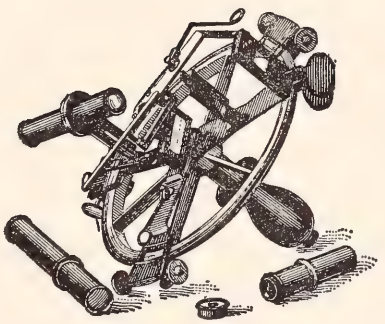
Bids were invited for dredging the channel and construction of the breakwaters to be built of rip-rap granite. The work finally went forward, was completed, and now stands as a monument to the persistent efforts of such men of vision as Henry Lewis, Stephen Kellogg, N. D. Sperry, George Harmon, William Fuller, M. F. Tyler, George Cooley, James Phelps, and Charles Hervey Townshend. (If anyone ever wants to write up the full history of these breakwaters, Charles Hervey's voluminous clippings, letters, and scribbled notes would be the first place to turn, provided the eyesight is keen and imagination flexible for his almost illegible notes.)

Later Captain Townshend assisted in the re-survey of Block Island Sound, Long Island Sound, and East River to Hell Gate, during which survey a dangerous reef was found at the entrance to New Haven harbor. It now bears the name Townshend Reef. Atwater's *History of the City of New Haven* contains a chapter on "The Harbor and Wharves" by C. H. Townshend.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century was filled with these engrossing projects for Charles. In 1887 he invented the "Town-







CIRCULAR

The Townshend Double-reflecting and Repeating Circle may be used as a substitute for the sextant, the theodolite and the transit instrument, and for measuring two or three angles simultaneously. Patented, Washington, D.C., January 31, 1888; No. 377,280.

shend Double Reflecting and Repeating Circle," an improvement of the sextant in use for navigation at that time. A circular advertising the new device stated: "This light instrument has been brought out to supply a long-needed want of man and to assist him in celestial and terrestial observations, on land or sea, by day or night, in foggy and tempestuous weather, giving mental calculation the desired result of most important problems." It was favorably received and endorsed.

Charles' remaining years of his three-score-and-ten were spent pleasantly in New Haven doing all the things that interested him: working as a member of the Harbor Commission, advising as a dir-

ector of the New Haven Colony Historical Society and the Chamber of Commerce, promoting a free public library as secretary of the newly formed library association in 1885, serving on the two-hundred-fiftieth anniversary committee of the founding of New Haven, urging the building of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument on the top of East Rock with a cornice road along the cliffs (it took a team of sixteen horses to haul the granite monument up the winding dirt road to the top of East Rock in 1887), and caring for the government property at Fort Hale as custodian. (By an Act of Congress, September 1, 1890, New Haven was granted the right to occupy, improve, and control this property, owned by the United States, for the purpose of a public park. The new Commission of Public Parks relieved Captain Townshend of his custodial duties after twenty years of service.) He kept up his historical research too, constantly adding and revising his latest genealogical edition. As a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants (his pedigree led back through his mother's side to John Howland, a passenger on that exclusive ship), he attended their elegant affairs in New York City.

To give evidence of his father's lineage he collected engravings of the English Townshends and lined them up and down the wall of the front stairwell, a veritable rogues' gallery of illustrious peers.

What a dynamic man he must have been! All the tales about him show Captain Townshend as an independent-minded "cuss" with a bracing individuality. No doubt the long years at sea when he was pitted against that hard taskmaster molded his character. He was his own man. For example:

One Sunday, Charles was seated in his accustomed pew in Center Church listening to a lengthy sermon. When it got to be near noon, crusty old Charles jumped up and said aloud:

"By jolly, that sun isn't going to wait while the parson spins his yarn!" Without further ado, he departed to go home and check his precious sextant, which he had been working on.

Another church story—the minister must have dreaded seeing Captain Townshend take his seat: It seems that the collections on one particular Sunday were for missions in the South Pacific is-

lands. The old voyager apparently had visited some of these places and disapproved of them heartily. With characteristic outspokenness, he arose and said:

"I won't give a cent!"

But Charles did not always beleaguer the poor parson. Some Sundays he stayed home. One hot Sunday morning he was sitting in his shirtsleeves on the front stoop of his house at Church and Wall, drinking lemonade and generally enjoying life. Mamie called to him softly to come in, at least until after the churchgoers had passed by, to which Charles mischievously replied:

"Mamie, there's no use having a good time unless you have it the way you want it!"

He was an intent man, preoccupied with his own interests, which were of paramount importance to him; therefore he often impatiently disregarded form and convention. His voice boomed out heartily, much to the embarrassment of members of the family. These full-scale tones might be explained logically by his years of shouting against wind and wave but did not help the victim of an encounter with this irresistible force. His nephew Stuart Hotchkiss was caught in such a situation:

"Hi, my bully boy with the glass eye!" Captain Townshend bellowed to Stuart when he spied him on the train going to New York one day. Stuart did not really have a glass eye; this was merely a friendly way to put the boy at ease. With arms waving in happy greeting, his uncle careened down the aisle and plunked down next to the rather painfully flushed young man.

The conversation was animated and one-sided all the way to New York, when suddenly Captain Townshend noticed that the train had stopped on the edge of the city and was standing in an underpass. They waited and waited for it to start again. This not unusual occurrence was endured with patience by the passengers. Not so with the former captain of a ship, the master of his fate! Charles noticed a ladder leaning against the stone wall outside.

Assuming command of the situation, Capt. Townshend grabbed Stuart by the arm, dragged him off the train, and pushed him up the ladder. Just as they achieved the cinder heights of the embank-

ment, the train moved on. The anticlimactic end of the story came when they had to call a cab to get downtown.

Impatient, impetuous Charles. Surely his quick decisions must have been made with mature judgement, for he never lost a ship or cargo in all those action-packed, seafaring years. But his impetuosity did him an unhappy turn in this incident, as told by Helen Dunham, who, by the way, was the storehouse for all these personal tales about her cousin.

After one particular voyage abroad, Charles brought back a lovely and costly Chinese vase for Mamie. His brother-in-law, Henry Hotchkiss, met him in New York to accompany him home on the train. Charles had been carefully handling the package with the fragile vase in it all the many miles. He put it down on the floor beside him, then proceeded to give a lively account of his trip abroad to Henry. As they neared the New Haven station, he interrupted himself long enough to say impulsively:

"What the devil is this thing?" and gave the package a hefty kick. Needless to say, that was the end of Mamie's Chinese vase.

Charles was devoted to his wife and suffered with her during her painful accidents to her knees and long confinements afterwards. One evening in April, four years after they were married, Mamie slipped and fell while getting into the carriage. Her kneecap was fractured badly and required many weeks of immobilization. The following January she fell again, this time injuring the other patella. By spring the third accident to her poorly-disciplined knees occurred. Part of the knee problem was apparently a weight problem, as Mrs. Townshend's loving husband not so subtly but affectionately pointed out in a letter:

"I wish you would reduce your flesh so as to save your knee. I think you might spare for the next six months 25 lbs. and then when your knee gets good and strong, you can add 50 if you chose."

Whether the temptations of the table proved too strong or the knees too weak is not known; however, in 1877 Mary Ann went lame again. Back to the bed-wheelchair-crutches routine once more. Ever after, she had to resort to canes to get around, and the weight challenge was never met.

As mentioned before, the times were good for Charles, living in New Haven during the so-called "Gay Nineties." His wife was at his side and his brothers James, George, Beers, Edward, and Fred were available for business or family get-togethers. Theirs was a particularly close and affectionate family. One of the best tributes to this relationship Charles wrote in a letter when he was twenty-seven:

> It is also a pleasure for me when alone whether on the sea or on the land to think of that home, the home of my childhood, of kind brothers and sisters who are there, whom I feel take an interest in me and follow me in their minds from port to port. Wishing me every success and are ready if I should meet with misfortune to shield me from the slurs of envious persons; to cheer me up and if necessary to lend a helping hand.

In the last years of his life, however, Charles had periods of illness and depression. (The cause of his failing health was found to be a tumor.) His fellow cohort in the harbor breakwater business, Representative Sperry, wrote him from Washington:

> I am sorry to have you so despondent as you seem to be. Keep up your courage, my friend. I think you will live long enough to see the west breakwater finished. You know, there are some $45,000 still unexpended, and I suppose they will commence to spend some of this sum next summer. We are trying to improve the harbor, the old basin, and the rivers, but whether we shall be able to do all we want to this year is a matter of great doubt.

On March 29, 1904, Charles Hervey came to the end of a long and productive life, during which through his own efforts he became "somebody."

Mary Ann died twelve years later, on October 2, 1916. Their line was carried on by Henry, a rising young lawyer, and Raynham, a promising doctor.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ANNEX

NOW we have stepped resolutely into the twentieth century. Great changes were to take place on the ancient Indian reservation, on the old Tuttle and Townsend farm. Because of pressures from an ever-expanding New Haven population, because of increasing taxes on land, and because of personal inclinations, the two Townshend sons decided to sell a large part of their inheritance.

The last reason was perhaps the most persuasive. Both of the young men had married and were living in the city, Dr. Raynham at 233 Church Street and Henry at 35 Hillhouse Avenue (where so many years ago his great-great-great-grandfather's servant, Lark, had the encounter with a black bear). Aunt Mary, George's widow, a little old lady of eighty-seven years, was living quietly alone on the family homestead.

The Townsend farm and the area surrounding it on the east shore, formerly a part of East Haven, had now become annexed to the City of New Haven. To understand this event, one must review the circumstances leading up to it. The catalyst was the construction of Tomlinson Bridge over the Quinnipiac River.

After the Revolution this area, a borough belonging to the Town of East Haven, grew slowly but steadily. As commerce increased between New Haven and East Haven, some progressive men felt it necessary to build a bridge across the mouth of the river to replace the slow-moving Hughes ferry. Already the new bridge at Grand Street (called Dragon or Fair Haven Bridge) had proved enormously useful. Consequently, in 1796, a toll bridge was built across the river connecting Forbes Avenue and Water Street and named after its promoter, Isaac Tomlinson. It still bears this name. Tom-

linson Bridge was an indispensable link in prosperity, but by the end of the nineteenth century the toll-weary commuters raised a rumpus about it. The commutation tickets were expensive. For a six-month period of passing over the bridge with his one or two-horse team, George Townsend had to pay $75 to the Tomlinson Bridge Co. It was a darn nuisance too.

New Haven agreed to buy the covered wooden bridge from its private owners and make it toll-free in return for control of the east side of the harbor. New Haven would also assume the bonded debt of the Town of East Haven and any other debt. East Haven agreed. East Shore Yankees agreed also but with some reservations: they would pay their fair share of school costs and road repairs to the City of New Haven but would maintain their own fire and police protection, street lighting, and refuse removal by levying their own taxes. When the votes were counted in the portion of the town to be annexed, the score was 301 for, 85 against.

So in 1881 with certain privileges, the "Annex" was born and subsequently was designated as the 15th Ward (east of the Quinnipiac River and New Haven harbor and south of the 14th Ward extending to Lighthouse Point). The 14th Ward or Fair Haven East (east of Quinnipiac River and north of Meadow Street, now East Ferry Street, to the North Haven Boundary) already a borough of New Haven, joined the Town of New Haven in 1881 also. This town arrangement allowed for selectmen as representatives, not aldermen.

After a few frustrating years of negotiation, New Haven did buy the disputed bridge from its private owners and in 1885 replaced it with a new iron drawbridge. The old bridge was considered "an inconvenience to travel, a great danger and damage to navigation, a dam to the tideway, a detriment and a disgrace to the city and a blot on the landscape."

However, the matter was not settled to the complete satisfaction of everyone. Apparently there were schemers in New Haven who desired to see the Annex become a full part of the city with no special status. East shore opponents of this idea objected in no uncertain terms, stating in an 1886 *Register* news release:

> . . . But if the city is determined to extend its limits around and have city jurisdiction over the Fifteenth Ward, then the inhabitants of the Fifteenth Ward prefer to return to East Haven, from whence they came . . . . The greater part of the land comprising the Fifteenth Ward is farming land, cultivated and used for farming purposes and should not be taxed for city purposes. The owners of the land are most of them dependent upon their farms for the support of themselves and their families and could not pay the increased taxes which would be imposed upon them by extending the limits of the city around them.

The vigorous opposition won out this time. The urban schemers had to bide their time.

The city advocates did not wait long though. The hue and cry was raised soon again, this time from a different angle. The plan, requested by the New Haven Chamber of Commerce, was to consolidate the town, city, and school governments, thereby obliterating the special status of the Annex and abolishing the time-honored right of "freemen" to vote at the town meetings.

Protests and remonstrances were lengthy and learned. A pamphlet of speeches and papers against such a consolidation was published in 1891, and in it the whole business regarding the annexation of the portion of East Haven to New Haven in 1881 was reviewed. (At that time the western boundary of the city of New Haven was along the line of West River, and the eastern boundary along the line of the Quinnipiac River. On the western side of the city within the town limits lay the territory or village called Westville, and on the eastern side of the city across the Quinnipiac River lay the borough of Fair Haven East, plus the East Haven borough later known as the Annex. Total Annex acreage was 4,785.)

These affidavits of some Annex residents pretty much sum up the feelings of those opposed to consolidation:

> *William A. Woodward*: I was going to Hartford [in 1881] about the Tomlinson bridge matter. There was a bill before the House to make New Haven and East Haven purchase Tomlinson bridge. I asked Corporation Counsel Stoddard if he was going to oppose this bill. He said yes, that they were not going to build and make a

bridge free to have citizens of New Haven go over to East Haven and live, and so get rid of taxes in New Haven. He said, "Fair Haven East wants to come into the city, but we don't want her, and I shall oppose it; but if your people who live in the lower part of East Haven, down on the harbor, would come in, we would be willing to take both you and them into the town, but we don't want them alone."

I told him we were afraid and didn't want to come into the city. Corporation Counsel Stoddard said, "We don't want you in the city; we would not take you into the city, but we will take you into the town." I told him I was afraid if we became annexed to the town they would bring us into the city. He said, "No, we wouldn't take you into the city if you wanted to come"; that Fair Haven East wanted to come into the city but they would not take them, they didn't want all that farming land in the city.

The whole talk and understanding was that we should only be annexed to the town and not be brought into the city unless a majority wanted it. Corporation Counsel Stoddard said, "We will take both you and Fair Haven East into the town and treat you as regards bridges and highways like Westville."

Collis B. Granniss: I was one of the parties who in 1881 went to Hartford to advocate a free bridge in the place of Tomlinson's toll bridge . . . . Judge Stoddard told me that the proper way would be when the majority of people in the annex wanted to come into the city to have them ask for it. You will be on the same footing as Westville . . . . In consequence of our understanding, we withdrew our opposition and advocated the annexation at the time of the vote. But for this the people in the annex would have voted against it.

Alfred Hughes: We had no idea of annexation at that time, Judge Stoddard came to us and made the proposition for us to come into the town with Fair Haven East. It was distinctly understood by us and stated by Judge Stoddard that we should only be brought into the town and never into the city unless a majority of the people asked for it.

Stoddard seems to have been the villain in the piece, along with the Chamber of Commerce, the majority of whose members favored the consolidation. However, a minority report was filed against consolidation, the members being James M. Townsend, Elihu L. Mix, and William S. Beecher. In the report they stressed that "the system of city government is unwieldy and far removed from the

approach of the individual citizen." They also argued for the Annex residents' right to vote on the question, stating that "When Fair Haven was annexed to the city, the consent of a majority of the taxpayers was secured. Although the population there was then 5,000 or upwards, and the city had grown to their very borders, it was deemed necessary to obtain their consent before asking the legislature to extend the city limits over their territory." Why should not the Annex be treated in the same honorable manner?

Other prominent citizens joined the impressive ranks of those against consolidation: ex-Governor Henry B. Harrison, ex-Governor James E. English, ex-Governor Charles R. Ingersoll, ex-Mayor Harmanus Welch, the Hon. N. D. Sperry, and the Hon. Henry Trowbridge. Their opinion was that no benefit would be derived from the proposed consolidation of the town and city governments.

Charles Hervey Townshend wrote an impassioned plea for the retention of town meetings to the editor of the *Journal and Courier.* Many Annex taxpayers signed their names to the original remonstrance to the Connecticut General Assembly of 1889: Congressman C. L. Mitchell, George H. Townsend, W. H. Bradley, E. J. Woodward, Alfred Forbes, Henry Benedict, Arthur Burr, Charles Lancraft, Hudson Forbes—men whom few remember now but whose family names are familiar on street signs of the the area.

In 1897 the State Legislature amended the New Haven Charter, and the city and town governments became one; however, the special conditions of the two East Shore wards were retained. The battle was won, temporarily at least. Aldermen were elected from the new wards, Sidney Kelsey and John Madden from the 15th. The Annex Fire Department made its first appearance in the City Directory in 1897 with Robert Meachen listed as fire chief. Fair Haven East had its own fire department also.

So far, so good. But only a few years passed and the New Haven agitators were at it again. They were unwilling to let the matter of consolidation rest and were successful in getting the 14th Ward to become a full part of the city. The fact that the area was losing its farm complexion made this move less controversial. As the old large landowners died, the younger generation often departed, breaking

up the farms and selling off their shares of the inheritance.

Meanwhile the affairs of the Annex were handled by the Fairmount Association, organized on July 26, 1911. This organization through the years did the job it set out to do with unqualified success at a low mill rate. Meetings were held at the firehouse on Forbes Avenue and were a true demonstration of democracy in action, because every resident was his own representative and could voice his own opinion. Naturally, with a group of individualists, the tones of the meetings were not always dulcet! Occasionally there was discord and "fireworks." In fact, after one wrangle the Morris Cove people broke away from the Association and formed their own group. In 1920 the Morris Cove Fire Department came into existence. But things were accomplished and progress was made. A source of great satisfaction to Annex property owners was the fact that their district had no bonded indebtedness and yet it maintained fully adequate services with good equipment. In 1920 the population of the 15th Ward was 4,296.

In 1921 New Haven was redivided into thirty-three wards with the southern portion of the old 15th Ward (Morris Cove area) becoming the 33rd Ward and the northern portion becoming the 32nd Ward (from Fort Hale Road to East Ferry Street and from the harbor to the East Haven town line). The 33rd Ward went over to the enemy and joined the city fully. But not the die-hard Yankees in the 32nd Ward. In stubborn defiance these inhabitants brandished the battle-scarred name "The Annex," which pertained to them alone now, using it as the rallying cry in future fights. At the next census, in 1930, the Annex population alone had swelled to 4,900. The appearance of the land was changing from country to city suburb. Still the 32nd Ward residents were a politically cohesive group with a special esprit de corps. Just let the City try to coerce them! Well, my friends, "You can't beat City Hall." Sooner or later will come that last battle, and all the agreements, binding words, and affidavits will be of no avail.

The dawn of the twentieth century saw the once peaceful, rural community popping with progress. The aforementioned electric trolley line was laid along Woodward Avenue with a station stop at

Raynham; the major streets were paved—Forbes and Townsend Avenues and Main Street; two churches cared for the parish needs —the Church of the Epiphany next to the old Jehiel Forbes house on lower Forbes Avenue and Union Chapel (later St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church) at Townsend and Forbes Avenues; two new brick schools were built, Woodward (1907) and Benjamin Jepson (1912). Little stores were erected near the crossroads of Four Corners (Townsend & Forbes) and Granniss Corner (Woodward & Forbes).

The Granniss Corner Pharmacy became a well-known landmark and a popular neighborhood gathering spot. It was established in 1895 by Miles Hotchkiss on Townsend Avenue where the Turnpike overpass is now. A few years later the drugstore was moved into a small building on the northwest corner of Woodward Avenue, formerly a lunchroom owned by Edward Lovesey. In 1906 Dr. A. K. Boardman bought the place, enlarged it, and put his office and living quarters upstairs. A pharmacist as well as a general practitioner, Doc Boardman trained his subsequent partner, Anthony Fiondella. Tony bought the pharmacy in 1955 and his brother George joined the business. They moved to a brand-new store diagonally across the street in 1967. Two years later the Fiondellas sold the seventy-five-year old business to Alphonse Ferraro and retired.

By that year the intersections had really changed from residential to commercial, from empty fields to solid store fronts, from handsome clapboard houses to gaudy gas stations.

Earlier, major industry had come to the flat shorelands adjacent to the deep-channeled waters of the harbor: the Koppers Coke, T. A. D. Jones, Atlantic Refining, and Esso Standard Oil companies.

Let's take the City Directory of 1900 to see who was living in the area at that time.

George and James Townsend are listed as residing at 300 Townsend Avenue, along with the coachman James Stanton and family, with farmer Allen Tucker in the gardenhouse. The next houses to the north are:

Fort Hale about 1880; building owned by John Dwight Saltpeter Works.

Townsend Avenue in Morris Cove.

Asa Fabrique, farmer	240	Townsend	Avenue
Rev. William Roberts	238	"	"
F. Wallace Chatterton	227	"	"
Edward Upson, farmer	226	"	"
William Woodward, farmer	151	"	"
Frank Woodward, farmer	145	"	"
Charles Woodward	73	"	"

Under the brow of Beacon Hill (site of Fort Wooster), in an impressive Victorian mansion, lives Henry H. Benedict, President of Benedict & Pardee Co., wholesale coal dealers. He built his house in the early 1870s, staying there summers until 1878, when he took up permanent residence.

Mr. Benedict was "a gentleman of ample means and large Christian benevolence." This benevolence supported the efforts of those who were trying to build a new church to replace the wooden, nondenominational Union Chapel diagonally across from Woodward School (site of DeNegre's Gas Station). Mr. Benedict bought the land opposite the chapel, which at that time was occupied by a house promoting a different kind of "spirits." This tavern was torn down and the new church building of brick and sandstone erected. The little white chapel with its scalloped shingles was moved across the road alongside the sturdy new church and used as a parish house. Unfortunately this quaint spiritual memento of the past was leveled in 1967. Fortunately the United Workers of the New Church at East Side had long since gone to their reward and so were spared the pensiveness of that event.

On the corner of Woodward and Forbes Avenue, Collis Granniss' dairy farm occupies a large piece of land, locally known as Granniss Corner. He and his wife, Mary Woodward, live there in the century-old Woodward house. In the immediate vicinity are eight other Granniss homes.

High on the summit of the ridge overlooking the harbor scene is the castle-like home of Nathaniel W. Kendall, president of the Quinnipiac (later Yale) Brewing Co. It is said that this twenty-

three-room, brownstone mansion was built at a cost of $100,000. "Kenmore" they called the place.

On Woodward Avenue opposite Upson Street is Frederick Horn's greenhouse, where he operates his florist business. Mary Norton, widow of oysterman George Norton, is living out her years at 548 Woodward Avenue. George Redman, the new oyster watchman for the Townsend brothers, rents their house on the harbor shore.

To the south of the Townsend property is the estate of the late Charles L. Mitchell, who served in Congress in 1882. This is the same land that was earlier occupied by Samuel Mitchell.

Congressman Mitchell had some beautiful conservatories for the growing of violets and other cut flowers. In 1901 when Frank H. Kimberly, vice president of the F. E. Fowler Co., bought the place he took the conservatories down and built seven new greenhouses in which he grew carnations. North of the present Hall Street, he made a pond from which he cut and sold ice. A large wooden windmill stood by the pond and was used to pump water for garden purposes.

The large Kimberly-Mitchell house with its mansard roof, tower, and wisteria-covered porch faced Townsend Avenue opposite Hervey Street. The northern part of the estate Kimberly sold in 1910 to Charles Munro, a New Haven florist with a shop at 974 Chapel Street. Frank and Cora Kimberly continued to live in the mansion until 1939 when, because of business reverses, they lost possession of it. The Kimberlys moved to East Haven and the house was taken down that same year. For several years afterward, the sandstone gate-pillars remained as mute evidence of the once extensive estate. The pond was filled in, Hall Street put through, and modest houses were soon outlining the street.

Speaking of conservatories and greenhouses, it is interesting to realize just how prolific the floristry business was in this area. Whether the Hon. Mr. Mitchell initiated any outstanding bills in Congress is unknown to me, but apparently his conservatories were the start of a burgeoning flower trade on the east side of the harbor.

The first generation of flower growers here were: Captain Ed-

ward J. Morse (1898), Frederick G. Horn and John Horn (1899), and John H. Slocombe (1899). All of them were followed by their sons with the exception of Captain Morse.

After fourteen years of apprenticeship in the greenhouse business working for Congressman Mitchell, John Slocombe set up his own floral undertaking on the corner of Munn Road and Townsend Avenue on a piece of property bought of Miss Carrie Street. He housed his family, Herbert, William, and Emily, in what is now the William Lawson home at 387 Fort Hale Road. (This house was originally built for the Mitchells' coachman.) Sweet peas and dahlias were his specialty, the sweet-pea vines requiring very tall greenhouses for their skyward climb. The last Slocombe to deal in dahlias was Miss Emily. Around 1937 the land was sold for building lots and not long after blossomed into houses.

In the Horn family the next generation of florists was represented by Frederick C. Horn, who joined the active concern on Woodward Avenue.

The next influx of flower-minded men was in 1910, when Charles Munro bought the Kimberly greenhouses. Munro advertised his wares for his Chapel Street store thus:

"The principal feature of my business is Cut Flowers and Decorations. Have fourteen large greenhouses, devoted to growing Flowers and Flowering plants for my store. These greenhouses are located on Townsend Avenue." Cut flowers at special prices of $1 to $3 on Saturdays proved very successful. Mr. Munro journeyed to Belgium and Holland to become better acquainted with the sources of supply for bulbs and plants. Importations for 1918 were 500,000 bulbs.

"I am the first to grow roses extensively for the city. Several of my houses are devoted exclusively to the culture of roses." Favorites were the new Pink and White Killarney roses.

Munro's wholesale floristry business flourished and eventually passed to his son, Edward, who modernized the greenhouses, developed a retail trade, and successfully managed it until 1962. At that time he decided to go into the retail business solely, in Branford. The greenhouses, such a permanent part of the scene in the

first half of the twentieth century, were torn down and the land sold for private housing. The site is now a house-lined street called Townsend Terrace.

One of the men who worked for the senior Munro in 1910 was Alfred Nyren. A year later he bought Captain Morse's greenhouses and continued that business. The old Captain (of Governor's Foot Guard) hired himself out to Mr. Munro as fireman.

Another employee of Munro also went into the flower line for himself, around 1911. John Seipold had been a caretaker for the Mitchell estate and later a gardener for Kimberly. His farm was on Townsend Avenue between what is now Ley Street and Girard Avenue. In the back of his property were his three greenhouses, devoted largely to the wholesale carnation commerce. Of his big family, Marie, William, John L., Edward, Emil, and Charles, the last inherited his father's "green thumb" and carried on the trade, enlarging it to include retail work. During the big depression, people no longer could afford to "say it with flowers," so Charles had to give up the business. The farm was sold, divided, and sown with houses. The popular Betty's Store, in business since 1932, occupies a corner of the former Seipold farm.

So one can see from a look at the 1900 City Directory that the concern of the few people on the east side of the harbor was with the land, either farming or raising flowers. But the days of planting and harvesting were soon to end. Out of all the florist concerns only Horn's and Nyren's remain today.

The dictionary definition of progress is: "to develop to a higher, better or more advanced stage." With Webster's definition in mind, "progress" came to the Annex. Building lots replaced fields, houses stood where trees towered. In 1916 a large tract of land from Munn Road to Ley Street and from Townsend Avenue to Burr Street was opened up for homes. It was advertised as Townsend Heights. The story of civilization of the land was repeating itself over and over again—divide and conquer.

However, with new tracts of land opened up for residences in the Annex, the city did grow in this direction. So many new houses and new people inundated the area that it would be too lengthy

to enumerate them all. Suffice it to name a few of the old-timers.

Only seven houses existed in 1920 on Townsend Avenue between Fort Hale Road and Upson Street but by 1926 the number had doubled:

582 – Mrs. Mary E. Moran
601 – Willett H. Kellogg, Jr.
631 – Frank H. Kimberly (in old Mitchell house)
640 – Frank M. Hope
657 – Munro Greenhouses
709 – Edwin H. Chapin, gardener for Henry Townshend
738 – Mrs. Mary A. Balsamo
760 – Enrico De Vita
774 – Nelson W. Flagg
786 – Lloyd S. Salisbury
809 – William G. Newton (in old Fabrique house)
853 – Antonio Vanacore (in old Roberts house)
873 – Ralph Wentworth
875 – Chauncey Upson (in family's old house)
880 – Josiah Judd (in Chatterton house)

H. Mahlon Marlin, President of the Marlin Firearms Co., had moved into the Benedict house, 911 Townsend Avenue. In the old Woodward house at Granniss Corner now lived Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brinley. Estelle Allen Brinley was the grandaughter of Mary A. Woodward (Mrs. Collis Granniss). Later Mrs. Brinley became Mrs. D. L. Hazall; it was she who sold the house to the New Haven Preservation Trust. The Trust had the house taken down piece by piece and stored, for future assembling, in the Townshends' barn.

Some early twentieth-century residents on Woodward Avenue were: Charles Floyd and August Weith (432), Carl Timmereck (436), Charles Granniss (480), August Peterson (508), George and Leon Earl (512), Vincenzo Cacace (624), Augustine Vanacore (682), Irving Allen (743), and Henry H. Griswold (749).

Because we are about to enter a new era in the life of the land, let's take a last nostalgic look at this lovely countryside. Why not climb the tower stairs and get a really good look?

What a panorama of blue sky, blue waters and green woods and fields!

In the near distance of the harbor, boats, both sail and steam, are moving back and forth to the port of New Haven, neatly tucked between the raw knuckles of East and West Rocks. Across the shimmering water stretches the long, sheltering arm of West Haven hills.

On the shore in front are Uncle George's docks, boathouse and watchman's house. A tiny sand spit forms a kind of protected niche for his boats. The tide is high and the brackish water glints like tinsel among the marsh grasses. Two wooden houses stand close by the little rocky knoll, covered with black locust, bayberry, and wild rose bushes, near the lily pond on Woodward Avenue. Blue veins of streams thread their way through the marshes and slip into the harbor.

A trolley car hums and sways along Woodward Avenue and stops at Raynham Station. The conductor makes his way back among the passengers to collect another five-cent fare to go on to Lighthouse.

Oh, how gently the green land slopes down from the house, flattens out for a narrow span where the line of trees marks it, then dips down again to the salt marshes. Dusty Raynham Lane curves down to the bottom of the grassy hill, spotted with buttercups, daisies, and blue gentians. Over to the right a bit, a dense thicket of foliage indicates the site of the old Indian spring.

Away to the left, looking against the sun, past a tall spruce grove, we can just barely make out the dark sumac-covered humps of the old Civil War fort with its shiny moat. The trolley barn's hulk at the end of Woodward Avenue looms through the trees. Far off, the penciled lines of the breakwaters define the outer harbor.

Our gaze shifts to the south orchard close by and to Munro's greenhouses, reflecting the sun's rays as does Kimberly's pond in the same vicinity. A few houses are in sight beyond and then a green lushness shuts out any other view.

The east view, to the rear of the house, is the familiar barnyard scene—the carriage house, the barns, the piggery, the caretaker's house, the corncrib and pigeon loft, the woodshed and chickenhouse. In the background is a long, verdant swale and then the thick woods of Prospect Hill, hedging in the farmland with its gar-

dens and fields to the northeast. The woods makes one remember the chestnuts and hazelnuts that were gathered there in the fall, which in turn makes one think of the summer's juicy raspberries and blackberries in the tangle of briars at the edge of the woods near the little brook.

To the north from the Townsend land to Fort Wooster Hill, just fields and a few houses with barns and vegetable gardens are spread before the eye.

That is the way it was in the early 1900s on the east side of the harbor at Raynham. Sigh. Well, let's say goodbye to the farming days and have done with it. We cannot stop the tale from unfolding.

Sometime after Uncle George's death in 1919, Henry and Raynham approached their widowed aunt and other members of the Townsend family, grandchildren of James, and procured the entire divided inheritance of one hundred thirty-one acres for $85,000. Then they proceeded to have forty acres of the land on the west side of Townsend Avenue surveyed, with building lots marked and streets laid out. Henry presented these plans for residential development to the Board of Aldermen for approval. The Board unanimously agreed there were "big possibilities for growth of the city in this direction" and decided to widen Upson Street and Fort Hale Road.

Now the brothers really went into action. A real estate firm, the John T. Sloan Co., was hired to handle the development and sale of the land. Wide streets were carefully placed and named after the family: Hervey, Raynham, Kneeland, Tuttle. Townsend Avenue was already designated as such in 1871 before Charles Hervey Townshend decided to put the English "h" back in his name. Up to that time it was simply: "the road which leads to the Lighthouse" or to Morris Cove where "two or three graceful villa residences will attract the attention of the stranger. The first belongs to the family of the late William K. Townsend Esq." Apropos of the avenue's naming is this quote from a January 6, 1907, newspaper obituary of Hon. C. W. Bradley, a one-time selectman and highway surveyor of East Haven: "Beautiful Townsend Avenue

that traverses the picturesque heights along the East Shore of the Harbor was named by him."

The Townshend brothers' plan was to create a high-class neighborhood. Buyers would have to adhere to certain stipulations: "no building shall be erected or used for any other purpose than a private one-family dwelling; no part of such building shall be erected within 30 feet of the street line; no fence or billboard shall be erected on said premises; the minimum cost of any dwelling shall be six thousand dollars."

In 1924 enticing newspaper advertisements sought to beguile prospective home-owners to the fair east side of the harbor:

TOWNSEND ESTATE IS
TO GO ON MARKET AS
SITES FOR NEW HOMES

Immense Tract of Land in Annex Territory to Figure in Developments – Switch from Farm valuation to Residential Real Estate will Swell Income of the City in Taxes

"Raynham" offers a wonderful combination, a home in the city, yet with the advantages of the country with clean air and bright sunshine, green hills and woods in back and a wonderful view over the harbor and Long Island Sound in front. This water view will be perpetual as all the land from Raynham to the harbor has been purchased by the City and will shortly be made into one of New Haven's most beautiful parks. The entire neighborhood surrounding Raynham is occupied for homes. No dangers of factories or business properties upsetting values or home-like conditions.

The attractive residential area was further enhanced by the promise of this beautiful park to be laid along the shore on the marshy flatlands. The land, stretching from Koppers Coke Co. to the federally owned Fort Hale, belonged in large part to Henry and Raynham. In 1923 Mayor David Fitzgerald and the New Haven Park Commission came to the Townshend brothers and many times urged them to deed this land to the city for park purposes. Such wonderful park plans were suggested: nine-hole golf course, play-

"Four Corners" (Townsend and Forbes Avenues) in the early 1900s.

Granniss Corner Pharmacy, about 1900.

The Jehiel Forbes house, rebuilt in 1780.

The Edward Upson house, built in 1870.

St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church (demolished in 1965).

Woodward School, about 1900.

The Morris house in 1906.

Hotel in Morris Cove, 1884–1890.

grounds, flower gardens, picnic areas, skating rink, boat marina, and a scenic drive from Tomlinson Bridge to Fort Hale, from which to view all of this enchantment. In addition, there would be an impressive monument, in direct line with the Soldiers and Sailors Monument on East Rock, as a focal point.

"It has been repeatedly pointed out," stated the *New Haven Union* on January 7, 1923, "that the city is getting short of breathing places and the buying of this tract means that the people of New Haven will be assured of a delightful spot that will be like the seaside park reservation in Bridgeport."

The Townshends became convinced that not only would such a park be useful and ideal for recreation but would also protect and safeguard the valuable upland area of good residential property. They agreed to sell to the city their ninety acres of beach, salt marshes, and upland at its assessed value *for park purposes only.* Their uncles, George and James, had spent $20,000 on the land improving it—the entire shore was bulkheaded at strategic places, a causeway was built across the salt meadows, and there were wharves and docks on the waterfront. Three wood houses and outbuildings also went with the park purchase.

In the words of Park Superintendent Gustave Amrhyn: "Much praise is due Mayor Fitzgerald for bringing about the purchase of the so-called Townshend tract of land, and it is equally praiseworthy of Messrs. Henry and Raynham Townshend for their fair spirit shown in the negotiations with the city." In good faith, people began building handsome houses on the Townshend tract.

Landscape architect Frederick L. Olmsted drew up blueprints for the park's development, and $100,000 worth of bonds were issued to carry out the ambitious project. The first thing the Park Department did was to move the rose-colored lilies in the Townshend pond to Edgewood Park, dig away some of the rolling knolls for fill elsewhere, and burn the unneeded wooden houses down. Then all action ceased.

Governmental decisions take a little time but the execution of them moves at the pace of a dodo bird in flight. Nothing came of the East Shore Park plans but grandiose talk, and even that ended

when public attention shifted to apprehensions of World War II. In subsequent years, the harbor was dredged, with the muck and sand dumped on to the park property. When this dried out, a veritable dust bowl was created, much to the annoyance of all good housewives. Pampas grass was planted to hold the dust down but this created a new hazard, brush fires, much to the annoyance of the firemen. The park land now came under attack from all sides. The new park superintendent Walter Wirth called it a piece of bog land covered with water at perigee tide and claimed $200,000 would be needed to develop the park. In 1944 the Park Department petitioned the State Legislature for the right to sell part of the land to industry. A howl of anguish arose from the residents of the area, as they gathered their forces for the fight. With the legal agility of Henry Townshend and the enthusiastic support of the people, the battle to retain the "park" was won. But the grand scheme still languished.

In the 1924 City Directory the new streets Hervey, Raynham, Tuttle, and Kneeland appear for the first time, but with no one living on them. By the next year, Kneeland Road boasted its first settlers, Carl Nicander (164) and G. Archer Quick (170), and on Raynham Road, Bruno Graebner (26) took the honors for first inhabitant. In 1929 Hervey Street gained its first families, Thomas Collins (38), Raymond Pearson (54), and LeRoy Parcels (66). On Fort Hale Road there were ten occupied houses and on Munn Road four houses plus Slocombe's dahlia gardens at the Townsend Avenue intersection. Munn Road was changed to Fort Hale Road in 1930.

Up the other way, Marguerite Street was put through in 1930, south of Upson Street off Townsend Avenue. Someone must have had a change of heart about fair Marguerite, for three years later the street assumed the more descriptive name of Soundview Terrace. Pioneer settlers here were Peter Bernabucci and Thomas Valenza. Before Upson Street became a bona fide cross street, the eastern part was called Park Lane. In 1929 the lane assumed the more logical appellation of Upson Terrace.

Now we come to the unhappy end of the Annex.

For many years New Haven had sought to make the prosperous Annex a full part of the city. The big taxpaying corporations located here would help the ever-spiraling city budget, since the ward already paid larger amounts into the city treasury than any other ward. But as always the residents objected in no uncertain terms (in 1923 and 1926) by referendum. Why would anyone in his right mind want to pay higher taxes when he was perfectly satisfied with the services the Fairmount Association provided through a lower tax rate than that in the city? (An Annex resident paid 16.8 mills to the city, 4.5 mills to the Fairmount Association. The mill rate for city residents in 1959 was 35.5 mills.)

On June 1, 1959, the whole question was no longer debatable. Democrat Mayor Richard C. Lee had legislation introduced into the Democrat-controlled General Assembly, and on that day it was voted that henceforth the Annex would become an integral part of the city. This arbitrary decision completely overruled the 1897 City Charter, which provided for a referendum by the voters of the Annex. Seven busloads of irate residents protested at the Hartford hearing and even threatened to secede and become the town of "South Haven," but to no avail. The sixty-two-year-old status of the Annex was finished, the Fairmount Association disbanded, and the local meetings ended.

Exit the Annex. Like the Quinnipiac Indians, the only tangible evidence remaining was the name listed in the telephone directory for ten different businesses.

An interesting postscript to the 32nd Ward, a name that was synonymous with political spunk, is that it was changed back to the 15th Ward in 1969 when the city reduced its wards from thirty-three to thirty. Perhaps in the future there will be a ring to the name "15th Ward" that will once again be a clarion call to fight City Hall!

CHAPTER XIX

THE RAYNHAM TOWNSHENDS

AS a youngster Raynham probably spent many happy summer days sailing in the harbor in one of Uncle George's sharpies. Certainly he had a love of the water that was an echo of his father's life at sea. All of his adult life, Raynham enjoyed vacations at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, where he kept several boats. Although he was an expert sailor, he preferred the rush and excitement of motorboats. The complete escape that boating afforded was undoubtedly a necessary relaxation from the exacting role of surgeon.

Even though brother Henry had bought his share of the old homestead and therefore tended to become more involved with the affairs of the neighborhood—once lawyer Townshend was on a committee delegated to seek a solution to the dust and smoke coming from Koppers Coke Plant, a cause of much complaining by the Annex residents—Raynham still took an interest in the farm. He would often come across the harbor to work on some project or other. At one time he took a fancy to raising ducks and geese on the place.

Raynham grew up in the house at 234 Church Street, attended Hopkins Grammar School, and graduated from Taft School in 1897. Three years later he completed his undergraduate studies at Yale in the Sheffield Scientific School. While at college he played on the football team as a fullback. He continued his medical training at Columbia Medical School, College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Sloane Maternity Hospital. Internship was at Roosevelt Hospital. Dr. Townshend was now ready to hang out his shingle and set up private practice. His office and home were at 233

Church Street, opposite his childhood home, where his widowed mother and older brother were living.

The young doctor brought his bride, Juliet Stanton Adee of Westchester, New York, to this house after their wedding on June 3, 1908. It was here that their two children, Raynham, Jr. (June 9, 1912) and Juliet (March 30, 1917) were born and where they lived until 1927, at which time they moved to 445 Humphrey Street. Their old home was replaced by the Southern New England Telephone Company.

A very popular man because of his geniality and much in demand as a doctor because of his skill, Raynham was honored by the Watch Hill Fire Department when he was appointed staff surgeon of the Grenfell Mission to Labrador in 1933. Bugles sounded and drums beat at the head of a colorful parade staged for Dr. Townshend's benefit. He was a member of the Fire Department, as fire surgeon in New Haven as well as in Watch Hill, and during his speech of appreciation he recalled that his grandfather Henry Hotchkiss was one of the engineers in the early volunteer fire department of New Haven. Dr. Townshend was also a lecturer at Yale University and taught anatomy at the Yale Art School. He died on January 31, 1940, at the age of sixty-two.

Juliet, his wife, continued her active life in the community, working for the benefit of the Red Cross and the Girl Scouts. She had first become involved in American Red Cross work when she was seventeen, during the Spanish-American War, collecting surgical dressings. Since then Mrs. Townshend had put in sixty-two years of service and was particularly praised for her efforts in behalf of the Blood Bank.

Her volunteer day often lasted from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—"When you're doing work with something as important as providing blood for our boys in Korea and for people in our hospitals, you just don't get bored by long hours," she would say.

Recruiting nurses and getting supplies was a major task undertaken by the Red Cross. As field director of Red Cross activities during World War I, supervising five hundred men in training at the Yale Boat House, Juliet Townshend recalled:

"One nightmare memory I have of that era is the flu epidemic. We had 170 men in sick bay at the Boat House!"

In 1957 Mrs. Townshend received a national award which read: "In grateful appreciation for Red Cross service since 1899."

Another focal point for Juliet's energy and interest was the Girl Scouts. She was Commissioner of the Laurel Trail Council for eleven years and on the National Board of Directors. Camp Townshend on Bantam Lake in Morris, Connecticut, was named in her honor.

An excellent athelete and outdoorswoman, she won the New Haven Lawn Club Tennis Championship for two years. Figure skating was another sport at which she excelled. She helped to found the New Haven Skating Club, to which her children dutifully belonged. Young Raynham's hours in the Arena classes undoubtedly trained him for a place on the Yale hockey team.

Every spring saw the family up in Oquossoc, Maine, fishing for trout and landlocked salmon after the ice had gone from Lake Mooselookmeguntic. Fly fishing always fascinated Mrs. Townshend. She became an expert with the rod and reel, taking a back seat to none of her sex and gaining admiration from the most proficient fishermen.

A Republican by conviction as well as family habit, Mrs. Raynham was also a traditionalist in other fields: she was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Connecticut, and a founder of the Junior League of New Haven. Her faith was Episcopal.

So much for Aunt Juliet's many accomplishments. These are appropriate items for the newspaper. Happily, I can write from a more personal viewpoint. Many are the times I visited her at 445 Humphrey Street, where her welcome was always friendly and calm. Her household was run on the quiet wheels of routine, things being done according to their appointed hour. It is easy to remember such a visit.

First ring the doorbell. In exactly two minutes, venerable Abby, the "downstairs girl," would appear unruffled and neat in her white uniform at the glass-paned door. She would slowly open the door

and with a sober-faced nod of recognition, we were invited in. "Mrs. Townshend is in the living room," she would always say, and that is where Aunt Juliet always was, ensconced in her favorite chair, a crossword puzzle on a card table in front of her and the radio by her side. She was a great fan of the Yankee ball club. (This was in her later years when she did not go out so much.)

We talked of the news, of family doings, and of New Haven people. Aunt Juliet was not an animated conversationalist but her penetrating glance and dry comments enlivened the topic or person under discussion. Sometimes old movies would be shown, for Dr. Raynham had been a first-rate amateur photographer and had accumulated quite a number of films over the years. Sometimes we would stay for midday dinner. If it was Sunday, everyone looked forward to the delicious homemade ice cream, especially chocolate.

The children, Raynham, Jr., and Juliet, spent their early life on Church Street. Occasionally they would be brought across the harbor to visit old Aunty Mary on the farm. Raynham vaguely remembers the big house as being dark and musty, Aunt Mary as a frail, old woman, and the duty call as being slightly awesome, to say nothing of dull and wearisome. The open, sunny barnyard with strutting cocks and cackling hens held far more appeal for the lively young Townshends.

By the time Raynham, Jr., had graduated from Taft School in 1930, the family had settled on Humphrey Street. He went on to Yale, Class of '34, where he majored in history and was invited to join Elihu Club and Chi Psi. When Raynham became goalie on the hockey team, the whole family turned out in loyal support at the exciting games. Sunday nights, watching the New Haven Eagles, were family events too.

Miss Juliet attended Mary C. Wheeler School and Miss Porter's School in Farmington, after which she joined in Junior League and Red Cross activities back in New Haven. In 1942 Juliet married Harlan Page Hallock of Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Mary Page Hallock was born to them two years later. Their marriage was terminated after a few years, and on October 7, 1951, Juliet married Howard Marquis Newton, a third cousin. He was President of

the Cook, Newton & Smith Sporting Goods Store in New Haven until his retirement in 1957. The family lived in Essex, where a daughter, Charlotte Prescott, was born on July 7, 1953. Howard died on May 17, 1969.

Mary went to public school in Essex, then, following her mother's footsteps, attended Mary C. Wheeler School and graduated from Miss Porter's School in 1962. From there she went to Wheelock College in Boston, studying to become an elementary school teacher and graduated in '66. Two summers after graduation she became the wife of Stephen Francis Fields, on July 8, 1967. While Stephen finishes his graduate studies in mechanical engineering and astronautical sciences at Northwestern University, they maintain their residence in Evanston, Illinois.

When the Second World War broke out Raynham, Jr., entered the Navy as a lieutenant (j.g.), having gone through the R.O.T.C. course at Yale. By an amazing coincidence, he had the distinction of being in the action at the violent start of the war and in the dramatic finish of the war.

Sunday morning, December 7, 1941—"a day that will live in infamy."

Raynham was officer-of-the-deck on the hospital ship *Solace*, anchored in Pearl Harbor. The bulk of the United States Pacific fleet was stationed at its home port in Hawaii. On one side of the *Solace* Raynham could see the battleship *Arizona*; on the other side were the *Raleigh* and the *Detroit.* On the far side of Ford Island in the middle of the harbor was a formidable line-up of armed vessels—"Battleship Row," they called it.

The *Solace* was a white ship with a green band around its hull and a big red cross visible on its stack. The ship could hold about 450 patients and had ten to twelve doctors in attendance—large enough to care for routine battle casualties but overwhelmed by the 1,143 servicemen wounded that disastrous day.

At 7:55 a.m. the enemy planes let go the first bombs on the U.S. fleet in a surprise attack.

Raynham could see the rising sun insignia on the Imperial Jap-

anese bombers as they flashed overhead on their missions of destruction. The *Arizona* took five hits, caught fire, and exploded in less than nine minutes. She sank to the bottom with 1,100 entombed inside. Of the 97 ships in Pearl Harbor that appalling Sunday morning, 18 were sunk or damaged; 2,117 Navy men and Marines were killed during the two-hour assault.

The hospital ship was undamaged, and the personnel went about the sorrowful task of helping to pick up the wounded for treatment or transfer to land-based hospitals. The *Solace* stayed in the area about two months, then moved out to the South Pacific.

Later Raynham was transferred to the U. S. *Fletcher* and the U. S. *Nicholas*, destroyers, which assisted in troop landings in the Philippines and New Guinea. It was the *Nicholas* that led the victorious American flotilla into the Japanese harbor of Sagami Wan and on into Tokyo Bay for the surrender ceremonies.

"HOORAY! HOORAY! It's all over!" wrote Raynham exuberantly to his sister.

As executive officer of the *Nicholas*, Lieutenant Commander Townshend accepted the surrender of the Japanese officers aboard his destroyer. In an atmosphere of stony formality, he ordered the Japs to be searched for weapons. They laid their ceremonial swords upon the cabin table and spent the rest of the brief confinement reading magazines. Later the *Nicholas* transported allied emissaries from Yokohama to the flagship *Missouri* and back.

After four and a half years of war service, from May, 1941, to November, 1945, Raynham parted company with the Navy. He took his former job back as trust officer in the Union & New Haven Trust Co., an institution that his great-grandfather Henry Hotchkiss had founded. Working his way up in successive steps, Raynham ultimately became Secretary and a Vice-President of the bank. In 1954 he was promoted to Captain in the Naval Reserve (retired).

Other titles and responsibilities bestowed upon him were: treasurer of the New Haven Colony Historical Society, chairman of the Board of Trustees of Center Church, secretary of the Board of Directors of the Grace-New Haven Hospital, treasurer of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Connecticut, member of the Grove

Street Cemetery Committee, and last but certainly not least, a Proprietor of the Common and Undivided Lands of New Haven, which exalted position gives him the right to graze a cow on the Green.

Practically a "confirmed bachelor," Raynham finally spoke the marriage vows on February 23, 1952, when he took to wife Mrs. Barbara Lomas Robertson. They made their home at 35 Highland Street with Barbara's young children, Abram Heaton Robertson III, and Suzanne Ridgway Robertson. A native New Havener, Barbara had graduated from Hillhouse High School and Pine Manor Junior College. Her committee work in the community complemented her husband's—in the New Haven Colony Historical Society, the New Haven Symphony, and the Junior League of New Haven.

The years went by and change, the only sure thing in life, came to the family. Mrs. Raynham Townshend, Sr., died on July 21, 1962, at the age of eighty-one, keen and alert to the end. Heaton graduated from Yale in 1965, married Nancy Coleman of Boston on March 19, 1966, and earned his Navy Air Force wings. His daughter Emily Townshend Robertson was born September 29, 1967, in San Diego, where he was stationed. Suzie married William Emerson of Concord, Massachusetts, on April 11, 1967, and less than a year later had to see him off to the war in Vietnam as a Marine flyer.

This promising and romantic marriage came to an abrupt halt when "Bing" was killed in action on November 20, 1968, in the service of his country. A dynamic young man filled with the joy of living, he had dedicated himself to the patriotic ideals that have made this country strong, and in so doing made the ultimate sacrifice. Generations of Americans, both past and present, stand in debt to such courageous men as he.

CHAPTER XX

HENRY AND HANNAH

NOW we come to the life and times of Henry Townshend, 1874—1953. How difficult it is to write of someone close to you! To praise effusively smacks of being maudlin and sentimental, yet to present mere facts would seem unjust and cold. "Dad," as I called him, held a unique place in my life, somewhat like a beloved grandfather (for he was forty-eight years older than I) whose fond indulgence, patient instruction, and kind interest never conveyed the overtones or undercurrents of discipline so habitual with an anxious parent.

With his lively and witty tales of old New Haven, he opened my eyes and ears to a new enchantment, that of history. Oh, not the history I tried to learn as a grammar-school student, so painfully dull with too many kings' names to memorize, too many battles, places, and everlasting dates. That was all practically meaningless to me in the broad sense.

But Dad made history come alive, become intimate and real. In the evenings after dinner, in front of a crackling fire, I would sit spellbound as he told of the brilliantly-uniformed British soldiers, their bayonets flashing in the hot July sun, marching up the highway from Morris Cove and the brave men of East Haven making a stand in the dusty road, filling their little cannon with chain, gravel, and powder and letting it go at the enemy with murderous results, then running for cover behind the hedgerows to fire some more pot shots at the poor Hessian mercenaries in the front lines.

Well! That was not history. That was news of the day, happening right outside our house!

Dad loved nature too—the birds, the trees, the flowers, even the lowly, inconspicuous beetles that he found under rocks and on bushes, and this love was transmitted to the children and me as naturally as breathing air. He always took time to explain the activities and habits of some winged species that claimed our attention, with the utmost of respect for the tiny creature.

One day the children brought him a dead scarlet tanager. They were dismayed at the limp inertness of such a beautiful thing. Granddad painstakingly did a taxidermist job on the bird. The children's consternation changed to fascination as they watched his labors.

He was an expert amateur entomologist, ornithologist, artist, author, financier, naturalist, historian, poet, and an accomplished wit. Professionally he was a lawyer.

Light-haired, blue-eyed Henry Hotchkiss Townshend made his first appearance on September 30, 1874 in the family's rented house at 167 Crown Street. Perhaps his career as a lawyer was somewhat foretold when, a couple of years later, his father related proudly to a relative: "He is a real Townshend—talk, talk, talk all the time. We think he is a *first*-class boy!" Apparently the old adage, "children should be seen, not heard" did not apply to him and his doting parents, but Grandmother Eliza Townsend had a few words to impress upon him at the tender age of twenty-two months. On the occasion of the Centennieal of 1876, Grandma sent him a letter extolling the virtues of George Washington as a boy.

I wonder if the boys and girls of yesteryear ever got tired of hearing what a good little boy George was? One of the outstanding differences between those bygone generations and ours today is the homage and reverence they paid to great men. National heroes were constantly set up as examples to the youth of the country. Today sophisticated critiques, satirical television shows, and humorous recordings tear at the image of greatness. Young adults sneer at and make fun of virtues or characteristics that once were objects of emulation. George Washington and his cherry-tree story have become a comic-strip joke.

But young Henry, sound in body and mind, grew up in the good old days, conscious of the duties expected of him. By the time he was eleven he had established a record of exemplary scholarship and deportment at school. His teacher reported that Henry "as usual has won the love of his teacher by his prompt diligence and affectionate demeanor." However, no one could call the boy "Little Goody-Two-Shoes," for there were plenty of enterprising adventures initiated by him and his friends. One such project was the publishing and editing of a monthly newspaper:

Christmas & New Year Number

Vol. 2 January 1887 No. 2

THE BOY'S ADVOCATE

A Paper For Boys And Girls

N. A. Smyth

H. H. Townshend

Editors

Published at 328 Temple St., New Haven, Conn., by the Boys' Advocate Printing Co.

Price 2 Cents

Smyth, Townshend & Co. also did job printing at the Temple Street address. The Smyth home must have been a-hum with literary activity what with the Reverend Newman Smyth, pastor of Center Church, busy writing sermons and Nat and Henry equally engrossed in significant sentences, though on somewhat of a different level. Actually the printing in the *Advocate* looked quite professional, the boys using a variety of letter styles, but their stories were the adventures and dreams of the average thirteen-year-old. The exciting topics were: "My Summer Vacation," "Victor's Christmas Tree," "The History of a Drop of Water," and "Boys Should Not Play With Electricity." Their motto was: LET US HAVE FUN.

Under "Local News" were these items:

Published at 328 TEMPLE STREET, New Haven, Conn. by the BOY'S ADVOCATE Co.

TERMS. 4 Cents per Copy.

Advertisements.

Smyth, Townshend & Co.,

JOB PRINTING.

☆ ☆ ☆

Cards, Envelopes, Notices, Tickets. Circulars, and all small jobs printed at low prices.

Miss Teresina Peck had an afternoon gathering at her house on her birthday, Nov. 9th, from four until six o'clock. A good many girls were there and they spent a very pleasant afternoon. Only one boy was invited but he did not go.

The reason we have not had this paper come out before is because our motto is a good one, and we have been following it.

We wish our correspondents and our friends would brighten up their minds and write some good stories for this paper, because we are hard up for good stories and poetry.

Henry Townshend has received the office of junior partner in *The Boys' Advocate* and hopes to help make it more prompt in its paper and in its jobs.

We have heard that the girls are going to establish a cooking club this winter. We hope that plan may succeed in order that the boys may go hungry no more.

Henry's youthful printing zeal carried over to high school days at Hopkins Grammar School, then located on the corner of High and Wall Streets. He was co-editor of the Hopkins papers *The Critic* and *The Annual* from 1892 to 1893. Not particularly attracted to team sports like his brother Raynham, who fought fiercely for Hopkins on the football and baseball teams, young Henry took part in more individual recreation: the Natural History Club, Shooting Club, Yacht Club, Dancing Club, and Debating Society, and was manager of the Glee Club, this last quite a tribute to his obliging nature since he was tone deaf.

In his senior year, at the close of the winter term, Henry made an original declamation, "Speech of Cassius in Defense of the Murder of Caesar," at the public exercises. When he graduated in June of 1893 he received honorable mention for his essay on "Does the United States Need a Navy?" (His sea-captain father was undoubtedly a useful resource on this subject.) During his years at Hopkins he often ranked first in his class, taking Greek, Latin, algebra, and history.

The young student had a firsthand lesson in history when his father took him for a two-month sojourn in Europe in 1883. Captain Townshend made a point of taking his sons to personally historic places such as the Coventry home of John Davenport, cofounder of New Haven; the homes of two original New Haven settlers, Richard Mansfield and William Tuttle of Exeter, both men ancestors of the Townshend family; and to Tamworth Castle in Warwickshire, one of the seats of the Marquis Townshend. (Incidentally, that particular trip was Captain Townshend's hundred-twentieth crossing of the Atlantic!)

Life could be equally exciting at home too. One spring evening

when Henry was still a grammar-school boy and was home alone, who should come to pay a call but Jeremiah Townsend. Remember the young clerk who absconded with some funds from the Townsend Savings Bank? The one and the same Jeremiah!

Twenty-eight years had passed since that daring young man had made his desperate escape in disguise. The foolish fellow did not enjoy his enriched state for very long. Several months after the dastardly deed and after a side trip to Havana, he landed in Liverpool, where he was arrested. Timothy Beers Townsend had engineered the detective work with some professional assistance and had tracked the thief to Liverpool. (The Townsend family took care that the $8,000 reward did not get out of the family!) Jeremiah was shipped back to New York and was incarcerated in the state prison for seven and a half years.

"It is a sad case," commented the newspaper. "Before entering the Army, he was accounted a promising young man with the ability to become useful and respected, an honor to a worthy father and a large circle of respectable friends." True to Victorian custom, the reporter summed up the episode with a moral: "Let his fate be a warning to others who are tempted to wander from the path of virtue."

But now Mr. Jeremiah Townsend was a respectable married man and a reputable school teacher. He and Henry, the nephew of his erstwhile employer, spent a pleasant evening together. Come to think of it, he still had a lot of nerve revisiting the scene of his crime!

The next step in Henry's educational program was, naturally, Yale, for as Hopkins advertised at that time: "Its chief design is to prepare Boys for the Classical and Scientific Departments of Yale University." During those undergraduate years, Henry lived at home, 234 Church Street, as did Raynham also.

He was in the graduating class of '97, where he was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon (DKE) fraternity and Elihu secret society. For some inexplicable reason Henry's nickname, as penned in the Classbook, was "Jumping Off Place"—but then school nicknames are usually inside jokes to an intimate few anyway. In the write-up,

his love of birds had already made an impression on his classmates:

"Was found . . . in New Haven's outskirts near Morris Cove running after every bird he saw and then sitting down for an hour or so to study the actions of the winged songster. He bids fair to be Audubon's successor." (At the age of thirteen, the budding artist had painted his first watercolor of a bird, a thrush.)

The class picture shows Henry as serious-faced as the others, with a full head of hair and with no moustache. (Not too many years later, the fringed bald head and shaving-brush moustache were to become his permanent image.) He was not a large man—five foot seven, a hundred fifty-two pounds—but he had the deep chest and broad shoulders inherited from his sturdy father.

Mention was made earlier of Henry's propensity for writing. All through his life when the occasion arose, and it did quite often, he would pen carefully-rhymed and scanned poems. The verse might be an allegorical wedding toast, an impromptu answer to a party invitation, a tribute to a retiring colleague, or more frequently a eulogy to nature, written in a sweet, sentimental vein. This poem (August 14, 1910) is a typical example:

Silent, mid'st the forest grandeur,
All my being seems to feel
Something of the forest languor
Slowly o'er my spirit steal.
Something, something soft and gentle,
Like the whispering of the breeze
Telling their hearts secrets
To the listening, trembling leaves,
Something, something sweet and truthful
Like a little forest flower
Gazing star-eyed to the heavens
Waiting, waiting for a shower.

Corny, we might call it, yet everything being relative, it reflects the emotional style of the time when a woman's tremulous sigh was laden with meaning to which men responded with elaborate concern, when ladies and gentlemen assumed prescribed roles almost as if they were play-acting with their conventional dialogues and poses.

From the number of saccharine coupleted Valentines he composed, our Granddaddy must have been quite a Casanova in his "wild oats" days. Trite little Valentine poems were apparently the custom, as was also the borrowing of the metered rhythms of Robert Burns, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Whitcomb Riley, and others.

As you can gather, the bird lover of Morris Cove was not a cold-blooded scientist with an eye only for analyzing and categorizing. His heart saw too. Behind Henry's sober-sided demeanor was sheltered a romantic streak. This poem, written in the summer of 1897, is indicative of his introspection — thoughts as true for him when he was seventy-three as twenty-three.

Reverie

Musing I sat by the fire-light
My soul was aweary of men
And I longed for the deep, gloomy woodland
For the song of the bluebird and wren.

For life is a sad, sad burden
Here 'mid the strivings of men,
The sun that set darkly at nightfall
On the morrow rose darkly again.

The rewards too that sparingly follow
Are not at all what they seem
And the worth of this mad, mad struggle
Is but the worth of a dream.

But life's cares loose all their bitter
And its troubles their withering sting
In the fields where the wild bird whistles
In the wood where the thrushes sing.

So weave me a wreath of daisies,
Crown me with golden rod,
For I would revel with nature
Out in the soft green sod.

Give me a chorus of songsters,
Joy in the plumage of spring,
And what care I for the sorrows
The stress of life may bring.

Really quite lovely with its smoothly singing rhythm! Henry never aspired to be a serious poet, never sought to publish for profit. He used this talent as a natural release for his emotions or often as a social "extra." While he was in college, however, he contributed to the *Yale Record* of June 1896 these two poems, which give a peek into his college sentiments.

(*Untitled*)

O maiden fair of the old regime,
Stately and grand in your furbelow,
Tempt me not by your graceful mien
To yearn for the days of long ago
When a queenly smile and a courtesy low

Was the lot of an old time beau.
For your womanly grace and stiff brocade
The power of your glance and play of your fan
Are vain 'side the the spells of a modern maid
Whose artful tricks and subtle plan
To win her way to the Junior Prom
Is the lot of a college man.

A Senior Drinking Song

Oh, it's will you quaff of the nut-brown ale
  W'ave drunk these years together
And pledge our luck in the foaming cup
  E'er our college ties we sever.
For it's ho and away tonight my lads,
  Away and we know not whither.
And here's to the days we have spent at Yale
  And here's to our luck forever.

Laying aside his poetry for a moment, but never for very long since it is so much a part of his innermost being, we turn to the world outside.

At this juncture in his life, after graduation, Henry had already decided that he wanted to be a lawyer. His father persuaded him to go to England to study at Oxford, where he stayed in London with his Uncle William and Aunt Libby, who were both ailing.

Dutiful but somewhat frustrated, Henry wrote to his father in November of 1897:

> I am still taking lectures at Lincoln's Inn sitting beneath the Townshend arms that I wrote you about. I do not think these lectures are going to be of any great immediate advantage to me. They are interesting and of some advantage, of course, but are not as important as a course at the Yale Law School would be to one who is going to practice in America . . . . Well, I have seen how handsomely Yale has beaten Princeton [It was in Monday's London papers]. I should like to have seen the game. It must have been glorious. Raynham, I suppose was very happy.
>
> I am very well and rather anxious to know about my future. Uncle William, of course, wants me to stay but do you think I can afford it? Remember the Law School is three years.

Charles Hervey replied immediately:

> As I tell Maryann and the boys, we can do the most good by saying to you to stay and comfort both as long as you can, and as I hope to come over in February next, we will then decide for the future. In fact, I don't see how you are to be much benefitted with an English Law Course at Oxford. All I want is for you to be able to say you have been there.

As the months labored by, through fall into winter, homesickness kept pace with the young man and, with the advent of spring, flooded the lowlands of his spirit.

Written in the Fields near Oxford
Spring of 1898

As I roam in these fields of Old England
All fresh with the first breath of spring
And pluck in the meadows a garland
Of the flowers that the April showers bring.

As I list to the music around me
That rises from black-thorn and brier
Or rises its sweet way high above me
To join in the heavenly choir.

As I dream in the rich golden sunshine
That floods every hillside and vale
And loosens each bud from the confine
That has kept out the rude winter's gale.

I am thinking, but thinking so sadly
Of a spring that is coming apace
O'er the woods and the fields I love madly
The haunts of my dear native place.

In the orchard the bluebirds now courting
And the robins have come from afar
To sing where the winter's still sporting,
What he sang 'neath the fair Southern star.

And a pale, greenish glow is creeping
Over meadows and treetops and hedge
As a sign of the life that's been sleeping
Till spring called it forth for a pledge.

From the pond with its dank, slimy coating
Arise croaks of innumerable frogs
And answers come weirdly floating
From the mists of the neighboring bogs.

The winter's drear, somber silence
With its ominous bodings of ill
Has flown with a cry of defiance
To its home 'mid the ice-covered hills.

And the south wind is heavy and fragrant
With the drowsy perfume of the spring
That bids me to wander a vagrant
Through meads where the birds ever sing.

O, ye fields; O, ye woods of this England
Why taunt me, why tease me this way.
Avant! with the charms of your moorland
With your spells and magic away.

The Oxford scholar could not wait to leave the sacred halls of English ivy for those of his dear native place. He entered Yale Law School the following autumn.

This was a happy, gay time to be alive—the eighteen-nineties—

and to be a young man going to Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut. William McKinley was President of the United States, and Arthur T. Hadley the President of Yale. All was well with his world. Dad always said it was a golden age and, looking back through the history of America, just about the best period in which to live. In his own words: "There was an underlying feeling of confidence in the fundamentals of the business world, the rules that governed it and the possibilities of success."

Some people describe this era of late Victorianism as inhibited, dull, stuffy, pompous, hypocritical, full of silly conventions. It all depends on your vantage point and on the comparisons available. But to the youth of that day, vigorous and alert, their world was expanding rapidly into a dazzling future. The times were relatively peaceful in the country around the turn of the century, but there was excitement enough in the many new inventions coming on the market.

Henry, a keenly aware young man of twenty-three, was in a position to enjoy the best of two worlds: the leisurely, courteous, placid, oft-times elegant and complex, sometimes charmingly simple life of the late nineteenth century and also the hustle and bustle of the dawning twentieth century with its myriad new mechanical ideas promoting speed, comfort, and convenience.

He could marvel at Edison's invention, the electric light, but still be enchanted by the young gas lamplighters making their rounds on rural roads such as Townsend Avenue. (Each boy had a district to service before and after school, which he did in about an hour's time.) It was the darndest thing though about street lighting. "Some argued that it went against nature by turning night into day—that it would destroy the novelty of festive occasions and rob them of their charm, that street lighting would increase crime, that people would stay out all night." Absurd!

Then there was the wonderful invention of Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone. Captain Townshend had a wall telephone installed on July 1, 1896. The calling number was 806. It was still a thrill to pick up the receiver and hear a friend talk five blocks away. George Coy, a telegrapher, had built the first telephone switch-

board in the world right downtown in the old Boardman Building in 1878, and Dr. Todd, across the street from the Townshends, was the first subscriber. Now there were well over one thousand subscribers to the New Haven District Telephone Co., mostly people within the nine original squares of the city. The telephone was a tremendous convenience and a boon to business, but thank goodness it did not supplant the delightful custom of visiting or paying calls.

During Henry's young life he had ridden on a stagecoach, a horse-drawn car, and an electric trolley. But the dashing new automobiles! Now *they* were something to get excited about—the Olds, the Buick, the Pierce-Arrow, the Packard, and the Cadillac. How bully it would be to have one parked in front of the house for passersby to look at and admire or to go roaring down the street behind the wheel, honking the horn! Still, the buggy rides on a Sunday afternoon with Uncle George and Aunt Mary through the Prospect Hill woods or over to Lake Saltonstall Park or down to Southend beaches were quite pleasant and restful.

The dear old people. They would not know how to use more than one or two horsepower, driven by oats. Kind of sad. In some ways they seemed old-fashioned, and yet Uncle George and Uncle James were not backward about getting a telephone put in, far earlier than brother Charles Hervey. It was in 1883, when you had to ask for a person instead of a number. Four years later number 144 was assigned to the Townsend Avenue telephone, and by 1898 the growth was so rapid the number became 1148.

Modern plumbing was being installed all over the city. Hot and cold running water into bathtubs and sinks. No more basins and pitchers or tin tubs in the center of the kitchen of a Saturday night. No more chamber pots or slop buckets either. What a first-rate invention the water closet was—just pull the chain and whoosh! Mayor Lewis and the City Council had been right up-to-date in pushing for an adequate sewage system several years ago. Of course, the Annex wards did not have this benefit. Over there it was really country, farmland and farmers, living the way their fathers had. But Uncle George had acknowledged the joy and comfort of this

particular innovation by putting in flush toilets and cast-iron tubs with short, splayed legs in the back bathrooms, the necessary pipes connecting with the septic tank out back.

Grandfather Hotchkiss had been one of the original incorporators of the New Haven Water Co. and at that time had wanted the company to be publicly held, but the opposition won out for private ownership. Householders did not want to pay for commercial or industrial use, which would not benefit them. The first municipal water was pumped in 1861 from the reservoir on Prospect Street hill to the customers. The Townshends had both a picturesque old well in their Church Street back yard as well as modern piped-in water facilities in their home.

It was the end of an era. The eternal curiosity and genius of man had brought on industrialization and in consequence a new era was beginning. Off with the old, on with the new!

Something that knew no age, however, was the gay whirl of social life. Whether one was a dowager in black taffeta skirt and bustle or a Gibson girl in tailored blouse and smart straight skirt or a courtly gentleman in Prince Albert coat and top hat or a gay blade in celluloid collar and straw hat, there was no end of party invitations.

The fine big house of Henry L. Hotchkiss, President of the prosperous L. Candee Rubber Co., on Hillhouse Avenue was the scene of many elaborate affairs, attended by New Haven's social circle. One gathering in particular, a St. Valentine's Ball in February of 1890, was THE event of the year.

> The carriages of the merry makers began to roll up to the awning-covered entrance shortly after nine o'clock and from that time till the early hour of the morning the spectacle was presented inside of the decorated walls of the house, which is seldom seen in the staid old City of Elms. The cream of New Haven's society was dancing and tripping through the lavishly adorned rooms in frills and flounces, cross-gartered, belted, buckled and sworded; resplendent in the gaudy attire of past regimes of brilliant life; gay in the costume and gallant in the chivalry of past ages, whose memories were there vividly revived for the brief period of the evening's merriment and bringing the cold climes of the north, the sunny realms of the

south and the staid sobriety of the more temperate region into happy affiliation upon the broad plain of homage to the jovial old Saint Valentine.

Whether Henry at age sixteen was allowed to go is unknown, but his mother, elegant in white silk and lace with diamond earrings and necklace, graciously helped her brother and sister-in-law receive the costumed guests. Amid soft lights, tropical plants, and sweet music paraded an Algerian princess, a French marquis, a Spanish lady, a Hungarian gypsy, a toreador, a rose, a black-tulled wasp, and a host of others, all duly recorded in the newspaper the next day. Little Puck with wings and arrows ran among the guests delivering saccharine or satirical missives from a St. Valentine's letter box placed in the hall. At exactly midnight the masqueraders unmasked, amid much hearty laughter and surprised giggles. The New York caterer served delicacies often too pretty to eat. The fame of the Hotchkiss ball caused envious ripples in Hartford and satisfied sighs of pleasure from the lucky guests in retrospect.

The custom of "at home" days was very fashionable among the ladies, each one having her certain day when she would receive her friends and acquaintances for tea. Usually it was a formally casual or casually formal get-together with its proper rules of conduct (white gloves and hat, one or two cups of tea, prescribed channels of polite conversation, twenty-minute stay), but there must have been many a rainy day when the tea-drinkers were few, the friends intimate, and the gossip juicy.

Mamie Townshend outdid herself one time with a brilliant and elaborate tea for two hundred guests, to whom it took her the whole afternoon just to say hello and goodbye. This sort of affair did not titillate her sons much. That was the day to stay away from home or at worst sneak through the kitchen and up the back stairs, grabbing a handful of dainty sandwiches on the way. More to the boys' liking were the fireworks and bonfires on the Fourth of July at Morris Cove. Uncle George was a good scout and helped them put on a fine display at the old homestead.

Then there were the keen days of sailing in Uncle George's

sharpie in the harbor or helping put up the hay in the old barn. Pleasant memories lingered from the enjoyable nights of theater parties at the Grand Opera House, the Hyperion, and the Music Hall. An unbelievable sixteen bands and orchestras were in being around 1900 in New Haven to charm the ear and enchant the soul. Visits of cousins from New York, although considerably younger, spiced the holidays and added to the fullness of the days.

There were also gatherings of relatives that were dismal in nature. It seemed there was a steady procession of funerals young Henry had to attend: Uncle James in 1901 (Uncle William died the same year in London), Uncle Edward in 1903, his own father in 1904, and cousin Judge William K. Townsend in 1907.

But in the interim so many things were happening all the time. Beside vacationing at Bar Harbor or at the Profile House in the White Mountains with his parents, Henry was swept up in his restless father's enthusiasms. Had this older son, dutiful and conscientious, been of a weaker nature or the father less perceptive and kind, the boy might have been cowed or at least overshadowed by the ebullient captain.

Henry had a quieter temperament, more thoughtful and introspective, preferring the patient pursuits of microscope, binoculars, and paintbrush. But in other aspects, he was cast in the same mold, reflecting the same inquisitiveness and veneration for history. When his father would walk with him around old Fort Hale, pointing out objects of interest—the earthworks and bomb proofs, the moat where he experimented with his oysters, or with a sweep of his arm indicate where the proposed breakwaters would be built in the harbor—young Henry was an attentive pupil.

Both of them must have been pleased when the new Park Commission in 1891 undertook the work of improving and laying out the new Fort Nathan Hale Park. A new driveway was laid down around the old barracks and along the moat, thence along the beach past the former East Haven Chemical Works to the foot of the cliffs, and then wound up to Townsend Avenue.

The chemical company's buildings, with a row of frame houses for the workers, were formerly owned by John W. Dwight, who

manufactured saltpetre, a substance used in the production of gun powder, from 1857 to 1862. Before the Dwight operation, the manufactory had been originally built in 1853 by the Humphreyville Copper Co. The huge old buildings of the chemical works were torn down and the bricks from it used to make the new road bed. The old brick barracks and the old fort were to remain intact, to be kept as relics of the past. Other plans called for a baseball field near the fort, several tennis and croquet courts on the cliff top near Townsend Avenue, and in the hollow (Smugglers' Cove) a grand pavilion. (All of these things were faithfully accomplished in time, but since then there have been no improvements except for the addition of a fishing pier. In fact, the old barracks is no more, the baseball field, tennis, and croquet courts have gone to seed, and the beautiful shore driveway wiped out. The old fort of Civil War days remains, covered with debris and undergrowth.)

Work on old Fort Wooster under Edward Upson was begun also in 1891 with a new serpentine road winding its way up from Townsend Avenue to the old earthworks. Many regarded the view from the hill as almost equal to that from East Rock, the whole panorama of the hanging hills of Meriden, Sleeping Giant, East and West Rocks, Woodbridge hills, the city, the harbor, and the sound as far as Faulkner's Island plainly visible on a clear day.

Henry enjoyed these excursions with the old captain, but they were coming to an end. His father was failing and Henry's sights were set on the approaching conclusion of his student years.

He graduated from Yale Law School in 1901 and entered practice with the firm of Watrous & Day, 121 Church Street. A few years later he opened up his own practice in association with William Roger Pitkin at 185 Church Street.

There was still a decade ahead of him before marriage. What does one do meanwhile? Well, there is always enlistment in the Connecticut National Guard (New Haven Grays), Company F, and working up to first lieutenant and then battalion adjutant (1906). Then there is the political scene to appear in, taking the role of alderman (1904–1909) and serving duty one term as President of the Board (1905–1906). Promotion comes to the diligent and loyal;

the next step was appointment as assistant corporation counsel for the city (1910–1917).

Duty called in other fields too: Hopkins Grammar School trustee (1910) and eventually secretary and treasurer; New Haven Colony Historical Society director (1906), subsequently treasurer; and New Haven Civic Improvement Commission member as assistant secretary and treasurer (1910).

The latter project was an inspiring one, with Cass Gilbert, the well-known architect, and Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape architect, leading the way with their vision of an improved New Haven, both beautiful and practical. The public-spirited commission consisted of many of Henry's close friends: George Dudley Seymour, George Watrous, William Farnam, Frederick Grave, Frederick Brewster, Harry Day, the Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., James Moran, Max Adler, Hon. John Studley, Sylvester Poli, and Hon. Rollin Woodruff, chairman. The advice and plans of this commission are still not out-of-date half a century later.

January 21, 1913. Ah, the decade has passed, and it is the wedding day of Henry Hotchkiss Townshend and Miss Hannah Draper Osgood.

For many years they have known each other, having met at that popular vacation spot, the Profile House in New Hampshire, and for seven years they have been engaged. It was a long, slow process, this wooing and winning of the fair lady, but finally he had won his case. Now he would bring her away from that Boston stronghold, away from the "evil influences" of Harvard to the more enlightened environs of Yale, away from an overprotective (shall we say, domineering) mother.

"That is *his* story," Hannah might have said. "The truth is he did not want to leave his widowed, semi-invalid mother. Duty is one thing but a seven year engagement? Poppycock! *I* made my Henry take that decisive step." In any case, at the mature age of thirty-nine, Henry took the fateful plunge and became a married man. Now things would be different, more lively, with such a dear companion.

Dainty, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Hannah Draper Osgood was no

mean catch either, coming from a long line of illustrious forebears. The daughter of Edward Louis and Hannah Thwing Draper Osgood, she counted among her ancestors Israel Putnam, the Revolutionary patriot; Eleazar Wheelock of Dartmouth fame; General William F. Draper, Congressman from Massachusetts and Ambassador to Italy; Eben S. Draper, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts; James Ripley Osgood, well-known Boston publisher; and Kate Putnam Osgood, poet of some renown in her day. Miss Hannah Osgood was born in Boston on December 27, 1882, but spent much of her life in Hopedale, Massachusetts, where her grandfather had established the Draper Corporation, internationally known for its automatic looms. As a young girl, Hannah and her twin sister Fanny, her brothers George ("Draper") and Dana grew up in a household of wealth and culture and social conscience. She loved fine things and was particularly sensitive to color, design, and arrangement, daring to make innovations in interior decorating that a more conservative person would not.

Henry was right. After the wedding day, things *were* different.

The first order of the day was to find a suitable house. It took a few years of renting at 67 Grove Street before the perfect one was found. This was the splendid Greek revival house built in 1837 by Alexander I. Davis for Mrs. Gilman Prichard at 35 Hillhouse Avenue. The Townshends bought it in 1917 from Mrs. David Collins. Hillhouse Avenue was thought to be the prettiest street in New Haven, perhaps in all of New England, with its magnificently grand houses in various styles lining the avenue and the Hillhouse mansion at the head of the street, dominating the view from its hill position in Sachem woods.

Hannah promptly changed the drab color of the old house to sprightly yellow. The lovely Corinthian columns, painted pure white, were better set off now. She added a wing on the left to house a spacious dining room and a second floor on the rear wing for servants' quarters. Under her watchful supervision the garden was formalized with tulip beds, rows of yews, and a canopied wisteria trellis. She placed a sun porch in the rear to look over all this secluded loveliness. The room over the carriage house was remod-

eled later as a meeting place for Mrs. Townshend's many committee activities.

Inside the stately mansion, the decor and furnishings were as exquisite and fashionable as the outside would suggest. Hannah had expensive tastes, an eye for beauty and a pocketbook of independent means to match. Put all together, these advantages materialized into a rich and colorful setting for the Townshends new life. The Louis XIV parlor with its gilded furniture, the satin-valanced dining room with its huge burnished table and sideboard, the carefully chosen antiques in the living room and library were all harmoniously arranged to exude an air of genteel opulence.

His wife's lavishness and extravagance often jolted Henry's conservative nature. He was content with rather plain comforts. When checkbook-balancing time rolled around, the grumbling husband would complain of the quantity and high quality of the bills.

"Now Henry," Hannah would begin, "it is only money and you can't take it with you." To her credit she was not financially irresponsible and stayed within her ample income. Under the influence of her puckish charm, the mutterings and pseudo-growls would subside and good humor would be restored. Being a quiet, reserved person by nature, Henry happily basked in the sunburst of her personality.

When Hannah entered a room, she took over immediately. Her sparkling presence set electric currents vibrating in others, bringing them to a new awareness. When she interested herself in a person, drawing him or her out, she virtually pulled any pale ego up by its bootstraps, out of its dark, secluded region into the sunlight. People felt kind of breathless and keyed-up when this intense woman was present. There was an agitation in the air and a challenge to be at one's best.

So it was with placid, staid "old" Henry. She brought a twinkle to his eye and a lightness to his step. Perhaps the change of pace was difficult at first for the former bachelor. In fact, his wife was perceptive of this and years later wrote a poem, tenderly remembering those early differences:

Years ago a girl was funning
And a sober man thought she was cunning
Perhaps she was—but oh, my lord
Neither man nor girl could see the sword
Of differing wit—waiting to sever
Their happy love and life together.
Years have passed
And love did last.
The sword is forgotten
And a son is begotten.
And I bet the man's glad he stood the strain
Of marriage with her when he saw the vein
That love and laughter has in store
For those who will only open the door.
And she, despite his humor grim,
Is sure pop glad she married him.

The man, soberly in character, replied with a poem of his own in honor of his wife's fifty-third birthday.

Fostered by thoughtfulness and care
Love grows more perfect through the years,
Perfection is not fashioned in an hour
Nor born o'er night by any pleasant dream,
By blow on blow the sculptor makes
His marble a fairer image take.
It is not easy to be good,
One is not always understood,
But that which is wrought by pain and fears
Becomes more precious through the years
And tried by many a sob and tear
Gives up its dross, preserves its gold,
And pours it in a fairer mold
For all eternity.

Solemnity was not one of Hannah's traits. Teasing and impulsive though she was, she did have a mind of her own and a determination to match. Hannah was into a million things. The house was constantly agog with lady friends dropping in at all hours for tea or coffee and a little chit-chat. There were overnight guests to

welcome, sumptuous dinners to plan, antique auctions to attend, shopping tours and motor trips to take. All the comings and goings kept the maids stepping—Alice Reynolds, the upstairs girl; Elizabeth Lillis, the waitress; Julia Walsh, the cook; and several once-a-week helpers such as the laundress, the silver and brass polisher, and the gardener. Spencer, the English chauffeur inherited from her deceased mother, would bring the big shiny Packard around almost every day for some foray into town or country.

Tradesmen traipsed in and out of the big kitchen in the basement where Julia presided with an iron hand and Irish wit. The poultry-and-egg man, the vegetable man, the Quality Meat Market delivery man, the milkman, the iceman, the knife-and-scissors grinder, the cleaner, the laundryman all brought their wares to the kingdom of the cook. Add to these the coal dealer, with his canvas bags of coal shoved down the chute through the basement window to the bin below, and you get door-to-door service that the present time with all its computerized servants cannot give.

Another man used to come up Hillhouse Avenue, not to sell but to beg enchantingly. He was an old-time organ grinder complete with cap-doffing monkey in red shirt and breeches. Even an adult could not resist coming out of the house to listen to the nostalgic music and to put a penny or two in the tiny brown hand.

For all the hubbub at home, Henry's professional and civic life continued in the same sustained manner—a steady, conscientious giving of his time and mind. In his law practice he put special emphasis on the handling of estates. One of his most renowned cases was connected with himself. The Federal estate tax had been enacted shortly before his mother's death in 1916, and he deducted that tax from the Connecticut inheritance tax. Pleading for himself in the case Corbin vs. Townshend, he established the precedent that his action was lawful.

Trial law, juries, and such did not appeal to him but like it or not, one of his very first cases, when he was fresh out of graduate school, was the famous Annie Oakley case. This was when he was a junior member of the Watrous & Day law firm. Annie Oakley, the celebrated, almost mythical, sharpshooter of Buffalo Bill's Wild

West Show, sued fifty newspapers all over the country for printing a libelous article about her. Henry Townshend handled the case for her, Butler vs. *Evening Leader Co.* of New Haven (she used her married name), and also Butler vs. *Morning Union Co.* of Connecticut.

On Tuesday, August 11, 1903, there appeared in the *New Haven Leader* a small article with the headline "Annie Oakley's Plight" and a subtitle: "Famous performer arrested in Chicago for robbery." The story went that Annie Oakley was arrested on the complaint of an old colored man named Charles Curtis. "She pleaded guilty and was fined $25. According to the police the woman is addicted to the use of drugs." The judge also sent her to jail for twenty-five days to be restrained and cared for, since she was destitute. The article continued: "She formerly was with Buffalo Bill's show and commanded the salary of a light opera prima donna, was petted and feted and awarded the honors at meetings of fashionable gun clubs."

Was it a case of mistaken identity or an out-and-out fabrication for sensationalism? That question was not answered, but that the story was libelous and false was argued convincingly by young lawyer Townshend.

> The plaintiff has been, still is, and will be, greatly and permanently injured in her good name and credit, and has suffered great mental anguish and bodily pain, and her health has been to such an extent impaired that she is and will be, physically and mentally incapacitated from performing her professional duties and earning a livelihood as a professional wing and rifle shot and actress, whereby the plaintiff has suffered and will suffer heavy pecuniary loss.

She said she felt much shame at the publication of such an article and had to cancel all engagements for public exhibition of rifle shooting.

Townshend won the case. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty for the newspaper, and damages of $1,550 were paid to Mrs. Frank Butler.

Henry's only other trial case occurred when he was an oldster of seventy. His junior partner, Robert Alcorn, was called into the

Navy, leaving the senior partner with a case of negligence to handle. Mr. Townshend pleaded the case successfully and afterwards commented that he was probably the only lawyer in the United States with a perfect trial record: all two cases won!

Henry's talent for writing, beginning with the *Boy's Advocate* and coupled with his broadening experience as co-editor of the *Yale Law School Journal*, paved the way for such forensic dissertations as "Index-Digest of the Connecticut Reports," an invaluable legal reference work compiled in collaboration with William M. Maltbie in 1924; "Justice Holmes the Dissenter" (*Connecticut Bar Journal*, 1937); and "Judicial Administration in New Haven Colony Before the Charter of 1662" (*Connecticut Bar Journal*, 1950).

During the first Great War, in November, 1915, Henry was appointed captain of battery B, 10th militia field artillery. This unit was organized at Yale and later became part of the reserve officers' training corps with Captain Townshend in charge. In 1917–18 he was made captain of Company C, Connecticut State Guard, and also served as legal advisor to the local draft board. Another military uniform, so different from the khaki, that he was entitled to wear was the handsome red coat, white breeches, and mammoth bearskin hat of the Second Company, Governor's Foot Guard, a strictly commemorative group but dashing in its appearance.

World War I disrupted the lives of many young men, sending them overseas to fight "the war to end all wars," but forty-year-old Captain Townshend never saw action abroad. His duty was to keep the home front going. Aside from military activities, he did his part as a good citizen, participating as a member of the Building and Lines Commission (a post he held for forty years) and working on the Jury Commission as an appointee.

New-England-born-and-bred Hannah was no slouch on the civic scene either. She jumped right in to show what a Boston girl could do. A veritable Abigail Adams, she let her mind be known forcefully on many public matters. She believed in taking a stand and speaking out. Her philosophy was well expressed in this little poem, written by her in July of 1940:

Honesty

If you speak but your own mind
And never ape another's thought
At least your comrades then will find
A friend beside whom they have fought.
But if you use the other way
You can surely stir the crowd
By saying "he says, she says, they say"—
But, friend, say "I say"—say it loud.

When war was declared in 1914, Hannah did not voice opposition. Few people spoke out against war then, with hatred so high against Germany and the Kaiser, but during the Second World War, Hannah was a fervent pacifist, writing many poems against the violence and abominations of war. Somehow the first global involvement was different. Everyone then marched to the stirring cadence of idealism set to music. Everyone was a Yankee Doodle Dandy, a Yankee Doodle do-or-die, ready to fight 'til it was over, over there. Hannah worked for the British War Relief, aided her sister-in-law Juliet at the American Red Cross, and was a sympathetic member of the American Society for the Relief of French War Orphans. She saved her big guns and zealous ammunition, however, for the coming fight for women's rights.

"Suffrage for Women" was the soprano cry from thousands of feminine throats in the early years of the new century. The Negro men had gotten their vote, so why discriminate against the ladies, white and black? Energetic, determined Mrs. Henry Townshend and other daring women mounted the soapbox in Connecticut and preached franchise for women. The cradle-rockers and housewives of the nation no longer were content to stir the pot in the kitchen. They wanted to stick a spoon in the stew outside and have a taste of politics. Hannah became the vice president of the Connecticut State Suffrage Board.

When the men could stand the female pressure no more and finally let the women have the right to vote in 1920, these former suffragettes did not rest on their hard-earned laurels. The next

project was to learn how to vote intelligently, to think objectively for themselves. Why be just an echo or mimic of their husbands and fathers? The League of Women Voters was formed in Connecticut, as elsewhere in the country, with Mrs. Townshend one of the five founders.

Her idealism and deep convictions provoked her to champion many causes besides suffrage, notably prohibition and the League of Nations. In a booklet Mrs. Townshend wrote, entitled "Religious Citizenship," this idealism is revealed:

"Whatever one thinks of the League of Nations, it was a conception for the bettering of the world, and a religious idea of bringing peace on this war-racked earth, and although I am not a Wilsonite, I am proud that it was an American and our President who had such a vision and shared it with his fellow men. It little matters that the three conceptions—Prohibition, Woman Suffrage and the League of Nations have seemed to fail; the fact remains that they were born and all three are fundamentally religious in their craving to put into the body politic a better way of life."

Once a woman gets started, it is hard to shut her up, they say, and loquacious Hannah had lots to say about lots of things. She was a good public speaker and a popular one. It was natural that she should enter the political arena, now open to women. From 1923 to 1931 Hannah Townshend was elected and served as vice-chairman of the Republican Town Committee of New Haven. Almost simultaneously, in 1925–26, she won a seat in the State Legislature as a representative from New Haven, the first woman to be elected to the Connecticut House of Representatives. Her popular vote in the city exceeded that cast for other candidates on the Republican ticket, including President Calvin Coolidge!

In 1928 she ran for State Senator from the Eighth District, the first woman to do so, but was defeated. Two years later at a testimonial dinner in her honor, former Representative Townshend announced that she would like the nomination for Lieutenant Governor. The Republican party was not ready for a woman in this role, so Hannah was shunted aside. Not afraid to speak her mind

even if it meant incurring the wrath of her own state chairman, Mrs. Townshend publicly attacked "boss" Roraback's choice of Hiram Bingham for United States Senator and claimed he had cracked the whip in the small towns to get them to do his bidding. "As a citizen of the United States I resent having the United States Senate treated as personal party patronage," she flashed.

In spite of her courageous spirit and vigor and even with the loyal support of her husband and countless friends and allies, politics proved too much for her. It was no game for a lady and an honest one at that. Hannah left the field to sisters tougher or perhaps more docile than she. She could be neither. Turning her vivacity to other endeavors, she plunged into community work. She was appointed to the New Haven Library Board by both Democratic Mayor Fitzgerald and Republican Mayor Tower, and during 1927–1933 she was appointed to the Civil Service Commission, as the first woman to serve on that body. She contributed her talents as the Commission's president for three years.

For a good deal of her mature life, Hannah was interested in and actively worked for the merit system in Connecticut. She resented deeply the spoils system as being un-American and not in the best interests of good government. As vice president of the Connecticut Merit System Association, she was instrumental in re-establishing the practice of holding examinations to fill all-important posts.

It is a wonder that with all of these jam-packed days, the busy politician had time for culture and art, yet she did. She was a director of the Theater Patrons, and in 1935–36 she served as president of the New Haven Civic Orchestra Association. Although she was not a painter herself she often encouraged struggling young artists at Yale with her sympathetic attention and money. The New Haven Woman's Club, the Business and Professional Women's Club, the Alliance Française (she spoke French fluently, having lived a year in Paris as a young girl), the New Haven-Boston Sewing Circle, Our Society, the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames, and the Thursday Club of New Haven helped fill any voids in her social life. I wonder which of these worthy groups inspired Hannah to pen:

Gossip

The modern biological trend
Of frankness without end
Catches anyone, everywhere
And informs everybody unaware.
Until I don't care a damn what's the matter
with so and so
Or if we can all be infected like peas in a row.
Also I must confess
I find it less and less
Interesting to discover
Who's whose latest lover.
And in the revealing crowd immense
While I don't seem to take offence
I long for some decent reticence.

And what of religion? What part did it play in the Townshends' lives? Henry was a lifelong Congregationalist, a communicant of Center Church, and faithfully carried out the duties connected with it until his death. Although his father, you remember, was often a vociferous individual in church matters (he and his daughter-in-law would have made quite a pair!), Henry came from a deeply religious family. They were concerned with the Lord's work from morning 'til night and not ashamed to speak of it.

Hannah's religion engrossed her whole being. She wrote many religious articles and poems and proselytized for the Unitarian Church, of which she was a member in Hopedale and Boston. Her belief in the unity of God, instead of the blessed Trinity, anchored itself in Hopedale, a hotbed of Unitarians since Adin Ballou, the great Unitarian, had founded that community for his spiritual work. New Haven, at that time, lacked a Unitarian church so Hannah obligingly attended Center Church with her husband occasionally, keeping her thoughts to herself when necessary. But she continued to give her attention to the church in Hopedale as a member of the International General Alliance of the Unitarian Committee and the Unitarian Temperance Society. Her ties to

Hopedale were strong while her family lived there. Grandfather Draper had saved the community from destitution by building the loom industry in the town and instituting a progressive labor program, well-known for its efficiency and fairness. Hopedale had become a model community under the influence and support of the large Draper family. Fanny Osgood, Hannah's twin sister, founded the Visiting Nurse Association in that area, and loyal Hannah served as vice president to her sister's presidency.

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There seemed hardly a pause in this exciting round of civic and social activities. But yes, there was one. On March 27, 1920, a son was born, Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, Jr. The happy mother-poet wrote:

> A child is born mysterious, small and it matters
> not that life is lonely
> In love we know is consumation and duration
> For romance is a part of pain and we own and
> keep it only
> Through revelation and creation.

No matter that the labor was long and the Caesarian birth a difficult one (for Hannah was thirty-seven then), the baby had arrived safely. He would grow up with the best of everything, want for nothing that fond and generous parents could give. With a program like this, it is amazing that the child would remain unspoiled. Yet he did. Henry, Jr., too had a mind of his own, an independent streak, that resisted any attempts to fashion his life without due consent. The acquisition of material things never became his goal, but the boy accepted as his birthright the gifts of love, understanding, laughter, tolerance, and education, which were given in abundance.

One thing young Harry asked for most earnestly, though, and did not get was a baby sister. When he was six he dictated the following letter:

Dear Hospital,

I do want a baby sister and I want her to be fat and I will give her lots of nice toys. I want her to have blue eyes and red hair and I want her not able to walk. If she does not come I will be awfully mad. If she cannot come Monday telephone me. If she cannot come Monday I will not be disappointed if she comes Saturday.

Perhaps this yearning for a playmate is the reason Harry as a youngster raised quantities of rabbits, dogs, and game birds and, in later life, a large brood of his own!

Father Townshend was as pleased as punch to have a son to take for long walks in the woods, to teach the joys of hunting and fishing and camping. The close relationship was expressed so well in this letter:

My dearest Boy:

Tomorrow is your birthday and you will have reached the great age of nine years. My gracious how time flies! It seems only yesterday that you came to us and you have been a great joy to both Mommy and Daddy. We are so glad to have you and you have always been such a good boy. When you are away the house seems very lonely and we hardly know what to do with ourselves.

You have got many great and glorious years ahead of you and you are going to use them to be a very fine man. Just what you are going to do and what you are going to be I don't know, but I am sure you will do something useful and that people will be glad you are here. There is lots of work to be done in the world and some of it you can do. You will be happy if you are doing something that is worthwhile and I am sure you will.

Lovingly,
Daddy

In spite of being an absorbed Papa, an attentive husband, and a faithful public servant, Henry still found time to sit quietly and paint watercolors of birds. Often from his wanderings in field and forest or shore, he would bring home a dead bird as a model for his work (much to the worry of the maids who fussed that the moldy old feathers would attract moths).

As an artist he was very meticulous, brushing in each feather

Dr. Raynham Townshend.

Juliet Adee Townshend and her children, Raynham and Juliet.

Howard and Juliet (Townshend) Newton.

Raynham and Barbara (Lomas) Townshend.

Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, Sr.

Granddad with Sharon,
Hervey, Nancy,
and Cynthia.

Mrs. Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, Sr.

35 Hillhouse Avenue.

"Raynham," 1964.

Barnyard, 1938.

Old piggery, converted to "clubhouse," 1959.

Caretaker's house, 1959.

Carriage house, now garage, 1959.

North parlor, 1938.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, Jr.,
June 6, 1942.

The Townshend children: Hervey, Timothy, Sharon,
Cynthia, Nancy. Christmas, 1954.

The Townshend family in 1961. *Top:* Cynthia, Hervey, Sharon. *Center:* Harry, Deb, Nancy. *Bottom:* Timothy.

with a care for authenticity. Each bird was painted in its natural surroundings. The tones were soft, almost diffident and shy like the nature of the birds themselves, and quite unlike Audubon's strident colors and stylized forms. These illustrations, over one hundred of them, have been exhibited locally and are now in the cherished possession of his son.

The hobby of entomology came later in Henry's life, when he was in his mid-fifties. He entered this field because he felt that ornithology had been studied and documented thoroughly; anyway he had painted practically all the birds of New England that he wanted to. In a comparatively short time, the amateur entomologist had accumulated an extensive collection of insects, each beetle carefully identified under the microscope. He added some new species to the *Coleoptera* list, and in honor of these discoveries, the name of Townshend was applied to them. He was recognized as an expert by other scientists in this field. The chloroformed beetles, each stuck through with a long pin, were kept in wooden bookboxes lined with strips of camphorated flannel, and placed in a bookcase. Mrs. Townshend used to call them "Henry's bug collection." Even the living room at the Townsend Avenue house, where they migrated to, was nicknamed "the bug room." In Mr. Townshend's will the beetle collection was left to the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station on Huntington Street in New Haven.

Townsend Avenue. The old homestead. You are wondering what ever happened to the place? It has been many pages since it was mentioned.

Since Uncle George's death, Aunt Mary is living out her declining years there with only a housekeeper to tend her simple wants. It is rather pathetic to watch the sweet, frail old lady of eighty-seven, sitting pensively in the shadowy rooms. Sometimes she absentmindedly turns the wedding ring on her finger and murmurs: "Someone gave me this once, but I don't remember who."

The house has become like a Sleeping Beauty, choked with briars of dust and old memories. The bright accoutrements of bygone days have dimmed with time and the hush of age lingers in the

rooms. Time stands still. Even the somber funeral of Aunt Mary in the wintry month of February, 1925, stirs only sighs of resignation in the drafty halls.

Mrs. George Townsend is laid to rest in peace; not so the old house. A new life lies ahead for it. But first someone must hack through the growth of mustiness and dinginess. Someone must arouse the sleeper.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM FARM TO COUNTRY ESTATE

PROJECT *House Transformation* began with a concentrated attack that spring of '25, with General Hannah leading an army of carpenters, painters, plumbers, electricians, gardeners, and cleaning women. New paint was slapped on the drab woodwork, gaudy floral designs replaced the dull old wallpaper, tattered chairs were re-upholstered, fusty carpets aired and beaten, and the pack-rat clutter of years collected to haul away. The windows were opened wide and the dreary drapes pulled down to let in the light of a new era.

Aunt Mary, as old people are wont to do, had let things go. The housekeeper, Mrs. Rossiter, had tried to keep up the big, eighteen-room house but, well, what can you do? Mrs. Townsend did not want to change anything. She did not want to disturb the worn but familiar pattern of her last days. Like the old woman, the old house was slowing down too, its life pulse sluggish, its bones brittle, and its demeanor cheerless. Tedium ticked the hours away. The place was just a faded flower pressed between the years.

But now with Hannah's animation and spirit transfusing the house, it commenced to revive. Fortunately, she had a great respect and liking for Victoriana and knew antiques well. She had a somewhat different attitude from that of the breezy flapper set in the Roaring Twenties, who were glad to be rid of whalebones and bustles, of tight little morals and other such bric-a-brac of the Victorian Period. Put Granny's ugly, uncomfortable furniture in the attic and get some new stuff. But what can you do with an old ark of a house with its ridiculous frills and trills?

Mrs. Henry Townshend showed what *she* could do, and in so doing was among the really avant-garde of her day. It took another good quarter of a century before popular taste caught up with her foresight. The best Victorian pieces have now found their way into modern homes and are once again admired for their fanciful workmanship. Her careful selection of authentic wallpaper and drapes and knickknacks as well as her fondness for fine things transfigured the decor into one of elegance and beauty.

Tradition played a strong part in her decisions while she went about the job of redecorating. This poem written by her tells it well.

Tradition

Tradition is not the stuffed shirt things handed
down to us from the Past
Nor the things of stylish moment made to glitter
but not to last.
It is the thoughts and methods won
From the good toil of everyone
Given from father to son
Ever since the world begun,
And being true to tradition wherever you roam
Is being true to the spirit and it's like coming
home.

But let's get to the task at hand. First the carpenter, Bruno Graebner, was put to work making some practical changes. In collaboration with the plumber, Emil Seipold, he converted the front dressing room into a bathroom and the closet off the front north bedroom into another bathroom, small but adequate, thus making four on the second floor. (There were already two bathrooms in the rear of the house.)

Dormer windows were cut into the back roof of the third floor to lighten the maids' quarters, and a bath was placed off the hall. Porches were added to the back entryway, the kitchen entryway, and the second floor rear. Graebner set a new glass-paned door and sidelights in the back hall to brighten the area. The catch-all room off the back hall, used for hanging up coats and storing wood, was

converted into a flower room with a deep sink and vase cabinet. Mrs. Townshend planned to put that little room in service often when fresh flowers, cut from her proposed gardens, would bedeck the house daily.

Going to work on the dining room, the carpenter installed Italian tile around the fireplace and made a china cabinet out of the alcove that used to be a doorway. Graebner said that when he was cleaning out the alcove he found a Nabisco box with old coins and paper money in it dating back to the 1700s. Where they are now, no one knows. A lot of improvements were small but significant in their practicality, such as French doors in the middle room downstairs to let in more light, the closing off of the narrow doorway in the north parlor to make more space, and a little window cut through the wall from pantry to kitchen for serving convenience. Although Mrs. Townshend always said she could not even boil water, she realized the importance of an efficient, up-to-date kitchen. Out went the old icebox to be replaced by an electric refrigerator.

Modernity is fine once in your life, maybe when you are young, but after that the old familiar things are best—so thought Julia, the cook. Every summer she brought her favorite pots and pans from the town house to the country house and back again. As the years went by the pans acquired a crusty baked-in blackness that somehow was necessary for the success of a favorite recipe. In any case old Julia clung to her special utensils like a child to a beloved blanket.

Outside the workmen were busy too. On the south side of the house, where the driveway wound through a trellised grape arbor, Mrs. Townshend had a stone patio built with an iron railing around it and installed a Dutch door to the pantry. This necessitated the closing off of the cellarway below the dining room and, of course, the tearing down of the vine-shrouded trellis. The driveway now ran in a curve in front of the house from the north gate to the south gate or pillars. Brick terracing was laid in the rear so as to dress up that approach to the house.

The carriage house had its facelifting also with the big arched doors on the west wall nailed shut and rhododendron bushes plant-

ed in front of them. An iron staircase was erected to allow access to the new French doors on the second level. With wide doors opening on the south wall to let the big Packard, dashing Franklin, and later Harry's snappy Ford convertible enter (license numbers AP15, AP16, and AP17), the old carriage house could now be called a modern garage. Even a chauffeur's room and lavatory were part of the new look. A buzzer system connecting garage to house was installed for the sake of convenience. The two open horse-stalls between garage and barn were roofed over for an equipment space.

The estate needed a certain aesthetic touch, Hannah decided, so she had a Victorian summer house or gazebo built near the south gate and another one placed in the garden. The carved wooden border or fringe on the little roofs is supposed to have been copied from a house in Durham and was imitated as a decoration on the kitchen entryway. This motif was also carried out in the charming Victorian well-house that graced the lawn in back. Another little house was added to the collection when the real estate company that was selling off the land in front finished its business and no longer needed its one-room office. This was removed from the lot across the street and put on the estate. Mrs. Townshend used to call it her office and now and then found it a good refuge from the busy household. She furnished it with cunning antiques.

A country estate is not complete without great stretches of green-sward and formal gardens with clipped yews. Hannah proceeded to have these laid out, with red clay walks winding in and out of the evergreens and leading into the sunny garden with its symmetrical flower beds. Here and there were stationed objects of interest such as a sundial, a bird bath, a silver globe, and a wooden Indian. On the rise overlooking the garden stood a long white bench with the familiar poem: "the kiss of the sun for pardon, the song of the birds for mirth, you are nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth" stenciled on it. Truly the place was as park-like in appearance as a miniature Raynham Hall, England.

A showpiece estate was all very well, but the part that young Harry liked best was the old barn and the outbuildings. Here were

the cackling hens and strutting roosters. Here were stabled Dewey and Ben, used for bringing in hay and doing other farmwork, such as pulling the plow in the vegetable garden in the spring and helping to clear snow in the driveways in the winter. As his cousins before him, young Townshend would spend hours watching the hired men go about their work, feeding the horses, cleaning stalls, and polishing harnesses. Mother intruded upon this hallowed spot only long enough to order the barn given a fresh coat of paint. Old Uncle George had left it a multitude of shades of olive drab, because his method was to use any leftover paint he had around to cover up bare spots. Of course, for inquisitive Harry the roof was an ideal perch from which to watch the painters at work, but the problem was how to get down without "catching heck" for paint-bedaubed trousers!

Rome was not built in a day nor was the farm changed into an estate overnight. There was still more work to be done. Repairs had to be made on the half-round posts on the front porch. The carpenter said his helper actually cried tears of frustration trying to fit the posts in, the job was so difficult. The gardenhouse had to have a new kitchen and a bathroom and front porch. This was being fixed up as proper living quarters for the English chauffeur, Arthur Spencer. Herbert Chapin, the erstwhile coachman and now official caretaker, moved from the gardenhouse to the other tenant house, which was also updated.

While all of this hammering and sawing and general commotion was going on, the family took their summers at Litchfield. At last, with the work finished and the place in perfect order, the Townshends began the practice of coming across the harbor to their beautiful summer home every year in June. They stayed there for the most part until the approach of winter drove them back to the city in November. Not that the coal furnace was not sufficient to take the chill off, but with Harry going to school in town and other activities starting up, it was just easier to live at Hillhouse Avenue.

In May of 1926, when things were still pretty much in an uproar at Townsend Avenue, Henry took off for England. The specific occasion was the commemoration of American soldiers and sailors

who had died both at home and abroad in wars. As Captain Townshend, representative of the Second Company of the Governor's Foot Guard, he was chosen to lay a wreath on the cenotaph at Whitehall in London.

After the Memorial Day ceremonies, Captain Townshend decided to motor out to Norfolk to see the Townshends of Raynham Hall. He had not been to England since his Oxford days, what with setting up law practice and the interruption of the war. But his father and mother had entertained Lord Townshend, sixth Marquis, in New Haven when as a young man he had toured the United States, and they had kept in touch via the mail.

Upon the death of the Marquis in 1921, Lady Agnes, his sister, and her husband, James Durham, trustee of the estates, tried to keep Raynham up until their nephew, then six years old, would come of age. The Durhams lived in the little old house just outside the gates of Raynham Park. Lady Gwladys, the Marchioness Townshend, lived in Raynham Hall. Young George, heir apparent, came home from school summers and holidays, when he was often coached in the intricacies of his approaching responsibility.

Those were hard times in the Twenties. Money was scarce everywhere and the Big Depression was still to come. One source of income for Raynham was the leasing of the park for shooting game. Another was the sale of many of the famous Raynham pictures, a terrible blow to the family but a necessity. Sympathetic Henry arranged to purchase the portrait of the first Marquis Townshend by the renowned artist Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was brought to the States and hung in the Hillhouse Avenue house in a place of honor over the mantel in the living room. In subsequent years the picture was exhibited at Yale on loan.

A few years later, Henry had occasion to pay back the kind hospitality he had received at Raynham Hall. Lynn, Massachusetts, celebrated its three-hundredth birthday in July of 1929, and the Town Council decided to invite the Mayor of King's Lynn, Norfolk, England, to participate in the four-day observance.

Formerly called by its Indian name of Saugus, Lynn was renamed in 1637, eight years after its settlement, in deference to the Rev-

erend Samuel Whiting, who had come from old King's Lynn and who had been spiritual advisor to Sir Roger Townshend, the Puritan. The Reverend Mr. Whiting founded the first church in Lynn.

To the delight of Tercentenary officials, the Mayor of King's Lynn turned out to be a lady—Gwladys Townshend, Marchioness of Raynham!

The Marchioness and her thirteen-year-old son George, the Marquess, (now changed from the French *Marquis*) set sail on the *Mauretania* for New York, arriving in Lynn on June 29 amid much ceremony and festivity. A large golden key was presented to her, as Mayor of King's Lynn, by the Mayor of Lynn to the applause of crowds of residents and visitors. Then followed a tour of the town with a stop first at the grave of the Reverend Mr. Whiting, on which a wreath was placed.

Lynn had grown not a little in the three hundred years since Thomas Townsend had sown his seed in the Third Plantation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1929 its population was 110,000 within eleven square miles. For over one hundred years, farming had been the main occupation and chief livelihood of the town, but in 1750 the first shoe manufactory in the New World organized to produce in volume was set up by John Adam Dagyr. From then on Lynn was known throughout the world as the great center for the manufacture of women's shoes.

The Marchioness democratically asked to see the shoe factories and to meet the working girls. She spoke of her hobby of social work. The newspapers of the day were enthralled with her, commenting: "She is a brilliant woman and discussed political and international problems in a manner that showed a deep insight into affairs. Herself a writer of distinction, having had several of her plays produced in England as well as movie scenarios, she was very much interested in the press."

Historical pageants and floral parades, elaborate receptions and garden fetes, were jammed into the four-day schedule of the birthday program. His Lordship George, standing quiet and erect beside his mother, patiently fulfilled the prescribed duties, but he was far more attracted to the stables of a nearby estate, where the owner

let him take a daily canter. Like any regular teenage American boy, he preferred riding, swimming, motorcycles, and baseball (cricket). The Press dubbed the young Marquess "very democratic," the highest compliment one can pay to nobility, just as conversely to call an ordinary person "very aristocratic" is considered flattering.

Enthusiastic spectators of the celebration and celebrities were Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Townshend of New Haven, Connecticut. They had invited the Marchioness and the young Marquess to visit their home after the Lynn commemoration. Here again the ceremony-weary but ceremony-disciplined titled English family was escorted to City Hall and proudly displayed to various dignitaries. What were their thoughts when they were driven along *Townsend* Avenue to the old Victorian mansion "*Raynham*," introduced to Dr. *Raynham* Townshend and his wife and entertained in an elegant manner fit for a queen by the American *Townshends*? Imitation being the highest form of flattery, so it is said, the Marchioness must have been pleased, though she may have thought it strange that Americans, having eschewed inherited rank when they formed their republic, secretly seemed to delight in titled aristocracy.

Be that as it may, everyone expressed satisfaction with the brief sojourn, and promises were exchanged to meet soon again on one side of the Atlantic or the other.

In 1935 the New Haven Townshends decided it was time to take Harry to see the ancient wonders of Europe, and for Hannah to visit the much-talked-about and revered Raynham Hall, so steeped in antiquity. When the American cousins arrived at the Hall, they were received graciously. After a sumptuous dinner, they all gathered in the parlor and, as an intimate family is wont to do, talked over their personal problems. Young George, then nineteen, and his aunt, Lady Agnes, spoke of how difficult it was to manage the big estate profitably, huge land holdings and ancestral homes being an increasing burden to the English nobility. Taxes were high, ready cash hard to come by, and proper maintenance of the drafty, impractical, often crumbling castles or manor houses too costly.

The severe problems of the English Townshends preyed upon Henry's mind. There must be some solution, some comfort to offer

them. When he got back to America, he wrote a thoughtful letter to Lady Agnes, saying he was "convinced that the real solution lies in George fitting himself to manage the estate as they did the neighboring estate of Holkham Hall." He referred to the same struggle that the ancestors of the present Earl of Leicester had faced and how they "tried new methods of farming and worked with their tenants and laid the foundations of a very illustrious name." He went on to give this sound advice:

> It is quite evident that the mere possession of means was not the basis of their success. There was something more than that there, a sincere, earnest and interesting use of things they had inherited. All these exist at Raynham. Its land is there, the traditions and inheritance are there, the tenantry, the noblesse oblige and the intelligence, and I am sure that they offer a splendid reward for any labor, sacrifice and effort that you and George may give them. In this way I think you can solve your problem . . . .
>
> In America Hannah, on the death of her mother and I, on the death of the last of my family, were faced with the problem of carrying on the family inheritances. She, quite independent financially and otherwise, is keeping up the family name and civic responsibility in Hopedale. I am doing the same in New Haven. We both feel that in spite of whatever burden it may be, it is our chief responsibility and that all our efforts must lie in that direction . . . .
>
> We shall always be thinking of you and George and watching with deep interest how things are prospering with you both, and you have our sincerest and kindest and most sympathetic wishes that they may work out successfully.

The overnight visit with George and the Marchioness on their huge place was interesting, fifteen-year-old Harry conceded, but the rest of the trip, all those everlasting treks to museums and cathedrals, art galleries and monuments, battlegrounds and cemeteries was "for the birds." The only thing he felt he learned from those footsore miles of sightseeing was: Never Sign Up For A Guided Tour.

It was good to get home again. Harry could not wait to go over to Townsend Avenue and into the barnyard where he could be himself once more. Summers could not come soon enough for him.

Even as a small child he had been fond of taking care of animals. When he was eleven he had a thriving rabbit-breeding business going, Flemish Giants and Blue Beverans. The enterprising youngster had joined the Connecticut Rabbit Breeders Association and through it had learned of the Lederle Laboratory in Pearl River, New York, which had advertised for live rabbits. These animals were required in the manufacture of serum for pneumonia. So off the furry specimens went, boxed up and sent to Lederle's Lab, and H. H. Townshend, Jr., received a check in payment for his efforts.

Things were going along swimmingly for the rabbit-breeder until one day there was a knock at the front door. Papa Townshend answered. The serious-faced man standing on the threshold asked to speak to Mr. Townshend. Indicating that he was Mr. Townshend, Henry inquired of the stranger what he wanted.

"I am from the Lederle Laboratory. We are very pleased with your supply of rabbits for our work. I have a contract here that we hope you will sign, supplying us with so many pounds of rabbit per week" (some fantastic amount of live rabbits).

"Good heavens," the stupefied father chuckled. "You want my son!"

At that point the small, tousle-haired businessman in knickers came out grinning from behind the door where he had been listening. After everyone had a good laugh, it was agreed that this was a pretty tall order for a schoolboy to handle. The contract was pocketed and the man went away, but Harry continued to do business with the lab, though on a somewhat smaller scale than had been hoped for.

His professional career rather thwarted, the rabbiteer shifted to the amateur world of shows and exhibitions. At the Eastern States Exposition he took three first prizes, one second prize, and one fourth prize with just five beautiful Flemish Giants. Harry's interest in rabbit-breeding carried on through high school and college until he entered the Army, when he had the rabbits killed and the skins made into a gorgeous coat for his girlfriend. The Connecticut Rabbit Breeders Association still meets every October in the Townshends' barnyard and judges the year's crop.

In the 1930s in the Annex there were still a lot of empty fields and vacant housing sites, for rambunctious boys to play in. Not content with the small horizon of a back yard even if that "back yard" was a big one, Harry joined the neighborhood gang of adventurers: Vinny Cacace, Frank Smith, Freddie Neumann, Walter Lange, "Boo" Esposito, Tony Balsamo, Art Spencer, and the Libby boys. In Tom Sawyer fashion, they tried any and everything—catching eels in the murky moat around old Fort Hale, smoking awful-tasting cigarettes made from dried reeds, exploring in the woods and hunting for old and interesting relics, picking up shells and horseshoe crabs on the narrow beach in front, fishing for flat fish and snapper blues off the dock near Redman's house, skinny-dipping in the shallow waters of the harbor. The water was not polluted then. There was even a public bathhouse, a wooden structure, near the Fort, but it had not been used much since the big polio scare. (The advice was to avoid crowds and not go in the water.)

In short, the kids messed around, amusing themselves in much the same way as Fred Townsend and his brothers had almost a hundred years before.

Three things Harry hated most: to be dressed up, to go to Miss Darling's dancing class, and to be driven by the chauffeur to school. He was darned if he would be a sissy or a silly snob! In spite of being an only child raised by wealthy, older parents, Harry managed to remain unspoiled. When his father could not drive him to school and he had to go along with the chauffeur, Harry made Spencer let him out a couple of blocks from the school so he could walk there alone and unembarrassed. This was when he attended Hamden Hall Country Day School.

His father spent a good deal of time with Harry, taking him hunting for woodcock in the forests around Lake Saltonstall or on trips south to shoot quail or on fishing expeditions in Maine. Mrs. Townshend, although she doted on her "darling boy," was usually very busy with her round of social, cultural, and political activities. Actually a growing boy and a mature woman have very little in common. Even the most enlightened mother's conversation often

comes out: "Don't forget to . . ." and "Did you do . . .? and "Must you always . . ." followed by terse commands dealing with clothing, cleanliness, and table manners. But that is all very well, because most boys find women-talk and polite conversation a big bore.

As Harry grew older, into his teens, his mother thought of additions to the Townsend Avenue estate he might enjoy: a fine, red-clay tennis court and a clubhouse with recreation room and workshop (converted from the old, two-story piggery) for him and his friends and filled with masculine trappings such as antique guns, rustic furniture, and modern paintings. Obligingly the tall, athletic boy tried his hand at tennis, acquiring considerable skill at the game. For a while he took a mild interest in his "clubhouse" with its metal coat-of-arms swinging outside. Then quietly, having done his duty, he gravitated back again to the barnyard where all the truly exciting, interesting life was—the rabbits, pheasants, quail, and geese.

The rest of the place, the main house and outbuildings, had remained pretty much the same after the first flurry of redecorating was over, ten years before. Sometimes a choice antique gotten at a bargain price was added to the house, such as the mother-of-pearl inlaid piano, valued at $4,000 and bought by triumphant Hannah for $100, but for the most part the furniture was Townshend and Hotchkiss heirlooms or articles inherited from the Hopedale Drapers. The grounds were constantly being improved with boxwood, laurel, and small evergreens, new garden beds and rose trellises. A whole freight-carload of rhododendrons was brought from the South and planted in abundance along the driveway.

When the beloved pets Tinker and Rowdy died, a tiny cemetery was created for them in the back under a tulip tree. Discarded iron radiator screens formed the fencing around the little plot on which there rested an iron statue of a reclining dog.

How well Harry remembered the old dogs! One day, when he was very little, he had snitched a live lobster from the icebox and let it grab Tinker's tail. Oh boy! What a racket that poor, scared dog made when he dashed around the house, upstairs and downstairs, clattering the lobster behind him. Julia, the cook, was mad-

der than a wet hen at him and Mother wasn't exactly pleased either.

When he was thirteen, Harry entered the seventh grade at Hopkins Grammar School, by then located on Forest Road in Westville, Dr. George B. Lovell, headmaster. (Harry had lost a full year of school when he was six, battling a severe case of pneumonia.)

There never seems to be much to report of those years spent in school—reading, writing, and arithmetic, athletics and homework—yet packed into that crucial period of high school and college days is always a heap of growing up. The body shoots up and matures, the brain becomes pitted and engraved with information that slowly translates into knowledge, and childish action is replaced by restrained adult manner. Where the child's keen emotions once lay readily exposed is now a veil, protecting the wondering, sensitive soul, born in the pain of adolescence. But all of this is happening on the inside. The outside world sees only such things as are written in year books.

The 1939 Hopkins *Pantagraph* reads:

Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, Jr.
"Harry"
Born March 27, 1920
Entered Hopkins 1933

Rifle Club 2, 3, 4; Swimming Team 2, 3, 4; Track Team 2, 3, 4; Football Team 2, 3, 4 Captain 4; Literary Magazine and Club 2, 3, 4; Senior Class Treasurer; Pi Sigma Tau Fraternity, President; Dorrance Athletic Award

DARTMOUTH

During his senior year, Harry contributed a short story to the Literary Magazine entitled "Three Comrades," a bittersweet story of the depth and intensity of youthful friendship and a brief insight into the esprit de corps of teammates. Headmaster George Lovell praised him, saying: "Harry has made a splendid contribution to the school life this year. We hate to lose him. He has been so fine in his citizenship."

The years at Hopkins had been all right, Harry thought. He had made some terrific friends as well as had some knowledge knocked

into his noggin and even had a heck of a good time along the way. He could think of some pretty good dates he had at parties and dances too. Hopkins may be full of tradition, but it sure wasn't an old fogey place.

Speaking of tradition, Hopkins celebrated its two hundred seventy-fifth anniversary in 1935. The gala program of events lasted three days, with an ambitious historical pageant, a meeting in Center Church, and the commencement exercises. Both Townshends, father and son, took part in the pageant. Alumnus Henry Townshend, short and broad-shouldered with his bald head shining in the June sunlight, played with gusto the role of Governor Roger Sherman Baldwin. His tall, slender son, self-conscious in the outlandish garb of an eighteenth-century Hopkins rector, mumbled through an ancient poem in unison with six equally bemused classmates.

The year 1935 was the same year the Townshends journeyed abroad to instill some old-world culture into their young offspring, as has been noted. The following year Victoria Durham, cousin of the Marquess Townshend and twenty-seven-year-old daughter of Lady Agnes, made her first trip to the United States. Mrs. Townshend had generously invited her to stay with them, which she did for a lovely visit of five months. A close relationship blossomed between the two women in spite of the generation gap. British-reared and country-bred Victoria was thrilled with everything she saw, heard, and did in America, but most of all the "free and happy" American life. When she reluctantly returned to England, feeling perky and independent, a lively correspondence flowed back and forth for a while.

In one of her newsy letters Victoria wrote of the coming coronation of King George:

> George [The Marquess Townshend] cannot wear his peer's robes at the Coronation or take quite the same place as he would if he was twenty-one. It is disappointing in a way, such a few hours of being the right age! But he has his invitation all right and will go with the other peers who are not of age—and I don't think he minds much, being a sensible boy.

There were no more visits arranged between Raynham Hall and "Raynham," nor would there be for another full quarter of a century. Letters had to suffice, for Hannah had had a bad spell of colitis in 1938 and took months to recover. By that year also an uneasy atmosphere pervaded the British Isles and all of Europe. War scare reports gave people a queasy feeling and gravely upset the stock exchange. Germany was rattling its arms, blustering about the Aryan "master race," and goose-stepping to Hitler's arrogant tones. Already *das Vaterland* had started its collection of small, defenseless countries—Austria, Lithuania, and a big slice of Czechoslovakia. Polish restraint over the German-fabricated disputes about the Corridor and the Free City of Danzig had only encouraged increased acts of provocation by the Fifth Column and frenetic attacks by *der Führer*, speaking before his *Reichstag*.

On September 1, 1939, Hitler's troops marched into Poland and took it by force.

Prime Minister Chamberlain's hope that the Munich Pact would bring "peace in our time" had died aborning. England declared war on Germany the same day. France followed suit two days later.

Victoria and her brother Nicholas joined the British Army, a first-aid depot was set up in their parents' little house, and British troops were quartered in Raynham Hall, with predictable damage done. "We are in a most appallingly tight place, but we are determined to pull through," wrote Lady Agnes with typical British spunk.

While England was valiantly struggling with nightly bombings and threatened invasions, the United States tried to stick to her neutral position. Outwardly serene, like a hostess trying to keep the party going but with an apprehensive ear toward the male voices rising in anger across the room, America went about her business.

CHAPTER XXII

HARRY IN THE WAR YEARS

THE summer of '39 Harry spent at Camp Ettowah in Fryeburg, Maine, as counselor in charge of canoe trips; then in the fall he was off to college—to Dartmouth. One might ask, why Dartmouth? Here was a boy who had grown up in the very shadows of great Yale University, practically on the doorstep of Yale's president, Charles Seymour, at 43 Hillhouse Avenue. His father naturally felt he would follow in his footsteps—Hopkins, then Yale. His Bostonian mother hoped it might be Hopkins, then Harvard. The matter was settled when Harry quietly made up his own mind as usual. Dartmouth it would be, where men were men, skiing was excellent, fishing not bad, and a fella could do a fair amount of trapping on the side. Dad and Mother were understanding and supportive as always, consoling themselves with the fact that the founder of Dartmouth College, Eleazar Wheelock, was Hannah's ancestral grandfather. Mr. Townshend made friendly contact with the Director of Admissions at Dartmouth, revealing in a letter his hopes for the future:

> It is the belief of both Mrs. Townshend and myself as well as Harry, that his college course ought to be followed out of New Haven where he has lived all his life. We have kept him at Hopkins, of which I am a trustee, because we believe that loyalty is a great asset, also because we have noticed that boys who go away to school in their formative period, lose all touch with the problems, the interest, and the people of their native place and we hope Harry will settle here and carry on the family's long and active interest in New Haven civic life.

Two and a half years of that stimulating, engrossing, never-to-be-lived-again college life moved boldly by, studded with carefree weekends and relieved by welcome semester breaks. With an eye to his future, Harry planned to major in biology and minor in English. Perhaps he would teach in a boys' prep school, coaching athletics as an extra subject. He was a guard on the freshman football team, a member of funloving DKE, his studies were going well, and as for romance, he had met a girl from Mount Holyoke, "Deb" (Doris) Biesterfeld. Harry's world, like that of so many of the young men of his age, looked pretty orderly and pleasant at that point.

Then came the bad news. Japan attacked the United States naval base at Pearl Harbor. It was December 7, 1941. Harry and I remember that day vividly. We were playing bridge with some friends in Abbey Hall at Mount Holyoke when the tense voice came over the radio. Japanese dive bombers had destroyed Hickam Field aircraft parked on the ground and had sunk U. S. battleships moored at their berths. All in all 2,638 American officers and men were dead. It was a major disaster. The war that held Europe in its loathsome grasp like a gluttonous octopus had reached a long tentacle out to the United States and finally grabbed her in its clutches.

Congress declared war on Japan the next day.

Decisions. Decisions. Whether to wait until drafted or to volunteer. College students all around him, in a passion of patriotism and ugly hatred of the "dirty, damn Japs," were signing up thick and fast. Harry decided to sign up too and get his choice of placement—in the Ordnance. Right off the bat, he was assigned to the Army Medical Corps in true Army fashion, but that is another story. After moving heaven and earth and a few generals, the neophyte soldier made it into the Ordnance. Guns he knew; broken bones and bloody wounds were something else.

Whether to marry now or to wait until after the war. Husbands were saying goodbye to wives and bachelors were making their sweethearts their wives in a hurry. Private Townshend and his fiancée set the wedding date for June 6, 1942.

"Did I ever tell you how I met her?" Harry would tease, holding

forth to his buddies. "You see, I was on the train, going back to college, minding my own business like a good, little boy, when this girl across the aisle began smiling and making eyes at me. Well, to make a long story short, she picked me up!"

"No, no, no!" I would protest, "that's not the way it was at all! *I* was sitting quietly on the train coming from Wilmington after the Thanksgiving vacation. Another Mount Holyoke girl was with me, and we were minding our own business, reading, when the train stopped at New Haven. A bunch of rowdy Dartmouth boys with the big, green D on their sweaters got on and sat down across the aisle from us. You never heard such noise and showing off all the way to Springfield!"

No matter who picked up whom, the wedding went off as scheduled on the hottest day in June in Westminister Presbyterian Church in Wilmington, Delaware, Dr. John W. Christie, minister, officiating. All the traditional, sentimental things took place: the six bridesmaids and maid-of-honor in pink and apple green tripped tremblingly down the aisle, the tiny, blonde flower girl scattered rose petals to ripples of "ohs" and "ahs," the proud father gave away the blushing bride, sweltering in cherished heavy satin gown with train, the mother of the bride dressed in tan lace and picture hat of horsehair smiled mistily, and soldier-groom in his tailored private's uniform looked "happily expectant" at the altar.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Townshend was unable to attend the wedding because of illness, but Mr. Townshend rose to the occasion at the wedding luncheon with one of his inimitable poems:

Proud boast to be of Jason's crew
And venture forth to find the fleece,
Hanging all golden from the yew
That grew so far from home and Greece,
For he was fortune's favored child,
And was not of the common lot,
Who sailed the sea's mysterious wild
As one of Jason's argonauts.

To seek the fleece and gain a wife
And win again an usurped throne.

In all the varied chance of life
Was ever such a romance known?
Aye, though no dragon's breath we face
Nor seek Medea for a mate,
To live, to love, to find one's place
To daily dice with each one's fate
And faltering not, still run the race,
Is zest for anyone.

(After twenty-five years the obscure allegory of this poem is finally clear!)

The two families had welcomed each other's child warmly after the first shock of the prospect of a young marriage was over. Not to get gooey about it but to demonstrate the tone of welcome and the temper of the times, here are quotations from the cordial exchange of letters:

Practical Harry: With the world changing as it is today, none of us know what tomorrow will bring. It is the very real people who will survive and Deb is a real person. She is my choice and I am hers.

Romantic Deb: I've always heard that this was a big moment in a person's life. To me, it's the greatest ever, and I've never been so happy. I can't see anyone for the pink cloud I'm in. It's funny when you stop to think of the many other couples announcing their engagements and that we are just one of them.

Humorous Hannah: What is this in the offing? Are you going to take 'the awful plunge'? Well, I am glad it is Harry that is to be the victim.

Thoughtful Henry: Both young people have sterling qualities of integrity and honesty. They are sincere, trustworthy and loyal, and with these attributes they should have a happy and prosperous life. We shall be glad to welcome Deb as a daughter, something that Mrs. Townshend has always wanted.

Wise Mathilde: Harry and Doris have a lot to offer one another and there is no reason why their marriage shouldn't be happy. There will be lots of problems to solve the next several years with the world going as it is, but I feel if they put their heads together they will lick each and every one of them. I think young people nowadays have a good foundation to start with and that is, their frankness.

Time out now to catch up briefly with the Biesterfeld history for the sake of the children and grandchildren.

Chester Henry Biesterfeld, B.Ch.E., M.P.L., born in Saginaw, Michigan, October 18, 1888, came of German stock. His grandparents and father (age four) had emigrated from a little town near Hannover in 1853. He worked his way through the University of Michigan, graduating in 1910, whereupon he took a job with the Portland Cement Co. in Kansas. A few years later he entered the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, as a chemist in the Dairy Laboratory. In 1914 Chester became an assistant examiner in the United States Patent Office in Washington, D. C., and the following year he graduated from the University of Georgetown Law School. During World War I, a brief stint in the Army Q.M.C. (commissioned as a second lieutenant) interrupted his career, but afterwards he resumed the government patent work, staying until 1920. A year with the U. S. Rubber Co. in New York City; then Mr. Biesterfeld became associated with the law firm of Prindle, Wright, and Small in New York. In 1926 he accepted a position as head of the Patent Division of the Legal Department of the Du Pont Company in Wilmington, Delaware. A member of the State and Federal bars of New York and Delaware, of the Courts of the District of Columbia, and of the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, he inaugurated a special course on patent law at the University of Delaware and wrote a textbook on patent law.

My father had a sharp legal mind, translated German easily, was an avid reader, and could have qualified as a concert pianist had he continued in that field. "But that's not where the money is," he used to say. He taught piano to all of us children, although only my sister Lenore persevered, becoming an accomplished performer and teacher. He died in Wilmington on July 10, 1951.

Mathilde Katharine Gerber, born April 29, 1897, in St. Louis was also of German descent. Her grandfather was exiled from Sonenberg in the duchy of Meinigen (now a part of East Germany) in 1848 because of inflammatory speeches made by his brother against the government. Theodore von Gerber and his family came to America, sailing up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. Mathilde,

after graduating from high school in Washington, D. C., worked in the passenger department of the Southern Railroad. On August 8, 1917, she and Chester Biesterfeld were married. Three years later they moved to New York City where Elaine Miriam (August 17, 1920 – February 6, 1970) was born. Doris Ellen (born January 4, 1922) and Lenore Marie (born May 27, 1925) followed, both in Mineola, N. Y., and then Marian Lucille (born April 30, 1928) in Wilmington.

An ambitious, self-disciplined man, my father expected a lot of us girls scholastically as we got older, but like a true German he was a fond father when we were young, entertaining us with Grimm's fairy tales, legends of the supernatural, and childish games of competition. My mother, an energetic hausfrau and a solicitous parent saw to it that we girls had ample opportunity to learn "at least a little bit of everything," which meant dancing lessons, music lessons, art, or whatever the inclination. She herself enjoyed and loved opera. The right values of honesty, decency, and kindness were taught by example in our home too.

A more detailed Biesterfeld-Gerber genealogy has been compiled by my mother and is in the keeping of each of us girls.

My twelve years of schooling were at Wilmington Friends School, where I graduated in 1939. My interests were athletics (hockey, basketball, modern dance), writing (poems and short stories), and reading (romantic novels). Summers were spent on the beach at Cape May, N. J., as a youngster, and later at various camps, first as a camper and then as a counselor of dancing and dramatics. With a "B" average in my favor, I entered Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts, to major in child psychology. Extracurricular activities were hockey, basketball, modern dancing, fencing, glee club, and college weekends with the male sex. Incidentally, about the name "Deb", when my trunk arrived at college with the initials D.E.B. on it, my nickname was already a reality.

Having gorged on tons of love stories like *Gone With The Wind*, watched umpteen movie lovers like Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and Errol Flynn and

absorbed a zillion romantic songs like "Night and Day," I waited breathlessly through my college career for Prince Charming to ride up on a white horse, sweep me up into his arms and carry me away to his fairytale castle where we would live happily ever after. It happened just that way, you know.

Which brings us back to the wedding day again.

After a brief nuptial trip, a night and a day at Cape May, N. J., we dug into the formidable tasks ahead: Harry to enter Officer Candidate Training School at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Havre de Grace, Maryland; I to finish college, as promised, with a semester at the University of Pennsylvania during the summer and a final semester at Mount Holyoke. I graduated in December '42 with several other war brides.

The war years settled heavily on the country, affecting young and old, soldier and civilian. The hardest burden lay on the wives and mothers, sweethearts and sisters who waited fearfully for word from their men on the European or Asian fronts. Disruption and separation were commonplace on the home front too, as military camps processed and trained thousands of draftees and recruits. Defense plants ran continuous shifts, night and day. Trains were crowded with stoic-faced, crew-cut G.I.s, sailors, marines, and flyboys en route to their posts. The government was pushing the sale of war bonds. Housewives saved flattened tin cans and rendered fat to bring to the markets, where they were collected for the war effort.

Anxiously, everybody set their radio dials daily to hear the newscasts. Hitler was ranting and raving unintelligibly in long harangues. Even when the German was translated he still sounded like a madman, my father said.

My mother-in-law listened ritually every night to the doleful, doomsday voice of Gabriel Heatter. Confined to the house completely now because of her heart ailment, Hannah was a frail image of her former robust self. But her mind was as lively and sharp as ever. She hated being an invalid, being cut off from all the exciting things she used to be in the middle of. Fretfully at first, then increasingly engrossed, she began writing poetry prolifically. Some

poems were humorous, some sentimental, and many were caustic, decrying the brutal conflict raging overseas.

Cannon Fodder

Does mass production
Make for mass destruction?
Why does it seem that men
Are counted only when
Some hunting despot bugles forth his will
But needs ammunition to bring home his kill?
Ye are of more value than sparrows remember this.
And in your dying agony feel a mother's kiss.

Henry was worried sick about his beloved wife's illness and about his son's tour of duty in the Army. He was concerned about gas rationing, fuel-oil rationing, blue ration points, red ration points, and sugar stamps, about blackout precautions (for he was "block warden"), about bills and taxes, about food shortages and household problems. Just about everything looked grim. He need not have worried about his son, however, and the possibility of his being sent overseas. Second Lieutenant Townshend's job was to travel around the country to the various ordnance depots surveying the facilities for small-arms repair and making recommendations for improvement. He managed to get to New Haven now and then, where I was impatiently awaiting our first child.

Sharon was born on April 29, 1943. Her Daddy was not there to greet her but soon got a special leave and sped home from Chicago. Sharon had the distinction of being acclaimed the Class Baby of 1943, Mount Holyoke College, the first girl born to a member of the graduating class. For quite a while a picture of her, yawning in complete disinterest, was pinned to the bulletin board.

Our little family was at last happily united in a comfortable house in Riverton, New Jersey, across the river from Frankfort Arsenal at Philadelphia, where Harry's next assignment was. But sorrow came to us too. Hannah finally gave up her brave fight and died on February 18, 1944. In a letter to his nephew Raynham, the bereaved husband wrote:

> Never until the very last did she give for a minute, and time after time she would say, 'I will get well, I will get well, and I will not be an invalid,' but the condition (heart) was too much for her, and I have felt it was a foregone conclusion for the last three years.
>
> We laid her away in the Grove Street Cemetery in my lot and now there is nothing for me to do but carry on and keep the traditions and the home fresh for Harry and his family and for you all.

Dad rattled around morosely in the big house on Hillhouse Avenue, alone now except for his faithful help, Libby, Alice, and Julia, who tried to cheer him up. Every chore seemed an insurmountable obstacle. The biggest burden was the selling of Hannah's childhood home and furnishings in Hopedale. The most fitting solution became reality when the Draper Corporation bought the beautiful mansion for use as its guest house. But the furniture and other household trappings were a different and more vexing problem. These were laboriously packed up, hauled to New Haven, and stored in the garage and barn at Townsend Avenue. Since Harry was unable to be home at that time, his father had to select what possessions were worth keeping and to dispose arbitrarily of the rest to the rap of the auctioneer's gavel. A dismal business. Nostalgia was kept at bay only by the annoying details necessary for smooth running of the mammoth auction, held on the place one hot July weekend.

The thought that buoyed Dad up was anticipation of his trip to Clearfield, Utah, to spend Christmas with us.

Transferred to Ogden Arsenal in August of '44, First Lieutenant Townshend was put in charge of major overhaul and maintenance of small-arms materiel with five hundred workers under his supervision. Production jumped one hundred per cent the first month under his direction. Later on he became Captain Townshend, executive officer to Major Walter Bew, who commanded the maintenance division of the arsenal. Upon Major Bew's discharge from the Army, Harry took command of the division.

Army life was not as regimented and dreary as I had thought it might be. Although Harry had "the duty" many weekends and nights, at least he came home most evenings like any proverbial

businessman. It was really quite fun in our own little home, a modest frame house in a new housing development. The neighborhood was friendly and informal, filled with Army, Navy, and Air Corps families and construction workers. We commiserated about the muddy street and the spindly, little tree that each of us houseowners was given to dress up our grassless lawns. In the morning when our husbands had departed for the various depots, we wives would get together to chat over coffee or can fruit and vegetables together or car-pool to go shopping in Ogden. Without a car, the small town of Clearfield was two tiresome miles distant, which I trudged pulling year-old Sharon in a wooden wagon with wooden wheels that squeaked every dusty inch of the way. The local grocery store did not have much variety to offer in the line of meat but rabbit legs and calves' brains could be doctored up acceptably. A lot of people tended victory gardens, little plots of land for city folk to farm on. In Wilmington, my father grew rutabagas, kale, and squash by the gross, much to the groans of the kitchen help, his daughters.

Social life at Ogden Arsenal consisted of parties and dances at the Officers' Club on the base and simple dinners exchanged between friends. Salt Lake City with its beautiful Mormon Tabernacle and museum was not too far for a special day's outing.

The land was a paradise for hunters and fishermen. Harry took every opportunity and every drop of rationed gasoline to go duck and pheasant shooting in the Bear River marshes and to fish in Weber Canyon. There was also the quarter of an elk and a couple of salmon from the State of Washington hanging around for months packed in a snow bank in front of the house.

A happy moment came for us on April 30, 1945, when another darling baby, a "Western cowgirl," was added to the family, Cynthia Bey. (She missed her sister's birthday by fifteen minutes.) Grandpa Townshend wrote: "I don't mind a bit if my Utah grandchild imbibes some of the cordiality and cameraderie of the West. It will be a good antidote to its New England background."

The country between Ogden and Salt Lake City was truly lovely, with endless perspectives of valleys, mountains, and lake, so unlike the short vistas of leafy New England. In the morning through the

east window could be seen the craggy Wasatch mountains catching the sunlight. In the evening the mountains were blocked out by mist, but through the west window one could look at the Great Salt Lake shimmering golden in the sunset. The land around the project was mostly farming, berry fields, fruit orchards, and vegetable gardens. Every evening little Sharon and I would watch from the backyard the farmers with their longhandled spades turn the water into the irrigation ditches. This was novel sight for us Easterners used to frequent rainfall and overabundance of lush vegetation.

And the West *was* cordial, its countenance open in every way from the awe-inspiring mountains to the eye-stretching plains to the faces of the people. It was not difficult to picture a permanent life out here. But now the time to go home approached, and our thoughts were turned eastward to that dearly loved state of little old Connecticut. The war was drawing to a close.

The calendar began to boast important dates in the steady sequence of victory by the allies:

D-Day, June 6, 1944—the dramatic, mind-boggling invasion of Normandy by the Allied Forces under General Eisenhower. The success of Operation Overlord was the turning point of the war.

August 5, 1944—the liberation of Paris.

V-E Day, May 8, 1945—the unconditional surrender of Germany.

August 6, 1945—President Truman announced the dropping of the first atom bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima. For an awe-stricken moment the world stood still.

V-J Day, September 2, 1945—the formal surrender by the Japanese was signed on board the battleship *Missouri.*

World War II had ended.

Was the fighting really over? Was this peace? NOW? I couldn't believe it! The relief was beyond words. Such happy, happy, deep-down, tears-in-the-eyes happiness.

On November 21, 1945, Harry sent his father a telegram, short on words, long on meaning: CAN NOW BE ADDRESSED AS MR. AS OF MONDAY.

There was so much to do to get ready to leave. Harry had to sell the house, while I sold the cut-rate furniture. Household items had

to be packed in barrels by the Army employees. Superfluous clothes were crammed into the trunk, which was then carted to the Ogden railroad freight office. Hard-to-get train reservations were finally confirmed for December 14. There were farewell parties and warm handshakes goodbye. Everyone was excited and keyed up.

"You lucky son-of-a-gun, getting train reservations so quick!" A friend slapped Harry on the back heartily.

Harry beamed smugly. "I want to tell you, they *were* hard to get. But I have them and the tickets are safely in my dress uniform pocket."

"Oh no!" I gasped, my hand to my gaping mouth. "I packed that uniform in the trunk! It's on the way home by now!"

This bit of tragi-comedy was followed by some wild action—a hurried telephone call to the railroad office in Ogden and another to the office in Salt Lake City, a thirty-mile dash on wheels by the white-faced, tight-lipped husband to the Salt Lake freight yards, and a frantic search through stacks of boxes and luggage. Finale: the trunk was found in the nick of time, and the precious tickets retrieved.

December 14 dawned, sniveling and choking with snow, but when we boarded the train that day we could not have cared less. We were bound for Denver, Chicago, New York, and points east. We were going home.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOME AGAIN

AT 35 Hillhouse Avenue the household geared itself to the life returning. Grandpa Townshend eagerly awaited the arrival of his son's family. The children would bring him a renewal of spirit after his wintry loneliness.

In spite of the many rearrangements of routine and rooms in the big formal house to make life safe and convenient for little folk, Henry enjoyed the happy commotion. There were busy sounds in the house now—voices laughing and calling, crying or whining, footsteps hurrying up and down the stairs, doors opening and shutting noisily. And it was good to sit down to dinner and talk with somebody again. "Well, here we all are!" he would say, his eyes alight and a merry grin sneaking out from under his bushy mustache.

Henry's days were still pretty much occupied with the same sort of things he had been doing all his adult life—walking to the law office on Church Street, attending meetings of various community concerns such as Center Church, the New Haven Burial Ground (Grove Street Cemetery), the Building & Lines Commission, and the Union & New Haven Trust Co. He still bent over the microscope, examining his friends the beetles, and he still fussed over his bird paintings. But the heavy lump that had sat in the pit of his stomach ever since Hannah died began to lighten.

The shattered pieces of his wry humor fused into a new wholeness. Even that natural spring of poetry that had welled out rhythmically all through his life but had stopped abruptly on February 18, 1944, started to flow again. The last poem written before his wife's death was a humorous one:

In Memoriam to President Seymour's Cat

Proud mouser of the Royal Manse,
Who deigned to give our humble close
The favor of your haughty glance,
We grieve that your career is closed.
No minion cat
Nor peon dog
We ever saw upset your pose
But always stately and slow
You paced our garden to and fro
In lordly state and circumstance.

No more your tawny fur we see
Glow 'gainst our garden green,
No more the birds in terror flee
Before your kingly mien,
No more your feline enemy
Will meet your scornful glance,
No more will backyard, bush and tree
Be field for your romance.
We found you dead appropriately
(Or possibly by chance)
Under our Dog-wood-Tree.

(President Seymour lived two doors up on Hillhouse Avenue in the old Farnham house.)

Another delightful story of Henry's humor begins with a party invitation. Full of pride and enthusiasm at having his son home again, he planned a big, formal welcoming party. The invitations read:

Mr. Henry Hotchkiss Townshend
requests the pleasure of your company
to meet
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, Jr.
On Wednesday, February 27th
from five to seven

(The party was memorable for the fact that, being a sleety winter evening, the lights suddenly went out. Almost instantly candles appeared, casting romantic shadows upon the affair, which contributed to its success.)

There were a good many invitation cards left, so Henry, thrifty soul that he was, used them for scrap-paper. One day when he looked out of the front window, he spotted a strange car parked in the half-moon parking space in the front of his house. Hastily he grabbed one of the invitations and scrawled on the back of it:

"This is private property! Don't you realize your parking in our driveway causes us great inconvenience? Have you no manners?"

The next day he received a carefully writen reply:

The Blue Chevrolet
regrets exceedingly
that it cannot attend the party
for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Townshend, Jr.
on Wednesday, February 27th
and is extremely sorry to have been so unmannerly
in using the parking space.

Mr. Townshend loved it! He always appreciated a good joke, cleverly done.

Historical writing was the medium in which Henry Townshend really excelled. He was tremendously interested in facts and stories about his home town of New Haven. In 1947 he read a paper entitled "The Grove Street Cemetery" before the New Haven Colony Historical Society. Sounds like a ghastly dull subject, doesn't it? But this historian had a special talent for getting chuckles out of tombstones. With wit and perception, he poked gentle fun at the civic-minded but self-serving "Town-born," who are buried in the sacred plot. Here is a sample from his discourse:

"As a touch of unconscious local humor, New Haven's premier stone cutter and monument builder, John Ritter's habit of signing with pardonable pride examples of his craftsmanship led to the following startling result.

Ann Smith
Born
Died

As designed by John Ritter"

An interesting bit of information, adding to this subject of Grove Street Cemetery, is Mr. Townshend's interpretation of the insect

carved on the Cemetery Chapel. He decided it was a bee, the symbol of immortality and the Type of the Risen Christ used by the early Christian martyrs.

His other efforts in historical research culminated in a pamphlet *New Haven and the First Oil Well* (1934), a lecture on "The Formative Years of New Haven's Public Utilities," given in the Tercentenary Year of 1938 under the auspices of Yale's School of Engineering and published by the New Haven Colony Historical Society in a book *Inventors and Engineers of Old New Haven* (1939), a lecture "John W. Barber (1795–1885) Illustrator, Historian and Engraver" (1946), and a glossary of once-familiar New Haven place names for Rollin G. Osterweis' book *Three Centuries of New Haven* (1953).

While Dad was perking up, Harry was settling down. With Army life behind him and as the head of a family, he had to get cracking on a civilian job. During his tour of duty in Utah, Harry had made friends with a personable young Mormon, Navy Lieutenant Ivan Iverson, who had similar outdoor interests. Together they concocted an idea of opening a sporting goods store in Provo, Utah with Iverson as manager and Townshend as financial backer.

It was great fun to talk about, to speculate on a name for the store, to stock up the imaginary inventory—a fisherman's and hunter's dream. But back east more familiar realities took focus, dimming the dream. The erstwhile Westerner got a position with the Marlin Firearms Co. of New Haven as plant superintendent, where he stayed for seven years. This is not to say that the hunting and fishing ceased. Harry's outdoor habits were already set and well-ingrained. In short, he was hooked on the stuff, so the sporting adventures continued: to the Yukon for Rocky Mountain sheep, to Alaska for bear, to the Housatonic for trout, to Long Island Sound for bluefish. Meanwhile I had my mind on other things, namely, babies.

On May 16, 1948, blond, blue-eyed Charles Hervey Townshend II entered the world, bringing joy to Harry and his harem. There is a secret satisfaction in carrying on the family name that every man feels, and H.H.T., Jr., was no exception. Granddaddy was partic-

ularly content. He spent much time just sitting and beaming at the children as he watched them at play. When five-year-old Hervey, dressed up in a red plaid jacket and short pants, attended the annual Sargent Frolic at Christmas in the Lawn Club, Mr. Townshend, Sr., made no effort to conceal his pride in his grandson. In his mind, the boy had completed the family. When the approach of still another baby was announced at the dinnertable one evening, Dad characteristically shrugged his shoulders and gave a grin of resignation, a look of *Que sera sera.* He had suddenly realized that we intended to have a sizeable brood.

But the house in town, spacious as it was, could not accommodate the growing family comfortably. It was an awkwardly planned house for modern living, too.

Just as Eliza Townsend had reflected long and hard about leaving the old homestead and farm, so Harry, her great-grandson, and I discussed often how it would be to live there permanently. In summer, it was such a chore to move over to Townsend Avenue with the increasing load of cribs and bicycles, clothes and toys, pots and pans, and then move the stuff all back again in the fall. It would be a relief to stay in one place. There were rooms enough for each member of the family and space to spare, Nathan Hale Public School was just four blocks walking distance, and the drive to town was only about fifteen minutes. So the arguments *for* the move went. The only real drawback was the separation from Dad. But he would come over summers, and the two houses were not so terribly far apart for frequent visits in the winter.

Harry was quietly thrilled at the prospect of making the old place his home. His heart had always been there anyhow. Perhaps there is a mystical tie, a ghostly magnetism that connects one to his ancestors!

It was not love at first sight, however, between the house and me. I had not had the background to appreciate Victoriana. Historical architecture and antique furniture did not evoke squeals of delight from me in my youth. Something that was not new was just plain outmoded to my way of thinking. Besides, I was too busy with child-bearing and child-raising. I did not have the time nor interest

to learn about ancient, inanimate objects. But gradually, through osmosis and the tutelage of Dad Townshend, I came to know and love the presence of old things, both seen and unseen.

No special date was noted for the permanent transfer to 709 Townsend Avenue, except that when the family made the annual trek across the harbor in the late spring of 1950, we simply stayed on. Incidentally, Harry (age 30) and I (age 28) and our four children took up residence on the old homestead at much the same time in life as William (age 33), Eliza (age 31), and their four children did.

"Being true to tradition wherever you roam is being true to the spirit and it's like coming home," Hannah had written in a poem. Now it was our turn to strengthen the link in the chain of family tradition. This was in the postwar period when most people were eager to take up where they had left off before the war. Tradition, custom, and established order were still dominant stabilizers in communities.

Each year since 1946 I had been busy replacing some of the worn-out, drab things in the Townsend Avenue home—wallpaper, paint, carpets, and upholstery. Whereas my creative mother-in-law had given the house a major face-lifting, practical "me" had merely bought the "old gal" a new outfit. For the most part I stuck to similar patterns and colors and tried to keep the same gracious atmosphere designed by Mrs. Townshend. The 1858 gold wallpaper in the "Glory Parlor" was retained, patched and pasted down where its antiquity was showing. Hannah's treatment of the south parlor with black paper on its walls and a gold ceiling boldly defied change. The Italian scenic paper in the halls from the 1930 renovation remained intact too, but the wallpaper in the other rooms succumbed to my fancy as the new mistress of the house. Many minor improvements were made in every room for the sake of convenience and cheerfulness. The kitchen received the most attention, with the installation of a new gas stove, modern sink, and cupboards. New linoleum, curtains, and cornices and yellow paint cheered the interior yet maintained the homey setting.

The house received its fair attention but the one major addition

everyone was eager to see that year came into being on November 1, 1950, when "The Townshend Publishing Co. proudly announces a fourth edition, Nancy Ellen," a pretty, dark-haired baby girl.

The seven years between 1946 and 1953 were full, happy ones for our expanding family. Home movies recorded special events, such as Sharon and Cynthia celebrating their double birthdays, Hervey getting his first haircut, and Nancy taking her first step. Activity centered around our home, except for brief trips skiing, hunting, fishing, or visiting relatives and friends. Harry became intensely absorbed in field trials (competitive tests for hunting dogs) and converted the old, narrow barn where his rabbits had been housed into dog pens for his English setters.

As for the general appearance of the estate, not much change took place. The gardenhouse, vacant since Spencer the chauffeur had left, was now being rented to Bill and Cora Williams. (In years to follow, the rentees were the Sherwoods, the Makrianes, the Clewes, the Leonards, and presently the Shattucks.) Harry Weith kept the gardens and grounds in good shape singlehandedly for a while after Herbert Chapin, the old caretaker, died. The little house in back remained unoccupied until Carl Clark and his family moved in. In subsequent years, successive caretakers lived in the place: the Bosleys, the George Tafts, the large Burgess family, and presently Charlie Randall with his wife and three children. After almost fifty years of service to three generations of Townshends, faithful, amiable Harry Weith retired in 1954 due to a heart condition.

Gracious, rather formal living was still the *modus operandi* in the big house, especially when Dad was in residence. It is hard to believe that with a bunch of lively, informal youngsters ricocheting around the eighteen-room, furniture-crammed house any semblance of gracious living could be maintained. But like Swiss watchworks the maids kept the routine running in its proper order.

At precisely 8:00 a.m. Dad's footsteps could be heard coming down the carpeted stairs. Good-mornings were exchanged, then he buried himself in his bowl of cornflakes and the newspaper. Quiet housework, dusting and mopping, polishing and carpetsweeping,

carried the morning along until noon, when the table was set again with china and silver and linen napkins for a light midday meal. "Rest hour" had the sweet sound of silence about it, when the children were closeted in their rooms and the maids retired upstairs for a couple of hours. By four o'clock Julia, the cook, was in the kitchen again putting the kettle on for tea, while the help gathered around the kitchen table to indulge in that venerable British custom. Dinner was a pleasant ritual of good food and conversation. The children added their noteworthy happenings in a kind of contrapuntal fashion to the more serious strains of the adults. In the evening Alice, the downstairs girl, drew the shades and turned on the lamps, while Florence, the upstairs girl, turned down the beds and laid out the nightclothes. (Our mode of living has certainly changed since those days!)

It was a busy, complicated household to manage and at times I felt like the traffic director at Grand Central Station. But in spite of many household and family duties, I managed to scrape together some time for myself to take modern dance, teach Sunday School, do P.T.A. work and join the Junior League, an organization that teaches young women to become responsible members of their community. In the tradition of all good feminists, such as Hannah Townshend, I believed it important to keep my own identity! Aside from the paramount priority of homelife, I felt that it was essential to create and to participate in the life of the times.

In 1952 Harry left Marlin Firearms Co. to set up his own manufacturing concern, the J. T. Henry Co., located at 2317 Whitney Avenue in Hamden. He had bought the building and patent rights for the garden tools from the former owners, but he also wanted to expand a line of children's toys (diminutive kitchen furniture), which he had already initiated as president of the Meridan Industries Co. The latter company was also producing fuses for artillery ammunition and trench shovels for use in the Korean War. In time the J. T. Henry Co. went into a line of power tools for the pruning of trees and for installing pressure connectors and wire-cutting, used by the public utilities companies.

While Harry and I were engaged in our own concerns, Dad con-

tinued to follow his favorite pasttimes. Although he was now in his late seventies, he still took long walks in field and woods in search of new beetles to add to his collection. He often complained about not being able to get around the way he used to, a remark that amused us who hoped to be as vigorous as he when we were septuagenarians.

In truth, Dad thought that age was no deterrent to the enjoyment of living, and he liked to quote the phrase: "Come grow old along with me, the best of life is yet to be." He relished the companionship of his old friends, who unfortunately were dropping off like withered leaves in an autumn wind. Yale College reunions in June provided the opportunity to see his old classmates again. In 1952, at his Fiftieth Class Reunion, Dad gave a grand party at the Hillhouse Avenue house and arranged for a photographer to capture the debonairness of the old-timers in a class picture. This occasion was too momentous for his sentimental soul not to compose an appropriate poem:

> We are the winnowings of the years,
> No chaff, by wanton winds dispersed
> But kernals, ripened by the smiles and tears
> That five and fifty years have nursed,
> The remnants of a harvest that was sown
> In fertile ground we thought to be our own
> In those fair days of promise long ago,
> Now ready for time's granary;
> No withered husks does age bestow
> As tokens of the life to grow
> And flourish, as the years relentless flow
> But potent seeds, source of the future's history.

In former years travel had excited Dad's interest, but now, like an old dog who has run his race and is content to dream by the fire, he stayed near home, making books and letters his travelogue. He still corresponded with Lady Agnes Durham in Norfolk, England. She wrote back that her nephew George, now the Marquess Townshend, was married and had a son and two daughters.

> They have managed to put back one half of the [Raynham] Hall into its original beauty, but it will take a long time before they can afford to do the rest. The troops [English] did a lot of damage such as chipping marble from the chimney pieces, and they even set fire to the house. Luckily, it was discovered before much harm was done, but a very valuable looking-glass was smashed to pieces.
>
> George has entirely taken up farming and has brought a herd of beautiful cattle from Scotland. The cost is enormous but in a few years there should be a good profit. He is also a strong Conservative and has made one or two good speeches in the House of Lords.

So the years flowed smoothly and pleasantly by. It seemed there could be no rent in the fine fabric of our lives. But there is always an end, as there is a beginning and a middle.

During the frigid rainy Christmas season of '52, Dad decided to take a walk on Totoket Mountain, along Saul's Path. The bad weather and strenuous exercise proved too much for him and he came down with a severe cold, subsequently contracting pneumonia. For several months he lay in an oxygen tent in the hospital, struggling for a hold on life. Emphysema complicated the condition. In April he persuaded the doctors to let him come home to Hillhouse Avenue. Even the round-the-clock nurses and the omnipresent oxygen tanks did not seem so alien in his own bedroom amid familiar belongings. But the last chapter of his life was coming to a close.

On Mother's Day, May 10, 1953, Henry Townshend departed to join the ranks of his ancestors.

The *Register* editorialized:

> The passing of Henry H. Townshend takes from New Haven the services of one of its respected elder citizens . . . . The things he did, he did well with great sincerity of purpose . . . . He not only lived with history but had a part in its make-up to the end that he handed down something of its rich flavor to those who will come after him. In departing he thus leaves to his family, to his friends, and to his city something of himself—a rich heritage.

The *Journal-Courier*'s editorial commented on "the long life of this native son lived in unselfish devotion to the community good."

The directors of the Union & New Haven Trust Co., at a meeting held May 25, 1953, passed a beautiful resolution that follows in full:

> The Directors of The Union & New Haven Trust Company, mourning the passing of HENRY H. TOWNSHEND, wish to place on record their tribute to him as an honored member of the community and a cherished associate.
>
> In the finest sense of the term Henry H. Townshend was a New England gentleman. During all the years of his life he was true to his origin and culture. It may be said of him that he kept faith with that ancestor of his who landed at Plymouth Rock, and with all the generations that followed. He never made compromise with the Puritan traditions of intellectual integrity and moral and spiritual elevation.
>
> His attainments were many and varied. To other and appropriate groups we leave the privilege of recounting his achievements in their particular fields and of describing the qualities that gave him distinction in each. They will tell of him as a lawyer with a scholar's grasp of legal principles, as a discerning historian, as a student of finance, as a naturalist of recognized authority, and above all else as a humanitarian with deep concern for all fellows of whatever degree or station.
>
> To us is given the privilege of recording the gratitude deeply felt by this institution for the devotion he gave to it for a period of more than forty-eight years. Those who have sat with him at the council table will always cherish the memory of the qualities he brought to every important discussion—the clarity of his reasoning, his absolute candor, the courageous independence of his conclusions. And, withal, how kind he was, how ready with the humorous turn!
>
> With appreciation for all he did and in affection for all he was, we order that this minute be inscribed upon our permanent records and a copy be sent, with our sympathy, to his son.

The eulogies were completed, the solemn funeral and burial services over, the sympathy notes answered. A life was finished. But death never leaves a clean wake. The flotsam and jetsam of a lifetime must be collected and disposed of. Repeating the enormous task his father had undertaken nine years before with the Hopedale property, Harry now had to concentrate on the selling of the hundred-sixteen-year-old house on Hillhouse Avenue, which he even-

tually did to Yale University, and on dealing with the furniture, etc., which he managed to have auctioned off on the grounds that August.

The *Register* commented on "the somber implications" in a Sunday Magazine article: "the passing of one of New Haven's most impressive old homes, the end of a prominent family's association with a famous street, and the deepening twilight of the street itself as a residential avenue."

In his will, Dad left the homestead on Townsend Avenue and the eight acres around it to Harry, as well as his half of the some sixty acres of farmland and woods. Raynham, Jr., and Juliet had already inherited the other half from their father.

More significant than any inherited land or money were the other legacies Dad left. Like the Last Will and Testament of a graduating class, Dad had bequeathed, albeit unconsciously, to his son his talent for painting. Watercolor had always been his medium; however, shortly before he became ill, he had begun an oil painting of ducks floating on New Haven harbor. When Dad put his brush and palette down forever, Harry took them up, finished the seascape, and thus started a new hobby that has given him much pleasure over the years.

To me, his daughter-in-law, Dad bequeathed his keen interest in local history. To both of us and to his grandchildren, there was the legacy of an intense love of nature.

How can anyone say the spirit dies with the body? The torch of enlightenment is passed from father to son, from generation to generation through the spirit. The great hope is that the light will be unfaltering and ever brighter.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE NEXT GENERATION

SADNESS and gloom can never prevail long in a house where children are. Especially if another baby is eagerly expected. During the hot summer months when I was toiling over the selection and transfer of furniture from Hillhouse Avenue to Townsend Avenue and vice versa, packing the best dishes away in barrels for the future households of the children, weeding out the interminable books in the stifling attic, I thought constantly of the old life that had passed and the new life that was to come. It, or rather *he*, came on October 3, 1953—Timothy Kneeland, a healthy, active boy of ten pounds.

Now the family was accomplished. The next generation of Townshends was all present and accounted for.

With Dad gone and the home on Hillhouse Avenue sold, there was no longer any division of loyalty for Harry. He became more and more engrossed in the affairs of what was now truly his own neighborhood, the Annex. The Fairmount Association appointed him a police commissioner, complete with badge. This was serious business, a responsibility that the new commissioner undertook with ready courage and dedication. Yet to hear Harry tell it, one would never think the risky raids on bookie joints he took part in were anything but slapstick comedies. But Harry is known for his ability to tell tall stories with colorful exaggerations. It makes for good listening!

Being involved successfully in local ward government led inevitably to a call to higher positions. In 1957 Harry flung his hat into the political arena as Republican candidate for alderman of the

32nd Ward, only to get it trampled on. This was during the endless era when Mayor Richard C. Lee consistently swept city elections. The Republicans in the Annex went down to defeat by a mere two hundred fifty-six votes. "Next time we'll win. Just wait until 1959!" vowed Harry's undaunted campaign team. Win they did in '59, and what a party was held that night! In January, Henry H. Townshend, Jr., was duly sworn in as alderman. As a city legislator he was glad to have a handy soapbox from which to express his views. His aldermanic duties were something else! If it rained, there were calls about clogged sewers; if it snowed, the callers fretted about unplowed streets. In the summer, the residents demanded mosquito control, and there were always requests to fix street lights. One morning a woman called to complain about some hungry pigeons eating her newly seeded lawn! Oh well, to the victor belongs the spoils *and* the spoilage.

Whether it was Harry's championing of the rights of the ward against the city in a sewer assessment that year or whether it was helping to fight the powerful Democrats in New Haven and Hartford who wanted to do away with the special status of the Annex (which they succeeded in doing) cannot be pinpointed, but from then on his reputation as a scrapper for fair play was made.

Politics had always intrigued both of us. I remember as a wide-eyed kid going with my mother to a Republican rally in Wilmington for "sunflower" Alf Landon and singing hopefully along with the crowd, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile." Then there was the time at college when I and some other girlish idealists staged a torchlight parade on campus with marching band and placards boosting "One World" Wendell Willkie for President. Then there was Dewey. All the Republican candidates were negated dismally by Roosevelt and Roosevelt and Roosevelt and Roosevelt. (Maybe F.D.R. with his W.P.A. and N.R.A. won all those times because no one liked the initials H.H., A.M.L., W.L.W., or T.E.D.) Finally there was Eisenhower. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the conqueror and the promoter of peace, "Ike" the popular "father image," became the Republican candidate in the 1952 campaign.

With this happy turn of events, Harry and I caught the political fever for real and worked tirelessly for every GOP happening that was scheduled: card parties, coffee klatsches, teas, doughnut-and-cider rallies, cake sales, chicken dinners, and so on. It seemed, at times, that the way to a voter's heart was through his stomach! Of course, along with this political menu came the price tag, so we intrepid elephant-tenders tiredly sold tickets for raffles, knocked on doors, rang telephones, and sent letters asking for contributions.

More specifically, Harry was co-chairman of the exciting motorcade downtown when GOP candidate Eisenhower toured the city. Sharon and Cynthia, with other Republican offspring, led the parade on their decorated bikes. Everything suddenly was worth the effort when the votes started mounting up on election night for Eisenhower, culminating in a tremendous landslide victory.

All of this arduous political exercise was just good training for the really big push in 1961 when Alderman Townshend ran for Mayor of the City of New Haven. But that traumatic episode comes a bit later. First there are things to tell about on the farm in those intervening years.

Although the Townsend Avenue property had no longer truly been a farm since Hannah had upgraded the important views into a formal "estate," still the hay fields and small orchards, the grape arbor and vegetable plot and the barns gave it a farm-like appearance in the back. And now that animal lover Harry was lord and master, the farmyard took precedence over everything else. While I was raising children, he bred dogs and horses, game birds and other livestock. Naturally our mutual charges soon got together and for Sharon, Cynthia, Hervey, Nancy, and Tim, there was hardly an animal they could name that had not been a pet at one time or another. Starting with the lowest order, there were goldfish, turtles, a chameleon, two parakeets, white mice and guinea pigs, a squirrel, two racoons, a spider monkey, a Dutch rabbit, two goats, Desdemona the cow, assorted cats with Taffy the queen of the crop, and a line of dachshunds, Amos, Andy, Schultz, and sweet Willie, the alltime favorite. The only domestic animals lacking in this Noah's Ark were sheep and pigs. The horses were used most often for

Harry's field trials, but everybody had a ride on Babe, replaced by one-eyed Dan and Lady Louise, whose colt Dixie eventually produced the filly Missy, who is the present barnyard occupant along with old Dan.

The children were growing up in the twentieth century against a nineteenth-century Currier & Ives setting.

Holidays were celebrated in the traditional manner passed down by custom and classic stories, a mixture of ingenuous German folklore and hearty Dickens-ism. At Christmas the tall spruce tree in the north parlor was decorated with popcorn and cranberry necklaces, and the halls were decked with boughs of holly. Frosty Halloween night was almost as exciting as Christmas, with a big jack-o'-lantern in the window and goblins and ghosties scampering through the dark to ring doorbells for a trick or treat. The youngest Townshend started costuming with a Scotch outfit, then a tiger suit, then a gypsy or ragged bum, and gradually worked up to the horrible of horribles, a skeleton or witch.

Easter was hunting for colored eggs, stuffing on chocolate bunnies, and attending services at Center Church. Valentine's Day was a fancy mailbox in the hall for dropping in homemade "Valenhearts" to the members of the family. Fourth of July was safe-but-pretty sparklers and Roman candles and perhaps an evening visit to view an organized fireworks display. On April Fool's Day the children got up early to try to pull tricks on cagey old Daddy. After realizing that transferring salt into the sugar-bowl or gasping, "What's that on your back?!" was not sophisticated enough for him, they changed their tactics to setting clocks back, weaving cobwebs of black thread across doorways, and substituting hot prune juice for coffee, which invariably brought gratifying results.

Thanksgiving, the national family affair, had a special tradition in the Townshend house. A set of heirloom gray-and-white plates was always used at the midday feast and at no other time (mostly because it was cumbersome, ugly, and on the top shelf). Another ancient tradition was this: after the dinner was finished, the youngest member present was supposed to crawl down the middle of the table, for what reason no one knew. One time when it was tried, it

turned into a disaster of spilled milk and scrambled plates. End of tradition.

Who can sing the song of childhood? A time of flying kites in a contrary March wind, skating on bumpy ice in a backyard pond, mashing snow together to make a funny-looking snowman, raking leathery oak leaves into a pile and jumping in knees first, swimming in the seaweedy sound at Alexander's Beach or Lighthouse Point, watching for skunk cabbage to poke its purple tongue through the banks of the little stream near the woods. All these images and many more are the storybook pages of the children's youth, to recall with nostalgia.

The Townshend tribe often accompanied their father to field trials and heard the hoarse shouts of dog trainers in the field, saw the sweaty horses gallop to a "point," knew what "stand to flush" and "steady to shot and wing" meant. Of course, there were childish squabbles in the car going to and from Enfield, where the trials were held, and dirty faces, sticky hands, and torn jeans to show for the trip, but the sum and substance was of value.

If any descriptive label could be applied to the family it would be "nature lovers." In 1956, when Harry and four sportsmen friends bought a fifteen-hundred acre farm in Pomfret, Connecticut, to develop as a game preserve, we all reveled in the purchase. Everyone rolled up his dungarees and set to clearing trails, building dams to make fish ponds, choosing picnic sites, and exploring the wilderness.

Looking back, one can say, "Those were the full years." For the children, in school and out, there was much to occupy them. There were piano and dancing lessons, Brownies and Cub Scouts, Menungatuck Day Camp at Sachem's Head, Buddy Erich's Day Camp near Mansfield's Grove, and later, overnight camps in Maine—Ettowah for the boys and Mudjekeewis for the girls. In the neighborhood there was constant play activity with their friends, Gloria Catania, Kathy Scholl, Ray and Gregory Hryb, Phil Gillig, the twins Sandy and Sue Myers, Dickie Taft, Peter Ruffone, Johnny Esposito, and the Lawson boys, to name a few.

The kids were all over the place, "upstairs and downstairs and

in my Lady's chamber," climbing to the tower, racing to the cellar, out to the clubhouse, bouncing in the hayloft, in the flower beds and apple trees, and then tramping into the kitchen to get a fistful of tollhouse cookies from "Aloo" the cook. (When Dad died, old Julia had retired and Alice Reynolds had left to become Mrs. James Brehm. "Aloo," or Alice Boyce, came when Nancy was a two-month-old baby and has been with the family ever since. Generations of Townshends have been blessed through the years with devoted help, whom they have regarded with great affection.)

Number 709 Townsend Avenue buzzed with vitality in the 1950s but, as Shakespeare has written: "The world is too much with us." That world of the Fifties is still too close with too many things crowded into the years for me to get a good perspective. It must be left to some later generation to mull over scrapbooks and diaries and annual Christmas letters and come up with a chapter on this last half of the twentieth century. Moving quickly now, trying to stick to the bare facts concerning the land and the family, we continue.

In 1958 Sharon entered Hamden Hall Country Day School, the middle children all moved up a grade in Nathan Hale School, and Timmy entered kindergarten there.

With all the children at last in school, there was a brief moment when I wondered what I would do with myself. No radical change occurred, however. The community activity just accelerated—Junior League President, New Haven P.T.A. Council President, Religious Education Committee member and Bazaar chairman at Center Church, co-chairman of the Junior League Children's Fair—and, most challenging of all, in 1959 I began collecting material for a history of the Townshends and their land.

Living in the one-hundred-fifty-five-year-old house amid the trappings and lore of another era I began to feel the presence of those others whose home this had been. The spirit of those men and women reached out through the long corridors of the years and spoke of what they were, what they had done, and the way it was in this place in their time.

Harry's commitments kept pace with his interests too, resulting

in his election as President of the New England Field Trial Association and then President of the National Amateur Field Trials Clubs of America. He had sold his factory in Hamden, though maintaining an office there, and was concentrating more on real estate, banking responsibilities, and community projects. In short, he was "a man of affairs," an apt phrase used a hundred years ago to describe a man with multiple talents and pursuits.

The year 1960–1961 was an outstanding one for the entire family. Harry and I and our five children (ages seven to seventeen) journeyed across the country from Atlantic Ocean to Pacific Ocean, stopping to camp along the way in national parks and to view the natural phenomena in the beautiful Rocky-Mountain West. Arriving home in late summer, we learned through the American Field Service that a French student, Jean Guibert, would be staying with our family for his senior year at Hamden Hall. What a delight to see the American way of life freshly through foreign eyes! In writing a letter of welcome to the new "oldest son," I introduced the rest of the family to him. This description is included here for the future interest of the family.

> Sharon is the tall, willowy type with light brown hair, hazel eyes, and a graceful manner. Her gentle ways and quiet observation of things around her give the impression of an inner calm; however, she can be quite talkative according to her mood. Her interests are many and varied, but the chief one is any work with her hands—sewing, painting, or any artistic project. In school Sharon takes part in the Student Council, cheerleading, basketball, and she is usually decorations chairman for dances. She is very active in the youth group of Center Church, particularly the Rhythmic Choir. Sharon has always been a dutiful child and now, as she grows in maturity, she shows character traits of responsibility, loyalty, and an appealing responsiveness.
>
> Cynthia has been at Hamden Hall one year now and has plunged into both homework and extracurricular activities with the same fresh vigor and enthusiasm that has always been characteristic of her. A blonde with a ready smile and blue eyes that can only be described as "dancing," Cynthia is the merry one of the family and a bit of a tease. She likes people and is not happy alone too long. She is a volatile cheerleader with lots of school spirit. Her hobbies

are piano, horseback riding, skiing, and skating. Under the "fun and frolic," Cynthia is a kind and sensitive person.

Hervey had a rough time for a while with two older sisters to tease him, but he gained in self-confidence as he gained in stature. His hair and eyebrows are quite blond and with his blue eyes, he looks most like Cynthia. Fishing, hunting, swimming, football—almost all sports appeal to him and he seems to excel in them as a natural athlete. Hervey is a person who perseveres with a methodical patience. Perhaps that is why he enjoys putting models together. He is a gregarious boy and enjoys organizing his friends in various pastimes. Well-liked by all who know him, Hervey has qualities of leadership. He has his moments of earnestness and will do almost any job for money.

Nancy is a pretty, feminine little girl with long brown hair and hazel eyes. It has been said that she lookes most like Sharon. She is somewhat the "little girl with the curl right in the middle of her forehead"—when she is good, she is a joy, a busy "housewife," a fun-loving companion with a delicious giggle and an enthusiastic learner. When she is bad—well! She is like a little magpie. Nancy shows an aptitude for the piano and singing. But best of all she likes to play dolls and this she prefers to do alone, although she is very fond of her particular playmates. A practical person, Nancy wants everything to go as planned. She likes to talk about the day's events and to make plans for the next day. Honesty, sensitivity and determination combine to make Nancy an interesting person.

Timothy is probably spoiled, being the youngest member in the family, but he is a lovable and loving child, perhaps too dependent on his mother but beginning to grow up now. He is tall for his age with a wiry body and an impish grin, enhanced by two missing front teeth and enormous hazel eyes. Tim is extremely active, arising at 6:30 a.m. to stoke up with cereal and then on to play blocks or tease the cat and dog. Best of all, he likes rough-and-tumble play. The more racing, sliding down the bannister and "gun shooting" the better with a gang of noisy friends. Yet he displays a quiet endurance when he is walking in the woods or helping his father with a long, tiring job. Tim has good reasoning and accurate insight into things.

Then came the fall of '61 and along with "frost on the pumpkin and fodder in the shock" were candidates on the ticket and voters in the booth.

Mayor Lee's popularity seemed to be waning with his redevelopment program dragging its feet. The "big hole" at Church and Chapel, where the Gamble-Desmond Co. building used to be, was a mute reminder of the lack of progress. Even Lee's stock-in-trade, the glossy pamphlets boasting of future grandiose projects, did not seem to excite the jaded populace. The Republicans, capitalizing on the mood of discontent, put up scrapper Harry Townshend as their choice for mayor. A ripsnorting campaign got underway with charges and counter-charges flung back and forth. The climax came a few days before election day when steamed-up Harry mounted his campaign truck at Church and Chapel and gathered a crowd around him. Pointing to the big hole he harangued the Democrats for the wasteland in the city and for the lethargy of the Redevelopment Agency. Some people were convinced. Some were not. Final election results gave Dick Lee a shaky vote of confidence to run the city for another two years. He had won by less than four thousand votes out of 56,161 votes cast.

You would have thought the Republicans had won, such was their jubilant mood at the close outcome of the election. Four wards had switched to the GOP, now swelling the minority party voices in the Aldermanic Chambers to ten. This giant step was the first on the road to Republican victory in '63, so they thought. Everyone was pleased with the results. Everyone, that is, except for Lee's somewhat crestfallen team who had expected a whopping triumph to boost their hero to bigger and better political office.

A "funny" thing happened right after the election. Suddenly the land immediately to the south of the Townshend estate (Munro's Greenhouse property, then up for sale) and the Townshend field between the house and the Munro property line were urgently needed for a new public school. (This, in spite of the fact that Nathan Hale grammar school was just four blocks distant.) The boundary line for the proposed school site was supposed to run right through the caretaker's house. Harry now had another fight on his hands, but he was not alone in the struggle. Protests from many quarters finally influenced the Board of Education and the city administration to abandon their ill-conceived plan. Shortly af-

terwards, the New Haven Preservation Trust tacked its plaque on the big, front door of the old homestead. The inscription read: "A New Haven Landmark."

Once more the land takes center stage. The last few chapters have dealt largely with people and events. It is time to pause for another and final look at the land—the erstwhile Indian reservation, farm, country estate, and now suburban residence. How has it changed since 1925 when the immense tract of Townshend land was sold for real estate? And what additions or alterations have taken place in the surrounding area during those thirty-five years and up to the present date?

It has already been noted that the pattern and complexion of the original Townshend tract had varied over the century. The size of the green open spaces was dwindling too. The next big hunk of land to be sliced off was on the north boundary. High assessments for the installation of sewers in the 32nd Ward forced co-owners Harry, Raynham, and Juliet to reappraise their holdings. In 1959 they decided to sell a narrow strip of land approximately eight acres to a developer, Dick Turcio, who surveyed a road, marked off lots, built attractive houses, and called the place Tuttle Street Extension. The neighborhood soon swelled with twenty more families.

The two lots across the street at Townsend Avenue and Raynham Road had always been kept vacant to improve the harbor view from the Townshend house. Now they too were finally sold: the north lot in 1960 to Nicholas Perrelli, who built directly on the foundations of the old Joseph Tuttle farmhouse, and the south lot in 1969 to Louis Mauriello.

William K. Townsend's original property of one hundred and sixty acres was shrinking like a pond in summer.

Progress with its steam-shovel mouth was gnawing at the east side of the woods. New settlers made their homes there on Laura Lane. To the south of the property, on Ed Munro's former land, a new street was located, with houses and lawns quickly established. The back yards of Townsend Terrace merged gracefully with the hayfields of the old farm.

Now let's make a tour of the neighborhood from this point heading south on Townsend Avenue, keeping in mind the time period from 1925 to the present.

Munro's greenhouses are gone, the Mitchell-Kimberly estate has been converted to residences along Hall Street, the former Slocombe gardens at the corner of Fort Hale Road are occupied by homes, and the former Seipold farm is divided by Girard Avenue and Ley Street and covered with houses. Across from Girard Avenue, on Townsend Avenue, is Nathan Hale School, a large brick building constructed in 1925.

We continue down the hill to Fort Nathan Hale Park, where new duplex apartments are in evidence on the site of the old trolley barn. In the park itself, the U. S. Naval Reserve Training Center has been erected (1948) on the federally-owned shore land. The most recent addition (1970) to the government complex is the U. S. Coast Guard Station.

The old Civil War fort, with its earth-covered fortifications angling out into the harbor, is still a shambles of broken cement, decaying ramparts, and debris. The moat around the fort is filled with ugly rubbish and its banks are slowly slipping into the putrid water. But there is hope for the resurrection of this historic military post. An organization called the Fort Nathan Hale Restoration Projects, Inc., led by young Leonard Adams, has begun action. With the cooperation of the City Park Department, the group has cleared away much of the tangled undergrowth and is seeking a matching grant from Washington in order to rehabilitate the bomb proofs and to return the fort to its 1863 state. Thereafter it will be an invaluable attraction for tourists, historians, and schoolchildren.

But let's move on. Our walk takes us along Woodward Avenue now, alongside of the pampas-grass wilderness of East Shore Park. The trolley tracks have been paved over and Raynham Station is a thing of the past. George Townsend's water-lily pond just off Woodward Avenue, where the children used to skate in the winter, has fallen victim to the Park Department's war on mosquitoes. It was drained several years ago and is now just a grassy dell. The so-called East Shore Park, deeded to the city more than forty years

ago, has yet to become a reality. True, there are some recreational facilities lining the perimeter: the McGowan Little League fields, a basketball court, a tennis court, and an ice rink, the latter now under construction.

Farther along the road, the Annex Y.M.A. building (1947) is a new addition. The long stretch of fields on the east side of Woodward Avenue has given room to a long line of houses. We cross over the Connecticut Turnpike (1952), pass gaudy "Gas Station Crossroads," better known as Granniss Corner, and climb the hill to the old Kendall place. The brownstone mansion has been torn down, but one can visualize the judicious design of the luxurious estate on the fourteen-acre tract.

Mr. Nathaniel Kendall had built it in 1896 and lived there with his family until his death. In 1944 Edward Trejsner bought the property and transformed the twenty-three-room house into an elegant restaurant, aptly named "The Castle." For some reason the business did not succeed, and the place was sold to The House of Prayer for All People, Inc., 78 Dixwell Avenue, to be used as a home for Bishop Charles M. Grace, leader of the nationwide House of Prayer Congregations, when he visited in New Haven. As far as is known, "Daddy" Grace never occupied his grand establishment. Some years later, after his death, the property was sold and the house was demolished. The present owner of the property is the Black Rock Realty Co., a holding company for the Connecticut Light and Power Co.

The view of the harbor and the city from the hill is still a pleasant one in spite of the big oil tanks at the water's edge. Koppers Coke Co.'s tall black buildings are no longer a visual detriment, having been taken down in 1968. The once familiar mushroom cloud of steam that for many years was emitted from the chimney with clocklike regularity is a thing of the past. A legal fight is now in progress to keep the United Illuminating Co. from erecting power lines along the harbor to the Koppers Coke site, where a power plant is being planned, and thence northward across the old Kendall estate.

Back down the hill we trudge, past St. Andrew's Church at Four

Corners, recrossing the turnpike bridge at Townsend Avenue, and proceeding southward again. After we go by the sandstone gate-pillars and greenery of Fort Wooster Park, we come to the lovely Marlin estate, 911 Townsend Avenue. Here a "For Sale" sign predicts future change. Mrs. Janet R. Marlin, the last direct descendant of the Marlin family, founders of the Marlin Firearms Co. of New Haven, died in the summer of 1969. The place could be converted into a rest home or a private school or clubhouse, but it probably will be broken up into lots, a street put through, and another housing development stationed on the grassy heights. As for the rest of Townsend Avenue, every vacant lot is now occupied by a home.

Actually the Annex area has stayed reasonably stable over the past half-century, retaining its desirable residential quality. Population is presently five thousand in the new 15th Ward, whose boundaries are roughly Forbes Avenue on the north, Massachusetts Avenue and Burr Street on the east, Townsend Terrace and Hervey Street on the south, and the harbor shore on the west.

One significant addition did affect the area when the New Haven Municipal Airport was constructed in 1931. The two-hundred-twenty-acre site was bought from the Twiss estate for $65,000, with the City of New Haven furnishing all the funds to develop the airport ($475,000). The boggy land and unsightly pig farms were smoothed away to make the runways, bounded in part by Burr Street, New Haven, and Dodge Avenue, East Haven, and a terminal was erected. "Considered to be one of the finest turf airports in the nation," Tweed-New Haven airport was dedicated and opened for use on September 29, 1931. Mayor Thomas A. Tully appointed John H. Tweed as the airport's first manager.

Now combined with the whish of automobile traffic on Townsend Avenue, the throaty honk of boat horns in the harbor, and the distant wail of train whistles on the far shore is the dull roar of airplane motors and the whine of turbo-props.

Let's board one of those little Piper Cubs and take off into the air for a bird's-eye view of the east shore of New Haven harbor.

The gray waters of the sound look like hammered pewter on this cloudy day. Tiny whitecaps lace the surface and ermine streamers

trail behind the miniature boats below. The old Lighthouse, a blind sentinel now, stands erect at the entrance to the harbor. The myriad towers of New Haven rise above the bushy treetops in uneven array. Smoke feathers from the tallest stacks and slowly smudges eastward. Far below, miniscule cars staccato the white highways that bracelet the city. As far as the eye can see, there are buildings, high and low, big and small, among the froth of foliage. On the east shore the Townshend property appears as an island of green in a sea of houses.

If John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton could sail up the harbor today and see the heavily populated shores, where before the wilderness plain of salt marshes, meadowland, and thick forests stretched, would they be overjoyed, dismayed, or completely awestricken? One wonders.

However, the present calls us. The new generation beckons. As Longfellow wrote:

> Ye are better than all the ballads
> That ever were sung or said
> For ye are living poems
> And all the rest are dead.

In 1963 Sharon, a student at Syracuse University, School of Fine Arts, married Allen Nelson of New Haven. The marriage terminated after two years. Sharon graduated in '65 from Syracuse and continued her education at Wesleyan University, gaining her M.A.T. in art. On October 14, 1967, Sharon was married to John Ventimiglia of Skaneateles, New York. John, also a graduate of Syracuse University and of Maryland Institute of Art, is a sculptor. Timothy William Ventimiglia, was born to them on January 29, 1969. They are presently living at Sebago Lake, Maine, both pursuing their art work.

Daughter number two, Cynthia, after graduation from Hamden Hall, entered Colorado University, where she was a member of Silver and Gold, a freshman honorary. On March 27, 1965, she married Joseph Brant of Hamilton, Ohio, a third-year student at the Ohio State University College of Dentistry. Cynthia's checkered

college career was continued at Ohio State and Miami University (Ohio) until it was interrupted by the arrival of Heidi Alisa Brant, born on November 11, 1966. Jennifer Rebecca Brant followed on May 12, 1968, and Joshua Joseph Brant on May 21, 1970. The family has been on the move from Connecticut to Ohio, where Dr. Brant now conducts his dental practice.

In June of 1966 Charles Hervey Townshend II received his diploma from Hopkins Grammar School, the sixth generation of the family to do so. In his high-school years, Hervey was a varsity letter man in football, swimming, and track, and won the Mario Scotti award for the outstanding lineman. He was also co-president of the ham radio club. Gettysburg College accepted him and he entered that fall to major in business administration. After a temporary interruption, taken at Mitchell College, he graduated from Gettysburg in December of 1970 with army duty staring him in the face.

Nancy finished her secondary education at Hamden Hall in 1968. Her achievements were: recipient of the Senior Art Prize (like sister Sharon), captain of cheerleaders, newspaper assistant editor, freshman class president, member of modern dance group, and a "*Register* Youth of the Year." She became a freshman at Illinois Wesleyan University but transferred the following year to Connecticut College, where she is in the class of '72. Art is her major course of studies.

Timothy left Nathan Hale Public School to attend Rectory School in Pomfret, Connecticut. Upon completing the junior-high course there, he entered Avon Old Farms School in Connecticut, where he is on the honor roll. He is on the varsity wrestling and soccer teams, and is vice-president of the Nimrod Club (nature activities) and a member of the photography club. In 1971 he won the Connecticut and New England wrestling championships (177 lb. class).

All of the girls were presented to society at the New Haven Assembly in December of their freshman year at college.

During all the above important happenings, two other events stood out as major ones for the family—the purchase in 1963 of a

ranch of one hundred sixty acres in Montana, along the West Fork of the Madison River, and a trip to Europe in 1964.

For a bunch of enthusiastic naturalists and sportsmen like the Townshends, the ranch became the "Happy Hunting Grounds," a place just short of heaven. Its own special therapy of mountains and fresh air, fishing and hiking, helped a lot when Harry ran a second time for Mayor of New Haven in the fall of '63 and was defeated again, this time by a discouraging 11,345 votes. Any thought of a career as an elected official was considerably diminished at that point. Harry continued as chairman of the 32nd Ward Republican Committee for a few years but then gradually disengaged himself from political activities. His daily interests and concerns turned more and more to outdoor projects with summers at the ranch becoming the happiest period of each year.

The nine-week European trip was a once-in-a-lifetime, first-class affair from the gay bon voyage party on board the *France* to the "welcome home" drawled by the friendly U. S. Customs officer.

Like so many of the family before us on trips abroad, we Townshends had to visit the ancestral home in Norfolk, England. On Saturday, July 11, we motored to King's Lynn on the River Ouze, where we stayed overnight at the Globe Hotel. The next morning our entourage set forth for Raynham Hall. The Marquess and Lady Townshend awaited us.

What an indescribable thrill it was to pass through those gates and up the winding drive to the imposing mansion! In dreams, I had done it before. Often I had stared at the romantic painting of Raynham Hall brought back from England by Captain Townshend and hung in the living room, and had tried to imagine how it would feel to be there, suddenly to be standing in the grassy field near the lake and to be gazing at the famous old building. Now, like Alice Through-the-Looking-Glass, I too had stepped through the picture frame into a storybook world—except that this was reality. The Marquess Townshend and his Lady met us at the door that rainy memorable morning, and the dream began to unfold.

"Cousins" George and Ann were most hospitable, conducting

an informative tour of the big manor house, the obvious high point being Queen Anne's bedroom, prepared for her Royal Majesty when she toured this shire. For the children the more evocative part of the Hall was the great staircase, said to be frequented on dark dawns by the ghost of Lady Dorothy (Walpole) Townshend, known as "the Brown Lady."

The lovely grounds and farm area were viewed by car. En route the ancient Raynham ("river home") was passed, where one evening four hundred years ago, Sir Roger, long absent from home and heavily bearded, had waited and fumed at the moat while his signet ring was brought to Lady Townshend, safe within the Hall, for identification. The drawbridge was then lowered with sighs of relief and cries of jubilation.

St. Mary's Church, the family church, was paid a visit too and the time-honored graves of generations of Townshends inspected with awe. So many, many years ago Charles Hervey and Mamie had attended a Sunday service here and had sung hymns with the parishioners.

Dinner in the sumptuous dining hall was a masterpiece of rare roast beef and treacle pudding, which the children ate with acceptable table manners, much to our relief. Later a nurse brought the youngest of the Townshend nobility to be introduced, Lord John, a darling little boy, and Lady Katherine, a fair, plump baby. Reluctant to leave but not wishing to overstay our welcome, we said our goodbyes, but not before we took a snapshot of the whole group on the front steps, in true American fashion.

The British-American ties that had been weakened by Henry's and Hannah's deaths had now been renewed for still another generation. The first personal contact, as far as is known, was made sometime between 1800–1805 when Kneeland Townsend met the first Marquis Townshend and his son and heir in London. Of course, it is conceivable that, in earlier years, letters were exchanged with relatives overseas, but probably the Townsend colonists stuck to their business on this side of the Atlantic and did not venture back to England.

There is not much more to tell to bring the story up-to-date.

Harry became a director of the newly-merged Union Trust Co. and a director of the New Haven Colony Historical Society. As a labor of love and interest, he did extensive preparatory work on a model of a giant squid now on display in the Yale Peabody Museum. I became the Republican State Central Committeewoman from the 10th District, secretary of the New Haven Preservation Trust, and chairman of the New Haven Historic District Commission, which established Wooster Square as its first historic district. Using the family's private library and artifact collection, I began giving talks on the Quinnipiac Indians to schoolchildren and citizen groups.

This brings us up to the year 1970. What of the future? Where will the next generation live? Will there be a Townshend in the house fifty years from now? What will happen to the old place? Will the complexion of the neighborhood change? These are questions that only time will answer. But one can conjecture.

The property will probably shrink more and more until nothing is left but the house plot. Eventually, as city taxes increase, the land will be sold, the woods cut down, the hill leveled to use for fill, the fields dissected for streets, and withal a multitude of houses will arise like dragons' teeth sown in the soil.

As for the house itself, the dear old ark requires much expense and care to keep it up in these servantless days. No one would blame the next generation for selling its inheritance and moving to a different part of town or out of the area altogether. There are so many new factors brewing today that might make such a move feasible and necessary in the future. Morbidly, one can picture the house turned into a rest home, a school, or (God forbid) a restaurant. The happiest solution would be a Townshend Victorian House Association, if the family could not maintain it as a private residence. But no matter now, the tale is told.

This history then, O Best Beloved, as Kipling would say, is your inheritance—more valuable than money or jewels, more precious even than the home and land of your forefathers, which cannot

travel the years with you. It is the heritage of honorable, stout-hearted men and women who have gone before you, and this will be with you always everywhere.

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Townsend, pp. 4–12), pub. by Firelands Hist. Soc., Norwalk, Ohio.

———, Vol. VIII, June 1867. (Mrs. W. K. Townsend, p. 61; Remarks at the Townsend meeting, p. 81; William Townsend, p. 115.)

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———, July 7, 1917. (The Legend of Hoobboo Pappoose by Frederick A. Townsend.)

C. Pamphlets and Records

Address of the Hon. Judge Buel, delivered before the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of New Haven County, Sept. 25, 1839. (William K. Townsend's animals, p. 26.)

Address upon the Expediency of Consolidating the Town and City Governments in New Haven, Dec. 14, 1883, delivered by Simeon E. Baldwin before New Haven Civil Service Reform Association.

Collection of Speeches and Papers against Consolidating Town, City, and School Governments of New Haven, accompanied by Protests and Remonstrances from some of the Freemen of the Town, N. H., 1891. Pamphlet contains affidavits of men regarding agreement to annexation of a portion of East Haven to New Haven in 1881 and Appeal for Town Government.

Discourse on the Death of William K. Townsend, Esq., by the Rev. Burdett Hart, pastor of Congregational Church in Fair Haven, Sept. 30, 1849.

Essay on Oyster Industry of United States by W. B. Hopson, N. Y., 1885. (Quotes liberally from Capt. Townshend's diary on oyster experimentation at Fort Hale, pp. 17–25.)

Leading Business Men of New Haven County and a Historical Review of the Principal Cities, Boston, 1887. (Many fine illustrations of local buildings.)

Program of Exercises at the Unveiling of a Tablet on Beacon Hill, Fort Wooster Park, July 5, 1895, upon occasion of 166th anniversary of Invasion of New Haven by British, pub. by General David Humphries Branch, No. 1, Conn. Soc., Sons of Amer. Revolution.

Manual of the First Church and Society in Fair Haven, 1856. (Contains parish catalogue.)

Sketch of the Life and Character of Prof. Isaac H. Townsend, Professor of Law in Yale College. (A funeral address by the Rev. Samuel Dutton, pastor of North Church, Jan. 14, 1847.)

Souvenir of New Haven, Conn., fraternally dedicated to Richmond Light Infantry Blues Battalion of Richmond, Va., by Second Company, Governor's Foot Guard upon occasion of their visit to New Haven, Sept. 9, 1908. (Contains history of early New Haven by Sarah Day Woodward and later New Haven by George T. Hewlett and First Sergeant T. E. F. Norman. Also digest of history of Second Co., Governor's Foot Guard.)

United Workers of the New Church at East Side (now St. Andrew's United Methodist Church), typescript, no date.

Inventors and Engineers of Old New Haven, series of six lectures given in 1938 under auspices of School of Engineering, Yale University, pub. by N. H. Col. Hist. Soc., 1939.

Memorial of John, Henry, and Richard Townsend and Their Descendants, W. A. Townsend, publisher, N. Y., 1865. Contains brief history of Oyster Bay, Long Island, where this branch of the Townsends settled. No direct connection has been found between these Townsends and those who settled in Lynn, Mass., and then New Haven, Conn.

C. Miscellaneous

Atlas of Old New Haven, compiled by Dean B. Lyman, Jr., N. H., 1929, showing nine original squares on various early maps. (Wadsworth Map of 1748 of special interest because of names and occupations of residents next to houses, e.g., "Jehm. Townsend, barber.")

New Haven Burial Ground records at Grove Street Cemetery.

Exhibit of Connecticut Indians at Yale's Peabody Museum.

Indian Place Names of New England, compiled by John C. Huden, pub. by Museum of American Indian, Heye Foundation, N. Y., 1962. A fascinating voyage into Indian territory and meaning of Indian names, many of them still attached to our lakes and rivers. However, there is one point of disagreement with the translation of Quinnipiac. Capt. Townshend and others said it meant "long-water-land." Huden writes that Quinnipiac meant "where we change our route," with which I disagree. Every word beginning with "quina," "quine," or "quinni" in Huden's book is translated, as "long." Why the exception with Quinnipiac? Besides, the Quinnipiac Indians were not about to "change route" at the place where they lived. Other Indian tribes, traveling the ancient shore path, may

have given the different meaning because of having to go inland to get across the Quinnipiac River.

Memoranda: letters, documents, journals, scrapbooks in possession of Townshend family.

New Haven, Old and New (scrapbooks), compiled by Arnold Guyot Dana, N. H. Col. Hist. Soc.

Vol. 1, Chapel Street: Isaac Townsend, Jr., pp. 32–33.
Vol. 1, Chapel Street: Townsend Block, p. 76.
Vol. 11, Church Street: Capt. C. H. Townshend, p. 86A.
Vol. 17, Crown Street: Isaac Townsend, Sr., pp. 58–60.
Vol. 21, Elm Street: Jeremiah Townsend, p. 64.
Vol. 30, Grove Street: Judge W. K. Townsend, p. 24.
Vol. 31, High Street: Isaac Townsend, Jr., pp. 15–28.
Vol. 33, Hillhouse Ave.: Collins-Townshend house, p. 141.
Vol. 51, Townsend Ave.: The Farm, pp. 25–52.
Vol. 129, Shipping, part 1: pp. 37–62.

Titusville, Birthplace of the Petroleum Industry, a pageant written and produced by E. W. Hickman and Roy Minet in commemoration of 75th anniversary of first oil well, Aug. 27, 1859. (See Episode x, scene 3, which takes place in New Haven where Townsend, Ives, Eveleth, Bissell, and Pierpont discuss prospects of their company, Pennsylvania Rock Oil Co.)

Townshend, Hannah Draper, *Poems*, N. H., 1941.

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